"My Dreams"

By Ethel M. Bravilla.
Etta M. Bavilla @ Hiland Mountain Correctional Center
all & God bless!
A sense of honor. Much respects to
bites of wisdom, solace, and a
and all who read my writings find
Prison Foundation, I hope any
written works published through
condemned myself to get these
would be able to help. So, I have
time of contacting publishers who
reasonably having a rougher
However, as I am incarcerated I
written works published
was interested in getting my
as tedious as I am depicting, I
metaphorically. I only hope to be
to grow among rocks.
that it would be hard for a tree
the Kuskokwim region. I suppose
& adopted to the Rock People of
people of Bristol Bay. I was born of the
from the Yup'ik Eskimo tribe
Eagle River, AK 99577
1901 Hesedeperg Road
Hiland Mountain Correctional Center
Etta M. Bavilla

provided below.
please feel free to write at the address,
If you have any questions or concerns,

"Poem: Vitalicly"

"Poem: Condemned"

"Poem: Broken Clock"

These are three poems that must be

"Poem: Proverb"

"No shame, there is no honor"

"Where there is"

"Poem: Tombsstone (movie 1987)"

"Alice in Wonderland (movie 1987)"

"Fortune favors the brave"

These works are a collection written

"Forbidden Knowledge..."

help people-evoking the sense of a
brighter with hope and the want to
of emotions, these poems (mostly)
Thought provoking, momentful, and full
First poem was written in 1988.
explicitly by Etta M. Bavilla and her
These works are a collection written

"Poem: Proverb"

"No shame, there is no honor"

"Where there is"
Etta Marie Bavilla’s Chronological List (by Date) of Contemporary Poems

1 My Dreams
2 White Northern Lights
3 Like the Dawn
4 Always Me
5 Paradox of Love
6 Broken Clock
7 Diamond in the Rough
8 The Only Sinner
9 The Queen & the Owl
10 Underworld Captivity
11 Time & Place
12 The Raven & the Wind
13 Loving You
14 Love Resurrected
15 You & Me
16 Chief Joseph
17 Love Back
18 Sweet Rain
19 A Thousand Times
20 Simply Love
21 Disdain
22 Holds No Bounds
23 Green Peace
24 The Greatest Love of All
25 Holocaustic Piracy
26 Chamberalto
27 Mother Nature
28 Change
29 Inferno
30 Vitality
31 Eve
32 Condemned
33 Judased
34 Rhyme & Reason
35 Blackness
36 One More Time
37 Redemption
38 Nazi’s Paradise
39 Warioress
40 Hope
41 Reality
42 Free Myself
43 Jack Frost
44 Eternity
45 Hell
46 Conviction
47 Ethereal Me
48 Intrinsical
49 Betwixt
50 The Golden Rule
51 The Kind
52 King James’s Zealots
53 Catalyst
54 The End
55 Once Hallow
56 Heartfelt
57 Moon Beam
58 Sincere
59 Horizon
60 Time
61 The True Prize
62 All Things are Possible
63 I tried... God
64 Echoes
65 Snowflakes
66 Feast of Guilt
67 Friendship
68 Solace
69 Perfect Sense
70 Love Reciprocal
71 Uniquely Me
72 Inside
73 Twilight
74 Mercy
75 Love Estranged
76 Love SomeOne
77 Little Snowy Owl
78 Bestfriendz
79 Autumnal I
80 Tree
81 Zenith
82 Thus Far
83 Love Song
84 Sister Salmon
85 Vespers
86 Endless
87 Moon
88 Grain
89 Lavender Wish
90 Reflections
91 My Expression
92 Forever
93 Walk and Talk
94 Tree People Clan
95 Impression
96 Treasure
97 Angel Child
98 Two Views
99 Cold
100 Pain
101 Wait
Title: My Dreams  
By: Etta M. Bavilla

Leaders of the past, masked,
Moved in rhythm with sounding drums,
Our land was free and unspoiled
As animals that dwell in the sea.
Harmony reigned among the land, the sea and my people.

The peace is gone with forgotten dreams.
The gold we seek cannot satisfy.
Stories and songs are in my veins.
Yet I am lost, I cannot find the way.
Mournful land, touches shrieking sea, as my people weep.

Once we danced in the midnight sun,
Found our joy in the land, respected ourselves.
Now those memories are mere whispers,
I ache to love what my mothers loved.
Change has come. Two worlds hold my people.

Will there come a day of return?
When my people will know ancestral ways?
Will we see spiritual leaders dancing on mountains?
Will the ancient drums speak to our souls?
Will these things reawake in the hearts of my people?

A hunter waits for a sign and teaches love and care.
My people must leave from both worlds as they change.
Title: White Northern Lights  
(An Ode to: Howie Kilbuck)  

By: Etta M. Bavilla  
08-05-06  

Once long ago, while God watched over us  
Under the night sky, as we rode across the sea,  
on frozen ice, with them White Northern Lights flickering above;  
I remember you my friend.  

