Where Hope Breaks Between



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Blayne Marion

Where Hope Breaks Between

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-For my family, for encouraging me to always to my best and to my friends, for dealing with me on a day-to-day basis (I really appreciate it).

2

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3

The Tree  
  
A tree, a huge weeping willow,   
spreading it’s wings across the yard,   
it’s leaves lie as a pillow.  
  
Many a generation that scarred,  
yet it stays strong,  
spreading it's wings across the yard.  
  
The Blue Jays nest, singing their song,  
taking bits and pieces to make their home,  
yet it stays strong.  
  
The Ravens arrive at gloam,  
with the light waning,  
taking bits and pieces to make their home.  
  
A child straining,   
to reach the top,   
with the light waning.  
  
Continuing nonstop,  
A tree, a huge weeping willow,  
to reach the top,  
it's leaves lie as a pillow.

4

The Time is Right  
  
The time is right for a change.  
For something to give,  
to break open,  
as a fledgling pecking  
the shell falling away.  
  
The time is right for a fresh start.  
In a place of different  
and contemporary.  
With people, unlike those  
you've known, yet  
still so similar.  
  
The time is right for a new beginning,  
away from the past  
that seems to follow you  
around, everywhere, no matter how  
you try to run from it.  
Creeping in, hiding in the shadows.  
  
The time is right for a change.

5

Song  
  
Listening to music  
Music makes up the soul  
Soul-lifting are those places of dissonance  
Dissonance can make a song so much better  
Better musicians are more in tune  
Tune is another word for song  
Song is to what I am listening.

6

Christmas Eve  
  
The candle on the countertop flickers,  
The smell of baking dough rises,  
The darkness outside is broken by red and green lights,  
The star at the top of the tree twinkles.  
  
The smell of baking dough rises,  
Wrapping paper crinkles at the touch,  
The star at the top of the tree twinkles,  
Children's voices break the silence.  
  
Wrapping paper crinkles at the touch,  
A fire burns in the next room,  
Children's voices break the silence,  
Empty stockings stare out at the decorated room.  
  
The candle on the countertop flickers,  
A fire burns in the next room,  
Empty stockings stare out at the decorated room,  
The darkness outside is broken by red and green lights.

7

Where I'm From  
  
I am from plates,  
from Purell and tissues.  
I am from the dipping backyard.  
(Wet, gooey, getting stuck  
between your toes.)  
I am from  
the poinsettias, the weeping willow.  
  
I am from cookies and brown eyes,  
from Alexander,  
and John Vincent,  
and Susan.  
I am from the artistic  
and the sarcastic.  
From try your hardest  
and okay child.  
I am from a one legged  
rooster and 365 stories  
for children.  
  
I am from Albany and County Cork,  
Chex-mix and chicken.  
From the man whose life  
my great grandfather saved,  
the scaffolding, and the  
leg lost by my uncle.  
I am from the bags of pictures  
on the shelf  
in the hall closet,  
pouring across the kitchen table,  
each time they're brought out.  
Bringing back  
the good old days. 8

Into the Mixing Bowl  
  
First, begin with the basics,  
messy curls and bad vision.  
Throw in some awkward silences  
and determination to succeed.  
Mix in the Irish and English and  
African and Native American,  
the German, the Polish, and  
just about anything you have on hand.  
Don't forget a drop (or two,  
or three!) of music loving  
and avid reader.  
Stir, stir, stir until you can see  
the lumps of indecision  
and shyness.  
Bake until light brown.

9

Library  
  
Listen to the silence. Creeping  
Into the air as you exit the  
Bustling hallway, entering a  
Refuge of sorts that  
Appeals to the studious and well-  
Read. All things considered,  
You'll love it here

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Old Ladder  
  
Tall,  
rungs sturdy  
with chipping paint  
and exposed wood that  
causes splinters who don't let  
go, no matter how  
hard you try.  
Against the  
house.

11

Caution  
  
 Caution to you  
 children  
 stepping foot out into the streets.  
  
 Caution to you  
 young ones  
 playing where the lawns end,  
 where the green meets gray.  
  
 Caution to you  
 for if you  
 venture out into the unknown,  
 the scary abyss of the world we know...  
 you might just like it.

12

What You Knew Growing Up

The un-truth is what you grow up knowing.

What they tell you

from the day you're born.

The small ones and big ones,

from people to places to

"If you make that face long enough,

it'll stay that way forever".

One's that you learn in school;

"Step on a crack,

break your mother's back" and

"The pool is on the third floor".

The un-truth is what you know growing up.

And when you figure out

that what you thought to be true is in fact,

un-true,

you are upset that

you actually believed it.

Yet you grow older

and have your own family and

raise your own children

on the un-truths

that you knew growing up.

13

Where Hope Breaks Between

In the dilapidated barn,  
near disregarded piles of hay bales,  
lands a fly,  
and splinters of light  
where hope breaks between.  
  
In the church   
with the stained glass  
the priest baptizes the newborn  
with holy water  
and splinters of light,  
where hope breaks between.  
  
At the bottom of  
a rubble pile,   
that was seconds before a building,  
a picture of a family  
and splinters of light   
where hope breaks between.  
  
In the soup kitchen in the corner,  
a man sits alone.  
On his bread,   
he spreads butter,  
and splinters of light  
where hope breaks between.  
  
From the desk   
of a student on the   
first day.  
Excitement in the air,  
and splinters of light  
where hope breaks between.  
  
To the stands during   
a high school football game.  
Joyful shouts and cheers  
and splinters of light 14  
where hope breaks between.  
  
In a cemetery, where loved ones   
have been laid to rest,  
fall leaves, rain, snow, tears,   
and splinters of light  
where hope breaks between.

15

American Dream

Years of schooling to

get the job, house, family,

American dream.

16

Feel the Beat

One, two, three, four.

One, two three, four.

The steady beat moves

through the air to the

ears of the students.

Eyes are closed,

for the moment,

so that they can feel the beat

inside before they begin.

One, two, three, four.

One, two, three, four.

The eyes open as the teacher

stops

the solid tick-tocks.

A first try ends poorly

and so they shut

their eyes again and

open their ears.

One, two, three, four.

One, two, three, four.

Another try proves better,

but still not perfect.

the students, impatient,

sit back and close their eyes,

letting the beat sink in,

to their brains and their hearts,

determined that the

third time will be the charm.

One, two, three, four.

One, two three, four. 17

The Heart

When only you changes,

perhaps the heart,

so ferocious will

s l o w

those blazing colors

and surround your desire

for every almost and maybe

and bring a fresh day.

18

Love Poem Number 137﻿

The touch of a gentle,

warm breeze over

the shimmering

reflection on the water

of the sunset's

purples and pinks and reds.

The joy

in a child's eyes

watching the fireworks

burst,

sending colors flying across

the darkened sky.

The sweet harmony that comes

from a subtle dissonance.

Thrilling the audience, who doesn't know

exactly what happened,

but can't deny the shivers

sent up their spines.

The golden glow

of a campfire surrounded

by friends and family

singing and talking

filling the air with love.

All filling the air with love.

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About the Author

Blayne Marion is a sophomore at Guilderland High School. She plays volleyball, the clarinet and sings in two choral groups at Guilderland High School. Blayne spends her time with friends, reading, or wasting time on the internet when she’s not trying to finish large quantities of homework. As for poetry, Blayne likes to write mostly free verse, but is always willing to try a more structured type of poetry “because they’re fun to figure out, like a math problem”. Blayne lives with her parents, younger sister, and cat in upstate New York.

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