Sparkstone Poetry
by Pialee Roy

**© 2017 Pialee Roy**

**(First Edition Drafted in 2005)**

**All Rights Reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form without permission in writing from the author.**

"Sparkstone" Poetry
By Pialee Roy
Explanation: written on December 22, 2017

On the verge of realizing that not all relationships work out in one’s twenties, a character named “Sparkstone” writes poetry anonymously to express her distraught feelings and realizations about friendships and unmet expectations in romantic relationships.  She goes to a coffee shop in Central Square, Cambridge, Massachusetts, to write poetry intended to be music lyrics and starts to study music to deal with her emotions.  Although she briefly took piano and singing lessons in her youth, she participates in Indian singing lessons and western guitar lessons during this time. Given she formerly depended on others to explore her likes and dislikes, when they start to drop out of her life due to marriage, or relocations, she is confronted with facing who she is with or without them. She later realizes she is essentially searching for her own identity to hold constant in the face of changing times.
She chronicles her effort through journal writing and searching for others who are going through a similar experience. Realizing that so many people are going through similar feelings, the human relationship experience is a complex one. She tosses out the journal and dives into living her life for two years without the people she used to know.  One day upon cleaning her apartment before moving, she discovers not all is lost.  Her perceptions and emotions of past events from that time are discovered in her poetry booklet and are shared below. The writing expresses sadness and anger and then eventually describes closure and hope.
(During the year the poetry was written, the author was studying and working on her masters thesis, imbibing coffee, really taking music lessons and taking walks along the Charles River in Cambridge, Massachusetts.)

Wednesday, September 26, 2007 by "Sparkstone"
Calm Observation
I had forgotten all these emotions
Bottled up like anti-love potions
Since then all have moved on
The thought of reconciliation gone
Amazing what a little space can do
And now we all embark on love anew.

Saturday, October 8, 2005 by "Sparkstone"
Tell Me
I want to leave the past behind
'cause it weighs me down
Oh - but I want to pass the time
with you around

I want to breathe in fall air
not collapse in my office chair
I want to know someone will be there
Are you there? Are you there?
Do you even care - anymore??

I don't want these tears streaming down my face
I don't want to fall prey again to the chase

Can you tell me you will be there
Are you there? Are you there?
Do you even care - anymore??

Okay, so I only think of you
Oh - maybe we'd be better off as two
Tell me what you wanna do
I think maybe only you would do

I want to know you're going to be there
Tell me that you still care
And that you will forevermore
If open the door, please tell me
---
 Saturday, October 8, 2005 by "Sparkstone"
Only You
So you think you’re the only song writer there is
And you think you’re the only genius that lives
Well, I’m here to say, there’s more than just you
Look, my heart’s bruised up all black and blue
Singing’ out Singing’ out
Instead of screaming the shouts
Oh to soothe the pain
I chanced on solace in the rain
Now I’m facing illusions once again
And I realize that’s all you ever were
---

Sunday, October 9, 2005 by "Sparkstone"
Lamplight
When you're finally ready to let go,
can you really ever say goodby?
Are there words you're supposed to know
or do you fake a smile with a lie?

I see the good light waiting to take me to a new place
but I cant seem to reach for it.
There's just one more thing I have to face
before my waiting lamp's no longer lit.

Could you just explain to me this insanity
of how my heart just got ripped right out of me?
Was the cliche true, too blind to see?
What trouble encroached upon my clarity?
Peace be with me (and you).
---

Monday, October 10, 2005 by "Sparkstone"
The lovestruck
So you made your decision
now I'll make mine
You crafted our end with precision
an you're getting along just fine

I'm making it my mission
to stand out in the crowds
The strength has arisien
to get my head out of the clouds

Oh, it ain't fair, it ain't fair
Do the lovestruck last anywhere?
You never asked me what I thought
You never cared about what I might want
Now my pain's shifted to anger getting hot
realizing you came back just to taunt.

Get out, Get out, Get out of this space
It's finally my turn to erase your face
But it gets hard with all the memories
they start to grasp,strangle, and seize me.

Oh, it ain't fair, it ain't fair
Do the lovestruck last anywhere?

Oh, it ain't fair, it ain't fair
Do the lovestruck last anywhere?
---
Monday, October 10, 2005 by "Sparkstone"
This Circle
There are moments I still love you
when my heart won't let me see
that these two souls divided
aren't anything but meant to be

But you choose to live with pain instead
while I remain worshiping what's now dead
Walk along this circle with me.
Walk along this circle with me.

How do we or can we ever reconcile?
How much longer is awhile?
Can forever apart end today?
Will we ever ask each other to wait and stay?

But you choose to live with pain instead
while I remain worshiping what's now dead
Walk along this circle with me.
Walk along this circle with me.

Are we so fargone that we can't get back?
Have we walked too long on separate tracks?
I can't rack my head with questions anymore
I'm still stuck standing in the downpour.