The youth, strength, and innocence of us all,  
I remember well. How beautiful and free it had been.  
I never got to say "goodbye, my friend", but  
I did fall to my knees and shed some tears.  

Now in my memory you live, as we were back then.  
Together we breathed the same air: clear as the night,  
with them White Northern Lights...  

I remember when...
Title: Like the Dawn  
By: Etta M. Bavilla  
08/05/06

Your light, your fire, like the dawn
Burned inside causing everyone to smile
Your life, your heart was gold.
Bright enough to cheer any living soul.
Then again, sadness was there; deep and real
Like a welling of grief that flowed
Through the tears that fell.
Now I live with the knowledge of you
Your hurt and betrayal, the pain is ever still.
So with words of kindness and hope I pray,
To the God of Truth; may you abide with Him
And rest in my youth.
Your path, though cut short, lead me the way.
For yours is like the dawn, fire that rose
In our hearts brightening as your light lives on...

Proverbs 4: 18 NIV
Title: Always Me  
By: Etta M. Bavilla  
08/16/06

When I could no longer cry...
I spit my tears out with hate.
The anger I felt, came from my very lungs.
For the air I breathe is fate.
And you doctor, no longer call me sick,
but my hands tell another story.
You’ve hurt my children, my elders
as you sang your songs of “care”,
With the evil injection of your infection
Came to rest on my people’s face.

My people pay with their bodies and souls
While you play this cruel, twisted game.
You can stare into all the world’s gold,
and still...have no soul.
Then gazing into either means nothing.
Except my hate...that means something.
While when God’s own cry, their tears
you mocked with glee.
So when the tide is turned,
and you’re ready to burn,
You better remember, it was always me!
Evening sun, turns to the moon that cries at night.
And the soulful moon, turns to the morning star.
You lent me your heart
So that mine could beat again.
I could not sleep, for thinking
That you really may love me.

My heart keeps beating, this paradox of love.
Could my faithless heart be so cruel?
I didn’t want to believe that you loved me.
It hurt to know, I broke my own heart.
I was too scared to trust.
So I threw it all away, in one night.
Just so I could give up the fight.
For trying to prove my love for you.

Then, if you knew, how much I loved you,
Maybe it would hurt you too.
Cause now I feel like I don’t know what to do
And all I can trust, is not loving you.
No apologies, just tears.
I’d give you my broken heart, but you’d just throw it to fears.
I know what I did was wrong, and even without you I will be strong.
So, with this, all I can say is, “Goodbye my heart”, I will live on.
Title: Broken Clock  
By: Etta M. Bavilla  
12/28/06

My body betrays me  
But my heart does not.  
Now there is no choice, because there is no going back.  
Forward with time, ever moving, constant frame of mind.  
My heart is fractured, like a broken clock that no longer runs.  
Being right only twice.  
I loved you. I gave you up.  
The pain of betrayal is not lost.  
I tried to love you, but at what cost?  
Never believing in the love that you were seeing.  
How could I defeat the eyes of you that would not set me free?  
I once cared that you might have loved me  
Thought I was more special to you than what you knew.  
But now I know, with all the misconception  
It was only I who was fooled.  
Whether I lied to you, or you lied to me  
The broken clock is still fixed in time.  
Bordering on the brink of dispossession.  
Sad, lost, but free.  
I fought my way back to reality.  
Learning life does go on. I am admonished and strong.  
Be it to myself to be true.  
I can forgive, but it is your choice what to do.  
God is with me and, may God be with you.  
Walk in this life with dignity and grace  
The splendors of wonder...  
“Fortune favors the brave...?”  
The truth of love will light in your face.  
May you have the courage to see.  
Your face haunts my heart, and all along it was me.  
Too scared to believe.
Title: Diamond in the Rough

By: Etta M. Bavilla

01/15/07

I tell you I love you
Why do you hurt me so?
Quit taking you pain and twisting your hate.
Suicide is not a potential, it shouldn’t be a personal goal.

How could you live with such a heartless soul?
You need to love yourself before you can love anyone else.
Because how could you hold me up
When you’re bringing down yourself?
Tell me dreams, tell me fears
I’ll be listening, but not with just my ears.
I see your pain, you mask away
With shyness and shame.

Turning into anger, you’re not the one to blame.
I wish you could see how beautiful you are to me.
My friend, my love
Do you believe in eternity?
The world is a prison, with bars of deception.
But together we can make it through.
The border to heaven is a reality.
We’ll be home free!

