

POETRY COLLECTION

Selected Poetry

By Lily Castro

Will I Fall?

What will my life be?
Who is the Master of this sea?
Storms pull hard against my path
Where I walk with my growing wrath.
I asked for glory, sought a name,
But winds of time play no fair game.
Now lost in swells that hold me thrall.
Will I rise, or will I fall?

No Rhyme. No Rhythm

My pen - once an extension of my own heart -
Now sits awkwardly in my hand.
I tried to trace the outline of an extraordinary poem,
But the ink started to run dry.
The same mind that overflowed with ideas
Is now blank.
No rhyme. No rhythm. Just a void where a writer used to live.
My page no longer sparks to life with words.
No, the ruled lines just sit there, staring.
As if to remind me
I have nothing left to write.

Ode to Storms

Never have I been a blue calm sea,
I have always been a storm.

Wreaking havoc where the thunder of my anger strikes.
Pulling those around me deeper into the eye.
Drowning others with my wrath.
Raging against the sails of patience
I will always be a storm.

Proud

Would you be proud?
Of the person I've become
Because of you?
If you saw me now,
Would you be proud?

Would you be proud?
Of the memories cascading my head
When I think of you?
How I portray you in my mind?
Would you be proud?

Would you be proud,
Of how I handled your death
How I endured the pain
Until it broke me?
Will you be proud?

Will you be proud,
Of the way I held the knife to my wrist
Thinking of the pain you left me,
And setting it down?
Will you be proud?

Can you see yourself in me,
How I strive to be like you?
When you see my tear-stained face,
And the ways your death shaped me,
Will you be proud?

Will you be proud,
Of the way I kept fighting,
Kept *living*,
For you?
Will you be proud?