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Collection of Thoughts

K.C. Clarke

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God, grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change... Courage to change the things I can.

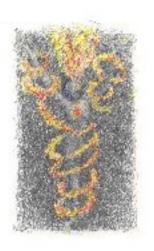
And Wisdom to know the difference!

Changing

This is where I often find myself; where I shed many tears and lose sleep at night for the illusion of happiness. But I am Changing...

My heart runs weary of this race; the promises are always so vague. But I am Changing...

I continue to step into the footprints that I have already made in life. Hoping that their destination will be different. But I am Changing...



Shortness of breath overwhelms me as I gasp at this new reality. A reality where my affection is related to the commonness of the summer breeze.

But I am Changing...

Tormented by a possibility that was never really possible.
But I am Changing...
Feeling the warmth of an embrace, that up until now never appeared to be so chocked on the idea of

satisfaction and temporary stimulation. But I am Changing...

My mind was penetrated by a force that seemed so true. Now the hollow shell just leaves a pain that I'm not sure I can get through. But I am Changing...

What was once hard turned soft by the innocence of one touch. But I am Changing...

Like a child I saw hope in everything that was done and said. But I am Changing! Now I am who you deserve me to be; a reflection of you.

My Surreal

My past has become my present. I remember the warmth of his touch and the passion in his embrace. It's like a familiar breeze that blows allowing me to get caught up, wondering how long it shall grace me with its presence

I've opened myself again and by doing that I have been swallowed by his masculinity; but I'm not afraid! Curiosity runs through my veins as I ponder the endless possibilities. The blood is rushing to every part of my body and my mind beings to moan

A feeling of anxiety comes upon me every time my past is near. Intoxicated by my thoughts of a me and him; I stop breathing to hear the beats in his heart anticipating that one day I'll be apart. The feeling that I feel



when I feel what we feel is indescribable.

I'm dreaming, how can this be? A happiness brought by a past that was thought to be lost. Lost in a space beyond our control; torn between the rights and wrongs of Time.

Out of sight so often means that we fall out of one another's mind.

I've been penetrated by the mere

look in his eyes. I start to sweat as he begins to hypnotize me with the gentleness of one touch. Completely consumed by a fire that he has lit deep within; driven with a new passion to feel what I've never felt before.

Amazed that he has the ability to make me crave for more than the ordinary and how being with him has made me thirsty for the unknown,

He is my Surreal...



What is it?

I'm sitting here going out of my mind.

My heart is racing against the time

I take a deep deep breath, tryna figure out what it is I know what I felt was bliss, but

I know what I felt was bliss, but what I felt you seemed to dismiss

How do you really know when something isn't right?

Is it that beat your heart misses or the vision you see when your eyes are closed I know that often times what's wrong feels so right The wrong always seems to come across more smooth and gentle Never rushes things and has all the time

Until the wrong is done and there is no turning back Then it seems to show its ugly face in the mist of your happiness Reminding you that all that good that you felt was really bad

And now you're in this place of dismay, wondering what it is That makes you feel this way

But time is running out and your heart can't keep up with the race Its time to face the truth of your wrong,

Time to come to grips with what it really is

That caused momentary bliss,

and temporary happiness

Then a light shines and you remember it's that DAMN burger you ate today at lunch.

That's what it is!

For Her...

As I turn the page on this chapter of my life I feel the emptiness I've pulled out my pen and pad to jot down all the things of Her past To remember the power she held within even until Her bitter end Write, write, write I tell my pen...but only emptiness flows from the ink onto the pad of my sorrows

I have to find something to say about Her and all that she represented

Her strength moved mountains that I never tried to understand Oh how I wish I could go back in time

Her love was deeper than the sea but I never took the time to embrace it

Oh the emptiness that lays within

Her addiction that brought me to tears that I couldn't see was her cry for help

Oh the pain of my mistakes Her wisdom beyond her years that I never took the time to acknowledge Oh if I could just but...

Write, write I continue to tell my pen...but only my tears have written on this pad

Tears that have never been shield, tears that have been held deep inside

My heart doesn't even beat anymore; it just exists from day to day

I close my eyes because I want to remember Her

Her stubbornness that always seemed justified Oh this is harder than I thought
Her longsuffering that I thought was weakness
Oh why couldn't I see the true meaning
Her loyalty that has built a solid foundation
Oh that I can be like that
Her influence to stop a storm
Oh to obtain such power

Write, write I start to yell at my pen... but before I can throw the pad out my tears have formed Her



Harsh Reality

Every so often I'm slapped with the reality of this world. That you and I are meant to be, just not meant to be together.

To be each others safe keep, comfort and ease, but beyond that point it will never be.

I rub my face from the harshness of this reality and one tear drops down the side of my cheek. One tear to symbolize the thing I'll never have, but continue to long for.

Where does this longing come from? Is it because of the emptiness of a loveless heart, or the need to be? Be the you to the we... My Harsh Reality!

Sometimes I wish I could just...

Jump at every opportunity life throws at me. There never seems like enough time to do the things that make you sing, shout, and smile all day. Every moment of everyday is occupied with the do's and don't's of tomorrow. To live life for today would make my mornings longer, my happiness purer, and my desires attainable.

Sometimes I wish I could just...

Fall into perfect alignment with the things around me; surrendering to every pleasure, desire, joy and intuition that came my way. Without tomorrow taking them away before I even got to smell it, much less enjoy the taste of it.

Sometimes I wish I could just...

Speak beyond words, so that the



vibrations of my inner thoughts penetrated the minds of everyone with whom I came in contact with. That my ideas would be like permanent prints embedded in their lives, so that they would dream dreams and never forget.

Sometime I wish I could just...

Be me!