Something we’re both trying to achieve.
Succeeding with time, make your life most valuable.
A diamond in the rough.
Who’s anyone to tell you what you’re made of?
God made you, a precious gift.
Unique and true.
Do you understand what it means to be you?
You are too smart to be a fool…

Don’t be spiteful and cruel
Because when you hurt yourself, you hurt me too.
Self-destruction is a broken compass
It will only lead you the wrong way
When we die, do we still need air?
The world is hard, and it’s not fair.
But do you know? You’re a diamond in the rough
And it is I who care.
You sit there, staring at me.  
Judge me not, but thou wilt still do.  
If you could only see...how I see you.  
You tick my sins off in your mind.  
Your heart closing the door.  
Am I the only sinner?  
Does my guilt save you?  
Making you innocent by the score?  
Your righteousness decrees my heart  
To soulful suffering and pain.  
While your face triumphs all the same.  
I believe in repentance  
But everyday, you call on my shame.  
Gleeful with the perverted game.  
So in my sins I sit.  
Making the error of my ways known.  
Not too proud, that it can’t be shown.  
For it is from my mistakes  
I hope you will learn.  
Not to stakes and death, ready to burn.  
If we are to make it through.  
Whilst there is still time.  
I’ll wait out my name  
Loving God almighty and trusting in His fame.
Your beauty to me is as unique and charming as a snowflake
The peace you bring is from strength within, without you
I would be fraught, powerless, stuck in the mire of my own sin.
My mistakes indeed cost me everything. My sanity, my freedom.
Ignorance was no longer bliss, for I came to a consciousness.
When you came into my life, it was like falling new snow.
Never ceasing until you were done, teaching me what must be learned.
And I the admiring novice, began a healing journey...
Through time and space, forwards and backwards, locked in the present
Hoping for forgiveness, mercy and grace.
Your spirit is like a falling new snow.
Clean and real and white...just as it covers the land for all to know.
A true Queen, regal and kind, that is what you are.
May God's Divine Face, light your path, and Forget-Me-Not,
The little flower you cared to grow.
In a hard, cruel world
I, wishing to be remembered by all who could care
Remember me....remember me...
My hopes not yet dead, although I am in Hades.
I long for a renewal, a total life truce.
To not ever give up, to not ever give up, for the love I lost.
A little snowy owl, who came into my life, I then sent away.
With a grief stricken heart, I still am sick.
But with you; a falling new snow, I hope for a chance.
To return to the Land of the Living and recover all that I’ve missed.
By God’s good graces, and your loving kindness,
I swear to the fruit, I am thankful for all I’ve had to uncover.
My buried bones, heart, and soul.
The journey has been like a blizzard, seeing only at times
When God wants me to see.
And with all this I ask,
Unbreak my broken heart and set me free.
Far off I saw you there
Locked into your eyes, so that I would not fall
into a deeper hell,
Than the one I am already in.

Your silent gaze, gave me the strength
With a sternness, we beat the end,
That threatened to obliterate my soul

Ashes I would have become
Consumed by a total live fire
My spirit, my soul
Melted by a gateway of hell.

My heart and mind, oppressed by
An unwelcome darkness that stole in.
Bodily I am trapped, until my God
Finds me worthy again.

To be whole and free
From this underworld captivity
Even if you can’t speak for me
Your life I thank.

I know I am capable
I now can see
With continued faith
I believe in you, me and all who breathe.

The sacred gift of life
Entrusted to us.
By the God of Eternity
Far off I saw you there

And I’m still here...
There is time and there is space.
There is a time and place for everything.
I am thinking...thinking...
thank you
It is nice to know you.
Although my circumstances
don’t merit praise
Meeting you is worth every penny
for the 2 cents you gave.
I like to learn.
May I be worthy of such knowledge
Even correction
is accepted better than nothing.
For by it, discipline is learned.
And once that is established
Determination, will be the mother to Success.
Strive for your goals; giving birth to Dreams &
grandchildren; the many Accomplishments.
May I learn to listen more completely
That I may not repeat my mistakes.
I want to hear your stories, good and bad
And keep them in my heart
Captured in the footsteps you took.
Learning from all you’ve told
I want to grow wise and bold
Wishing to be of good courage
I hope to have many grandchildren.
Title: The Raven and the Wind
By: Etta M. Bavilla
02/06/07

The Raven I have met, at once becoming his ally.
While the Wind carried me on her breath.
With the help of these two friends
I found I could fly.
Soaring to the heavens to capture my dreams below.
The Raven in his patience, taught me humility
And the Wind, with her strength, taught me wisdom to grow.
Foundations laid, I am made.
Destined to return, Great Spirit-Holy Creator’s prodigal child.
My mistakes have been many, falling more times than I care to count.
But now, it is with genuine remorse
That I learn and make amends.
To the broken people, broken self, and circle.
This life, with Great Spirit’s guidance,
Can be blessed as sure as shooting stars light the night sky.
With much gratitude I say, “Thank You.”
“Aho Great Spirit-Holy Creator for giving me the chance.”
I’ve got to be courageous, brave as any warrior not afraid to cry.
My tears have fallen, with Great Spirit-Holy Creator knowing
The difference between each one and why.
I love you Great Spirit, Raven, and Wind.
With your encouragement, you have taught me everything
All I needed to know, hope filled with love.
For the Creator, the children and all His beings.
The circle of life, restored unto us
By Great Spirit; who rules mighty and faithful from up above.
Title: Loving You
By: Etta M. Bavilla

