

Music to my Ears

By Nora Weiss

The best singer that I know
Is the voice inside my head
She follows me each step I go
My ever-present friend

She lured me in with her promises
How could I have refused?
With a voice as sweet as her, I thought
What did I have to lose?

So I let her take the lead
And she amped up her own mic
I was too polite to interrupt,
Unable to put up a fight

She changed the way I saw myself
My eyes went out of tune
Where there was once a carefree joy
Was a growing, hidden wound

The voice replaced my own
Her thoughts became mine
How could I have known
She would push me to the side?

I tried to change the rhythm
But I'd given up all control
She was the hero, and I the villain
She made my story her own

I waited for the voice to crack
A moment to catch her off guard
But she put on a perfect act -
Too perfect to be marred.

My only choice left
Was to find what was stolen:
My very own voice
Drowned out, but not broken

The voice inside my head
Could simply not compete
With my newfound voice
More beautiful than belief

The most beautiful voices
Are those that are free
Unafraid to make noise
Or to sing in their own key

**My Favorite Song – The Sky’s the Limit
By Carl Walden**

Too many jealous people – it’s a waste
Young people losing their lives
Hypnotized by the media and its lies
People talk lyrics but not lyricists
Jealous and they envious
Sometimes I wonder could my faith just plunder
In a city in the water where it’s lost under
Did life come before death?
Did ignorance come before stress?
I see why everybody lies half the time
Families at war within their own
People are too stuck in the same zone
Ignorant on their own
But can’t see cuz they’re blinded by stupidity
This is why the world is stuck where it be
Black Lives Matter but it’s a joke
Cuz our own people selling ourselves coke
But we complain about the man feeding us dope
The verse that I spit became versatile
Nephilim walk the world - it’s wild
Eve had two kids named Cain and Abel
One was born pure while hatred was enabled
Cain seen things that we could never see
But Abel was covered by god’s serenity
This is why Cain killed Abel out of jealousy
But it’s the same every day
Black on black killing each other in the same way
They be killing us since the start of time
Police shooting us every day for fake crimes
The man’s son shot up Columbine in ’99
MJ was sending subliminals in ‘85
In ’97 B.I.G. said “reach for the sky”
When I was 9 guns flashed in my eyes
Hospitalized at the same time
All the meds they tried couldn’t hinder minds
Disabilities don’t stop the rhymes
Friend died in the same bed of mine’s
But I survived during hard times
Homeless and I still strive
This is why the sky’s the limit all the time

The “Perfect” Song

By Annie Glynn

The struggle to be perfect, not just good enough,
A futile quest that made my life quite tough.
Cloaked in armor, my heart steeled tight,
Fearful of uttering a word unless it was right.

In school, wrong answers meant the leather belt across my back,
What could I do to shield myself from further attack?
Striving for perfection gave me false hope,
At that young age I felt it would help me cope.

Believe in yourself, the voice whispered to me,
Lower your defenses and you will soon see.
Making a mistake is not the end of the world,
Despite your experience or what you’ve been told.

Fear of being wrong leads to over analysis,
Which can lead to a state of sheer paralysis.
You limit your experiences, fail to learn and thrive,
Connect meaningfully with others or feel fully alive.

The past does not define me, I have a choice,
To remain in fear or to use my voice.
Life does not have to be one of dis-ease,
Be vulnerable, courageous and live with ease.

Freedom from angst about the right thing to say,
When perfection no longer rules the day.
Like a magnificent butterfly spreading its wings in flight,
What an absolutely beautiful and liberating sight!

Silence Song

By Anastasia Lambros

Silence.

My Hands are Raised. I am a musician of Musicians.

DEAD Silence.

My heart relays, the swirl in my cortisone.
My Hands Twist and Turn, Knock and Burn,
My hair sways.

I point. OBOE. A tear falls down my cheek.
The Song Begins.
DRUMS---Rattatatatat
TUBA----- Boo bum
VIOLIN --- Screeeech.

I am Broken,

My Determination- My Heart Sings.
My arms are waving----- ever braving,
The hope for TRUST, not Taught.
The engine Humms, Cymbols Chumm.
My Heart Sings a Song- the tears are gone.

The noise I hear
The voice I fear
BUMBUMBUM
Drama Reigns-----Nothing Sane
My Heart Proclaims.

The heavens open,,, rainspouring.....
No One Knows,
No friends or Foes.
Tapping my toes, singing woes.
May arms are waving.

Does anyone know, the depth of my heart inside this chart of notes???
Just looks like papers.....

Sounding glorious, Pounding furious.

NAMI NJ Expressive Arts - Poetry Showcase - September 2018

PAIN. REGAIN.

My Voice remains- Silent.

No ONE can See Me

Everyone Knows me.

Fears- No doubt, My broken Heart.

I hear a SCREAM, of In between.

This. Is.

The song of MY HEART.

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**war drum
By Olivia Matthews**

when i was younger
words used to dance like flames on my tongue
but you know they say
play with fire
and you're likely to get
so badly burned--
and now i am left
with a blackened mouth
and all too many burn scars.

but someday maybe i'll go free
and so i open my mouth and start to sing--
i am no longer a girl on fire,
no, i am a girl with music in her fragile toothpick bones
who doesn't care who hears her
for this is her song
and finally,
she is not afraid to sing it.