

Morning Sun

60 Poems of Reawakening



by ANITA PERALES REESMAN



***Morning Sun** takes you on a journey from the darkness to the light after the death of a 27-year relationship. The author uses writing as a therapeutic tool to heal from the tragedy of divorce and grief. What unfolds unexpectedly is a new and fulfilling life. Each poem openly shares the raw emotions, and the difficulties and triumphs of embracing change and growth.*

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Most of all I must thank the Lord for always being there for me and showing me I am complete just the way I am.



Part 1

DISAPPOINTMENT

Introduction Poem

These poems were written
In 30 minutes
Sometimes two a day
I am healing
Not a healer
Walking thru my days

I am sharing all my feelings
Of a new and sufficient life
Because after a rain comes a rainbow
My friend Sabrina taught me that
And she was right

A million reasons to live
To rise to the occasion
They are hidden in my work
Find them
Find you
Always avoid your doom
Don't let life demolish
The beauty and blessing in you

And you too...my friend
Will Bloom

60 Poems

Sixty poems
Healing grace
I look at my hands
I look at my face
I am not the same
Daily changing
Spiritually Evolving
Growing younger
Blossoming petals

Soft kind tears
Run down my face
But not of sadness
Of a new complete fate

I am not alone
Mary on my left
Jesus on my right
A strong team together

I survive
I am truly alive
Because I write
Because I write myself
Back into life

Divorce

Divorce was not as fun
As I thought it would be
I'm not saying
I expected a fun ride
Just a release of some kind

Instead
I struggled
To understand
The why in it all
The useless waste
Of my money
Time
Energy
The cruelty

Who is strong enough
To hear the words
When are you going to get
Your shit packed
And out of here
Harsh Baby

Knowing how much someone
Doesn't love you is...
Not your average garden variety pain
It's wretching

Now I realize
There are no answers
To the questions
People can be crueler
Than you can imagine
Let them vomit their evil
Somewhere else

I am in a good place
Free of the verbal abuse
Free to find myself
Our love cord
Severed
A surgery I performed
I am proud to say
without anesthesia

Remember
I loved you
Enough to let you go
I don't love you anymore
There I said it
It's out there
My emancipating moment
(Sigh)

A Penny

Running to mass
Late as usual
On a cold, rainy night
I stopped
To watch the water
Wash across the ground
Then I saw it
A penny
Pristine
Shiny and pure
Face up
The rain poured across it
The street light
Made it sparkle
With so much luck
I almost bent over to pick it up
But at that moment
I knew
I don't need luck
When I have you
My true love
My Lord
Always there
Opening doors
Of opportunity
This Gentleman
Generous
Understanding
Forgiving
Always forgiving
And giving
More
Than a million pennies
Ever could

Silence

I heard it again today
Silence
Tip-toeing
Around me
I felt it brush against my skin
The back of my neck
And I shivered
Not sure
If it was the cold
Outside my window
Or the fear
That sometimes
Reminds me
That it's blanket of quiet
Should comfort me
Because
I am not alone
I live a charmed life
I can have breakfast at 4AM
Lunch at 3PM
Dinner at 10PM
I eat when I am hungry
This is my simplicity
Nothing is in stone
No hard deadlines
I've taken words like
Dead and die
Out of my vocabulary
I am all about living
Giving myself a break
Sharing my feelings
I am honest with myself
In my silence

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Because
For the first time
I am listening
Truly listening
God wants me
To have my heart's desires
So this time
I am going to savor it
Take my time
Be careful
What I ask for
In silence

A Million Simple Things

A million simple things
Draw me in
Paint a new landscape
Let me win again

We all need to win
Once in a while
Too many years of losing
Weighs on you hard

My home
527 sq. feet
My car, small and simple
My appetite, simple and small
I eat life in small
Simple bites

Everyone's simple
Isn't the same
Sculpting a new future
Means dealing with pain

But once you know your simple
It all comes natural
Like bike rides
And long walks
In the sun and the rain
There is something
About a passionate kiss
Standing in pouring rain

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I'm becoming
A wonderful, amazing,
Simple thing
One of a million
Assimilate my friend
I invite you
Into the list
Of a million
Simple things

Raw

I am so raw
Today
I am still
Picking the tiny stones
Out of the road rash
Of my past life

I am healed
And yet the wounds
Sometimes open
A bloodletting
Draining the life
Out of me

I suppose it is
A miraculous cure
Pushing against
The razor sharp walls
Of my comfort zone
Has made my hands
Red and scarred

It's my fault
I'm the one
Who fails
And opens the vein
Again and again

Help me Lord
Because I know
This is a process
And you are the cure



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