I dreamed of loving you
My whole life through.
But you couldn't stand the pain
of losing me again.
When if you had let me know
that you loved me,
I surely would have become
Yours for life and for truly.
I look back, and it was my foolish heart,
Believing in a love that should have been.
Now I'm looking ahead
Trying not to dream of loving you.
This heart, half alive
Still beats a song of love.
Wishing to be loved so true,
Although I am a prisoner of hell.
Heaven is my home and someday
That is where I will dwell.
This earth binds me to slavery.
My body, the object of derision
Demons laugh, and devils smirk
Thinking the game to go on without reprisal
But in God do I hope, my light, my life
Born to win this crazy fight-through survival.
Praying to God
Maybe, just maybe, I'm meant to be loving you
It is my destiny, so would you like to join me?
Or will you just let me go...?
Title: Love Resurrected

By: Etta M. Bavilla

02/19/07

I loved you once upon a time
But I think it was only me.
I would proclaim my love for you...
But it seems you'd just turn me away...
Now my love is as dead as the grave.

If you could let me know you love me,
It would be love resurrected.
Will you take the chance?
Weave a dream to me; tell me the truth.
Tell me your soul.
If you won't, then just let me go.

But until then, I pray to God
To show me the way.
To let my heart believe that you might care
Because it is I who dare
To trust, to love and be loved or crushed.

With you in my heart, I can sing...
All the beauty that thoughts could bring.
You-you-you... linger in my heart
And float in my mind.
Could it be true?

A love so strong; with out you-incomplete
Nerve wracking and wrong.
Love Resurrected is better left undead
Wanting to love you...
Hoping you will see, it is I who believe.
Title: You and Me

Bravery, in my heart
Is what I feel
About you and me.

Battling for a world,
strewn in chaos
Struggling to keep a balance
The scale is in the talents.

Justice denied, innocents deprived
Who will help? Do any care?
In this world, life is not fair.

Recognizing the truth
Choosing not to see
Keeping the world in captivity

Accepting what one must do
The fight is for freedom; me and you
Between the lines, the war is won.

The brethren, sisters, and creatures; all
United in the circle of life. Surely, love cannot fail

By: Etta M. Bavilla

Bravery in my mind
Is what I believe
For you and me

Inciting each other,
Compelled to compassion, courage is no easy feat, looking at others, or in a mirror

Especially when it’s yourself that you choose not to help. Hell bent.
It is you that you’ll defeat.

But if I see you and not only myself, I can break the barrier, being just. Trusting the goodness
In all of us.

Because without integrity, our bones would not be able to stand, Righteousness Returned, safety to the land.

God/Great Spirit/Holy Creator, the Almighty Hand, laid the foundation before time began, we are but specks in His great plan.

Bravery, in my soul harmonized a song
We both know
Forever lasting, love
All along, Knowledge is the key
Not to be used beyond degree. To hurt animals, humanity, geology

Who is to decide who lives or dies, Jurisdiction has no boundaries, when it comes to judgment and lies

Condemned for not heeding the cries
Ignoring the pleas
To spite without reason

The madness could go on...Until hell makes it’s way, claiming the guilty, ending their iniquity

Heaven attained, suffering restrained, we are not lost, figuring out, Love is worth the cost.
Bravery, is you and me
Title: Chief Joseph
By: Etta M. Bavilla

Your words echo in my heart and ring in my mind...
As for me, I know your pain and, “I will cry no more forever.”
May I behold you in time. That we all stand together
In the circle of heaven, to unite in an army unforetold.
We belong to Great Spirit, Holy Creator.
May a world of fresh water and holy vastness
Be the places we tread, that we live days without end.
Loved ones gathered, warriors; great and small,
Fit to ride any cloud of thunder.
My words are with you; from your past to my present,
And all our future.
Eternally held in peace by the breath of Great Spirit
And the power of love.
May patience see us through, with faith to light our hope.
Keep fearless in all you do, whether it is to pray in honor.
Or cry in remorse, may we have the integrity
To always give thanks. Humble is what we should strive to be.
To love beyond ourselves, and trust the goodness innate—within all of us.
To learn and respect the truth.
Chief Joseph, you will not have to fight to die another day.
And I…will live to cry no more forever.
“Aho! Great Spirit, Holy Creator!”
Title: Love Back

By: Etta M. Bavilla

06/15/07

Love is like a magic seed
When it begins to grow inside,
You feel so happy and free.
Hoping, wishing, believing in eternity.
Could you really be meant for me?
When you look in my eyes what do you see?
Dreams met, created and yet to be?
Fulfillment is what I long for and it is you
That I want, and you that I need.
So just give me the chance,
And our love can succeed.
You’ve got to do more than believe.
Because faith without deeds,
Is no more done, than enough said.
Which is neither, so I am left with nothing
And our affinity is dead.
So if you are brave enough, love me.
A love so bonded, a love so unique
Could our friendship outlast us?
It’s either you and me or bust!
Our relationship is a work in progress.
An honest endeavor and total must.
So if you trust me, I will believe in you.
Our hearts together, forever and true.
Love, the magic seed, was planted in you and me.
As sure as the times are depicted,
My heart no longer afflicted.
I can and will... give love back to you.
Title: Sweet Rain  
By: Etta M. Bavilla  