But you choose to live with pain instead
while I remain worshiping what's now dead
Walk along this circle with me.
Monday, October 10, 2005 by "Sparkstone" (edited 12/24/2017)
Why
It was the way you disrespected me
It was the way you made me feel insecure
It was the way you controlled me
Which I'm not allowing anymore

It was the way you disregarded me
It was the way you talked down to me like a child
It was your mean words
Caustic, far from mild

It was your mean words
It was your casual aloofness
It was your lack of sensitivity
and lies you did not confess

It was the way you tried to take away my power
It was the way your personality against mine tried to tower

It was functioning only on your time table
based on what you wanted
when you wanted it like - attention, company, affection
your attributes, without regard to others, you flaunted

I had sunk down so low.
You tried to keep me there
You made me feel like I had to need you.
That I had to give you the role of my dependence on you
What a slick way to push me around on you convenience.
Your attempted negative influence

I detested the way you put me down
I hated your manipulation
I was left nested in your facade
I hated your selfishness
I hated your self-centered ego
I hated the way you had to be better than others
all the time having to be in the know

I'm not sorry for looking out for myself.
I'm not sorry for trying to move on
I'm not sorry for trying to find reciprocity
I'm not sorry for trying to talk to you
I'm not sorry for wanting to work it out with you

You hurt me so deeply
You don't deserve my friendship or love
I don't know if I can forgive you for how you treated me
I've learned many lessons
Especially on how important it is to take care of oneself
I do believe that we repeat our mistakes until we learn from them
I have learned and now my confident words are on a public shelf

Perhaps God pulled me away from you
because someone like you was not meant to be in my life
That's okay and now I'm letting go of this strife
---

Wednesday, October 12, 2005 by "Sparkstone"
Sometimes

Sometimes...
You hurl, scream, and kick to fight.
You push them out with all your might.
You scoff enraged, fire, and spit.
You do nothing but scowl and sit.

Sometimes you have to face your metaphorical demons
Sometimes it's better not looking for reasons.
Sometimes wisdom comes with new seasons.
Sometimes...

Monday, October 13, 2005 by "Sparkstone"
Black Heart
You never actually cared for me
The kind of love I deserved you could never be
So loud about what you are not
You'll reach your grave early and there you'll rot

So quick to point the finger
Instead of looking first into the mirror
What memories of you will linger?
when the truth surfaces?

People will come to know your black heart
that drove your well-oiled insincerity from the start
And your karmic sins will catch you ablaze
where justice will be served in your final days.
---

Sunday, October 16, 2005 by "Sparkstone"
PastTime

Who could have asked
for an opportunity such as this
With obstacles unmasked
Working out both hit and miss?

These less than serious rhymes
Unwind with passing time
Not meant for him or her
Releasing emotions as they occur.
---

Thursday, October 27, 2005 by "Sparkstone"

Acceptance
The tears I want to cry won't flow anymore.
There's no one else coming through my door.
I have stopped looking up and hoping
and gradually this has ceased my moping.
I'm learning to spend time on my own.
I'm much happier this way.
Don't care if there's a ringing phone.
I shrug off what most people say anyway.

Dumped the tattered old baggage
Kept some memoirs in a safe package.
Sealed it with perforated bandage
Will protect it from future rampage.

Not I've found an outlet to heal my heart.
Giving my soul a chance for a fresh start.
Accepting the present is smart
for the past and future aren't so far apart.
---

Sunday, October 30, 2005 by "Sparkstone"

The Wait
Overhead "The Golden Age" echoes
on life's soundsystem
and I keep running and running
sweaty palms and out of breath
to get to where you are.
But when I've finally reached
You've just gone on farther.

Even the slow motion of the honey sap falling from the tree,
,and all the uncertainty, moves too fast
I can't reach you or the place you were at last
and you won't wait...
It takes me time to get there
But once I'm there you're nowhere
and I'm in a disheveled state.

You were just here but then I see your shadow in the distance
you turn your head as if you heard your named called out by chance
and my eyebrows arch grateful that you stopped en route.. You're going to wait...

Then my smile exploded into liquid diamonds like the glass blown out.
You didn't see me though I pushed myself again to run.
You rounded the corner and I don't know which one.
It's a cruel twist of fate.

Just beyond the trees
I saw a man; I thought he was you.
but he didn't have your beard nor your strum
and I didn't recognize the village he said he came from.
Now I've tripped and scraped my knees.
They're all pointing and laughing at me.
but you won't wait...
My slumped spirit can't seem to squeeze through the gate.

I asked someone if they had seen you.
They replied 'of course' and that you're 'doing great'.
They said, you're going to a beautiful city of lights
in a hopeful and satisfied state.
Now I know you don't need to wait.
Left behind I'm so tired but I can't sleep.
I brave on to keep the harbinger of peace.
But every day now for a year I week
into the arms of my own fleece\*
and I march on for miles and miles...
---

\*literally, not metaphorically.

Sunday, December 24, 2017 by "Sparkstone"

Calm Expression

Old emotions revisited
Once again opening the shoebox lid

To remember and reconcile

A medley of feelings after a long while

Thinking of new friendships and old flames

Looking forward; Not placing blames

Appreciating life’s lesson

without unexpected apologies or confession

To simply be tough yet

compassionate

For myself and others both mending and healing

Through expressive poetry and words free wheeling