

Book Preview

Check out the first 15 pages of this book's low-resolution PDF. Remember, photos and text look sharper in the published book than they do in this low-res file.

Not to worry: This notice won't appear in the published version.

The displayed digital copy of the book that you have selected to view is protected by international copyright laws to the same extent as the printed version of the book and you should assume that **all rights are reserved by the author of the book**. You are not permitted to reproduce, prepare derivative works of, distribute, publicly perform and display, or otherwise use the digital copy of the book without a valid license granted by the author.

Kayla's Writing

Collection of Thoughts

K.C. Clarke

Copyright 2007 by the author of this book Kayla C. Clarke.
The book author retains sole copyright to her contributions
to this book.

The Blurb-provided layout designs and graphic elements are
copyright Blurb Inc., 2007. This book was created using the Blurb
creative publishing service. The book author retains sole copyright
to his or her contributions to this book.



blurb.com



*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!*

Kayla's Writing

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 choked 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 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,

Kayla's Writing

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, 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, 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.

Kayla's Writing

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



Kayla's Writing

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!