07/19/07

No matter how much I loved you
It wasn’t enough to come true.
So when you’re feeling lonely, it could have been
Me by your side.
All in my thoughts, it is I who cried.
Many nights in unrelinquished grief.
I dared to die. I didn’t believe you,
When I should have trusted.
My heart is my own, what should you care?
Had you? I would have been spared
The anguish, alone.
Without you, my life is bone cold.
Dead and alive at the same time,
Love not beating, hope still breathing.
Tears do not fall for nothing.
Because in each, there is transcribed something...
A love so deep, a love so blue.
Having mixed feelings, lost with you.
Love thirsty for truth.
I’d drink in your kiss like sweet rain.
How could I survive if your love is a lie?
I want your love, like the air I breathe.
Natural and free.
Yet, it is you who deny me.
So, my is love is dehydrated, arid...
And I am thirsting for a life of my own.
I don’t need you to love me.
But I will always know, what could have been...
The taste of sweet rain, in my mouth.
A mist, softly falling through my wishes.
A moving canvass of beauty.
Watching the Aurora Borealis dance across the night sky.
As we hear music only our hearts know.
Together we will stand in love.
Leaving nothing answered, and many questions left
only in awe. For by it, we see God’s boundless eternity.
The Holy Majesty, power of endless love. And we,
yet mere specks on a planet riddled in anger, fear, and pain.
Somehow, we fight not to get lost in it all.
Find ourselves surviving, making it the best we can.
Whether we rise and fall a thousand times, we will
stand and rise again. Let darkness not claim us.
When it comes from within, is when we ask God
please forgive me this crest fallen sin.
Evil seeks to destroy us. Given the keys of hatred,
we fall prey. Opening a door full of ugliness,
no one wants to see. So walk in love, and Great Spirit
will guide your feet.
Rising the next day, leading your life into everlasting peace.
Love is not a double standard.
It does not jeopardize, it does not fear.
It simply is. Within, or a chosen without,
Makes the person you are, impacting
Not only yourself, but others as well.
Simply love is what it is.
Intangible to some, believed in, by most.
Conquering, but not defeating, understand
What simply love has been teaching.
Without the truth, it becomes a ghost, lost.
A shell of existence with nothing to boast.
Denial has no power in hell.
The shadow of doubt is cast only upon yourself.
To let the light shine, you need the truth to survive.
Let not pride be your chain, but your crown.
Acceptance will let you learn, while some
Will rise to glory, and some to everlasting shame.
The truth empowers love, but lack of...
Can cause the greatest magnitude of pain.
We are forever known, by the tracks we leave behind.
How do you want to be remembered?...loved or hated?
The memory of you...will there be a remembrance of me?
Yet my heart tore with grief.
Now I hope you will see
And realize to the wishful degree.
How much more you could mean to me.
Amends, my potential friend.
And the forgiveness to follow; is a blessing to the end.
While you walk in this life...simply love.
Title: Disdain  
By: Etta M. Bavilla  
09/25/07

I’ve walked the same road.  
People love to despise.  
I am Disdain, Rahab’s “sister”.  
My feet plod the tiresome path  
how to contrive more drink.  
And found yet only hard pressed burdens  
My heart and soul weary,  
lost from my youth.  
Learned life to be uncouth,  
for the gentleman was more sly than I.  
Innocence betrayed, I turned a trail  
that lead only to tears.  
I drank to appease my hurt.  
Laughing with pain twisted inside  
I couldn’t see my way out.  
Now the same road, dark and lonely  
Makes me want to scream, to shout.  
Fill my rage, fill my anger, barrel of rolls  
Barrel of souls. Why should I cry?  
Why should I mourn?  
When knowing the difference, people stole from my soul.  
Someday....I will be free from my burdens,  
My path, homebound. My Father,  
Forget-Me-Not, forgive me ever and love me yet.  
Wipe my eyes so that I can see.  
This heart trodden soul. Wishing to be whole.  
I, Disdain, will raise my chin, My name,  
Etta-a child of God within.
Title: Holds No Bounds

By: Etta M. Bavilla

09/28/07

It takes time to live. Time to die.
So what we achieve in life; is what we decide.
So why not give it our best. Just keep trying.
Time...time...time...
Let's walk in dignity and peace.
While the grave holds no bounds.
We are to do as God musts. Life is precious.
My precious. May I only give mine, in my allotted time.
So what make of you with yours? Filled to the brim
In this rat race course? Balanced? Or hopelessly meaningless?
Don't you see?! It is within you and me, we who choose
To live or die inside.
I do believe in souls. I do believe in the rainbow, with
Much thankfulness unto the Holy One.
With out His mercy I could never be free.
Entrapped in a world jesty and deceitful.
Love so convoluted. Barely able to believe,
That any faith in me fruited.
To boast, I am more brave then I was in the world before.
Loving God and knowing the score.
Befallen I am. And God loved. Why should I fear?
Acceptance of the “above” is in my heart. Hoping...
To not ever depart. The grave can call, but I won't listen,
For it holds no bounds...
You can only get back up after you fall.
Or you can choose to stay down, let down and defeated
But the sooner you realize the possibilities of positivity,
The sooner you can be free to escape the negativity.
Title: Green Peace

To save the world or destroy it? On which side do you stand? dig? or pillage? Who wants what?

The Rain Forest cries less than it used to, I think the grief is subsiding into acceptance of loss and the rivers are choking.

The glaciers cringe and I see the animals are affected. Humans have so much knowledge but for greed.

When will it be enough? When we no longer can breathe? And the animals in the sea no longer swim?

What could nuclear power plants have to offer that starving children on a continent of diamonds can’t?

I’ve seen their tear streaked faces on t.v., their eyes, only pain that they know. It is a terrible reality.

Could this world not be as cold as I thought: And those children haven’t just become figment angels in my mind?

One world, one people of every color, working together to feed and educate all humanity.

Hoping to believe a future exists, with every creed and nationality in one, great, big unity. I am an achiever, Underdog-go-getter.

If you could make a difference, would you? Impacted to the best. We must make a go of it, that will be our potential and test.
How can I tell you, "I love you"…
When you can’t even hear me?
It was with joy that my heart looked upon you.
To conceive something so enigmatic, powerful and real.
To see, to believe, to feel.
But not be held in your eyes to the same regard.
Makes time thin and my restless heart hard.
How could this love be true, if it’s not meant for two?
Wish upon wish, to be held, loved and kissed by you.
The dream over, I awaken in tears, my "I love you", lost.
Letting go, realizing my mistake.
To ever have loved you in the first place.
A travesty ringing through, heard only by me, like the bell
tolling the hours last. An echoing of this tragic past.
Looking on you now, it is to my God I bow.
To have believed a love so good, was a fallacy,
When God it had always been, and God it should always be….
The Greatest Love of All.
How can you bind me with your labels, words of hypocrisy, and idealistic healthcare? Is this not modernized slavery with out the whips and chains to subdue, but drugs, tasers and a degree that "scientifically" NOT answers all the potential brain power one has, except the ones you decree? I didn’t come into being to validate your college education. Can’t you see beyond the books and read the pain you’ve caused—heart, mind, body, and soul? You are guilty as any Hitler could ever be, because you hide behind locked doors and closed walls, justifying your beliefs on me.

When inside, I think otherwise. Holocaustic Piracy in the “civilized” world. My friend’s bones jump and shake, their tongues stick out and my heart aches. Who gave you the right to decide? Our lives are betrayed, broken, and deserted. Why can’t this happen to you? Does your job exempt you from law? I choose to declare this. I wish to expose you, dispersions of doubt cast upon your motives. You lie continually to cover your path. Invisible your actions may seem, seeing through you, I still see you. Are your words golden? Set in stone? Or perhaps the desires of your imagination? Treated contemptibly, it is my indignation!

And the desires of my heart are... a turn of the tables, a “hell-embark”.

Then maybe you’d understand and learn what having compassion really means. Because when you’ll need it from me, fragmented tears is all you’ll see.
Title: Chamberalto
By: Etta M. Bavilla  11/2007

Chambers of reason
Chambers of seasons
What doth the music flow
From out of thine heart
Melodic memories show
Where your soul has been
By what you have learned.

From the triumphs
That made you fly.
To the depths of sorrow
That made you cry.
For all the little victories,
And all the losses,
Music, yet still flows
From the chambers of
Your heart, Chamberalto!
May the music play in
Procession with your life’s tune.
Sing along inside, don’t let it die.
Whether you voice it loud,
Or in a whisper.
It is you who’s got to try!
For the chambers of reason
And the chambers of seasons
Are the notes in the song that
Are your life’s composition.
So let the music flow!

They can’t change the recording in my heart…it is the music of my soul.

They can’t change the music in my heart…It is the recording of my soul.
Exhaling spring time joys. Summer slowly blossoms into the land. We inhale the essence of peace, love, and happiness. With each fragrant zephyr, the fruition of abundant green life is an answered prayer. We hear birds sing, inspiring happiness within. The skies shower their tears from time to time, Reminding us to be humble, tried, true, and kind. Then geese start for the south, shifting our frame of mind. Autumnal hues begin fashioning a show. A brilliant array of colors. A palette of which there is no other. Soon...the leaves, leave bare the trees they once clung; Where before, billowing, and shushing for all to be still. We see the first sparkles that once were dew. Winter quietly drops it's greetings in the form of icy stars Causing the makers of snow angels to smile. As the cold days and nights, trudge on and on and on for miles To God we thank, that winter does not forever bite. The sun returns it's grace...rays of healing, warmth, and light. Glowing all across the land and over seas until eventually... A stream begins to gurgle and giggle...spring time Groggily wakens anew. Taking care of us all We see the turning of the seasons; alive in every form There is a reason. Mother Nature deals with change, likewise so must we.
Life is taken from me. Stolen everyday, piece by piece...
Until my soul is left with nothing but confused bits of love.
In the myriad of tears, water flows from my pores, not just my eyes.
My mind, so angry, I don’t want to be here.
The betrayal is everywhere, wicked souls; the waking dead,
Lost and oblivious of the inferno of hate that awaits.
Could people change? Change? To what?
The truth, themselves, and Who’s who?
Whether we live with God or die with the devil, as we yet breathe,
We have that chance to choose.
To do what is right, to make amends.
To be thankful for the little things; as well as the big.
To have songs in our heart; day and night, to send prayers to
Great Spirit-“Aho, Loved Creator may you bless us kindly.”
Sometimes I feel like giving up. Then a voice whispers into my heart
A secret that makes it bearable to live again.
When will the day of revenge come?
My angry heart and soul cry for the truth, God’s people
And a great return. Yet the tide has not turned.
Only swelled. When will the crest break and the people fall?
Or are they too good to have any proper shame or regard?
Maybe they cannot learn. Pride is the ball and chain, clasped round
Their neck while they quickly drown. “Life is too short”, I agree, “Yes, it is.”
I am an upset spirit, not afraid of change.
In fact I welcome it. So if change is an adventure,
I’m taking the journey, where it leads...
May my heart be worthy.
Tears cried, let go, but not free....
When will annihilation be? Inferno.
The torment of greatest grief.
To be Godless? And for the world to use and keep.
My wings have been clipped and stripped.
What should I do? My choice? Free will?
What do I have to prove?
Nothing. Why should I?
The world always has to be right
Even when it's wrong. Inferno.
Why must I be so condemned and strong?
Day and night, I hear the mocking,
People snickering with the devil's approval.
Telling me I'm crazy, yeah right!
Then why should I worry about death and hell?
When God told me, "Force means nothing."
And yet it is I they sell.
Who let them be gods? Inferno.
I've been sold to dogs.
If God really cared, Great Spirit
Might/could help me.
To my delight and the people's misery. Inferno.
Only the kindest and wise, will not despise.
To myself will I be true, returned to God
And all who dare fight the company misery keeps
By destroying the centuries told evil lies
And defeating history!
Title: Vitality
By: Etta M. Bavilla
12-19-07

With out trust, there cannot be love.
With out truth, you cannot live.
Honesty within, is where it begins...
and freedom to believe in fields of dreams,
is what hope is all about.
For having little, means nothing,
than having to do without.
Better to have something, a light
a spark to fire your heart and mind.
Because when you learn...life is intertwined.
In the intricate web of life, we are all caught.
Life is moving, changing, non-stop.
Bend or break, adapt or stagnate, it is your will.
So you must be patient, accept and still...let love live.
When you were born, from your heart you would give.
Remember the vitality of YOU...how importantly you choose.
The very keenness of being and think...
did I change for the worse? or can I learn meekly
and not live life under a curse.
Self-hatred is madness when you don't see it,
because you are too busy actively hurting the ones
you love the most. Not just your friends and family,
but mainly yourself. Open the blinders, be brave enough
the love you keep.
Be strong, tried and true.
If you feel angry and betrayed, don’t be bitter
and full of rage. For “Where there is no shame...
there is no honor”.
So weep.
Do you understand?
Will someone burn in hell for you?
Will you burn in hell for them?
Do you understand?
It is you and you alone, who will suffer the consequence
of not trying to have a conscience.
Because you deny God and deceive yourself,
it is only you who will be repaid.
Whether we live in darkness or light, it is our souls that fight.
I choose to be of God, and you choose what you choose.
I won’t tell you to burn in hell forever for what you believe...
but maybe God will. For out of the heart doth your mouth proceed.
Who made you a god? When did you decide?
you were right, and I was wrong? When it was all a lie!
You freak! May God repay you for what you have done.
You think there is forgiveness, you expect it when knowing
the grief you’ve caused. Even hope you could keep getting away
with the wrongs you do.
When it all comes down to me or you, I know where I’ll go,
and you’ll be justly deserted. I won’t deny my God,
nor will I accept what you do is good.
So take a complete look at yourself, glass or water, the reflection is there.
See into the image of who you’ve become or always been.
Just peek if you have to, maybe a glance, maybe a hard, long stare.
“Shame the devil and tell the truth”…take the chance, if you dare!
To keep true, to keep hope, to not live life hanging from your guilty rope.
Well, I’ve got nothing to lose, because my soul belongs thankfully
to God and not to you.
Don’t go thinking I believe you, when you’ve lied so much.
Especially, do NOT think I believe your very words,
because you are not God, nor will you ever be.
So quit fooling yourself, thinking you could forever fool me.
God loves me just as much as one, for there is no other than I…
that is me, Eve.
Aha! I have seen you!
That is what you have said, time and time again.
Waiting to condemn me day and night.
The hypocrisy of you is obvious,
Even if you don’t see it.
I am a sinner, and I am a Child of God,
Just not your god, the blood covenant, sacrificial…
Same as any pagan religion. Just because you
Deem God did it, doesn’t mean it’s the truth.
Liar from the beginning, and liar to the end,
Is all you are to me. So when you are dead
And burning in hell, remember the lies you tell.
Myself-broken every commandment in your “holy” book.
I have learned to face the truth of who I am and what I’ve done.
It doesn’t make you innocent or get you “saved”.
Like the pharisee and the tax collector, we all choose our words to God.
Whether we point the finger at others or ourselves, we eventually hit the grave.
When we don’t love the truth...lying is an art we’ve all perfected well.
In all this, “My hypocrisy can only go so far…”
I choose to love a God that doesn’t require blood-shed,
For the pain of murder is in my own hands.
But not in my heart. Not for the reasons you like to believe…
Giving you a conscience to be “clean” and guilt free.
Someday, I will be home, and since you are too good for me,
I’ll take what I will and that is my humility.
For my God is a truthful God, loving and just.
So keep on laughing, not because I told you so,
But because you are beast, so take your mark-go.
What you profess and do, are contrary.
Even I saw that long ago.
I didn’t need elders to sing in my veins,
For they all forgot, and I still see the pain.
My people. Awaken, before it is too late.
Tell the songs you feel inside your heart.
Your children need you, so please...don’t wait.
Title: Judased

Do you know how I feel?
To be Judased because of your jealousy.
Sounds like a personal problem so don’t lay it on me.
When I’m able to stand, you better watch out!
Kicking a dog when it’s down is shameful enough,
But because I am human, does that make it more of worth?
To be so degrading makes you far better?
But if it should happen, for you to wear the same shoe,
Wouldn’t you hope for some compassion too?
Understanding ...is the line crossing from
Ignorance to forgiveness.
But since you had neither by choice,
I hope to God, someday you lose your voice.
Silence would be good for you to accept,
Because then you might hear the flames of
Hell flickering for your soul, and decide, to be more considerate.
Madness isn’t even close, to the pain you would feel.
Hell is dangerous, and hell is real.
You think it’s just a joke, all a game
That we get to do it “all over again...”
Reality is, everyone dies at one point or another,
Whether you succeed in glory, or suffer damnation,
Is all relative to love. When you decided to purposely
Be wicked, mean or unjust, the stain on your heart appeared
Without you knowing, choosing to ignore the embers,
Still burning, still waiting...still hating.
I never asked to be who I am, I became this person
Because life dealt me this hand.
I’ve tried to be humble, I’ve tried to be patient,
But like anyone else, I’ve gotten to the point,
Where I must take a stand and learn all I can.
“What you don’t know, can’t hurt you” But...
Ignorance or feigning it, can cost you everything.
So be justly warned, you can’t go on pretending, that “ignorance is bliss”
Just because you are not the one receiving the mistreatment.
I had so many emotions. Happy, thankful, scared…
sad, angry, embarrassed, ashamed and mad. All these were raw and real.
And now with an emotionless heart I say, “I loved you once upon a time…”
I’d rather feel nothing than the hurt I’ve caused
although it is cowardice and not true to you.
The rhyme and reason is because I loved you so much and let you go.
Now I live like I’m adrift, flowing with the seas of time.
I cannot specify any feelings, why should I?
It would only cause me pain.
So with all these fragmented feelings that are locked up inside
I just know I’ve got to do something, I’ve got to try.
I don’t know how to feel. I feel like why should I care?
My mind is mixed up, thoughts confused, I think I’d rather have a hole for heart
because I don’t want to feel anything there.
When I do feel something, it is almost incredible that I could feel at all.
These pills got me half dead inside. What should I do? when all I want to be is me.
Keeping these feelings of not knowing how to feel, strapped around my heart
so I won’t have you and me to deal.
It is me that’s got to learn to be whole. And with all this, “got to be real…”
it is I who must feel.
Even if I strap these feelings inside they still exist.
Trying to make it meaningless, but all too much, they keep trying to persist.
So I must learn to deal with the rhythms of my heart
Adapting, growing in truth and adjusting from weaknesses to strengths.
I need to be free, free from these pills and free from this hell.
For the time being, I must commit to succeed, and knowing I want to be me,
is all the rhyme and reason I really need.
My heart is broken, but my spirit is not.
An uncalled for, war.
Fighting the blackness of you
Is worth the hell
You'll be locked in
When everything is said and through.
Your justification is null and evil.
When you decreed my suffering
For your guilt and shame.
I have my own cross to bear.
Yours is your own to wear.
Act like you are innocent, pretend you were right.
In the end, it is you, who will agony
More than everything.
So lie, you're the only one believing
Sure as hell, I don't. And I won't.
I've got my life to live, my soul to give
To Great Spirit, Holy Creator, and I am
Free, to be, the person I am meant to be.
Title: One More Time
By: Etta M. Bavilla

I found the love of my life
Only too late, for I had
Already died.
So I went back in time
To see the world alive again.
The one reason I chose to die,
was because I thought, love
no longer existed.
So full of pain my heart gave way
Melting into death and hell.
As my soul cried in blackness,
Even as my soul had fell.
Paradoxical in reality
I realized the truth
Only too late, for I had
Already gone,
In search of the love I lost before.
Which is you...
Never ending, still hoping...
Patience, to see it through.
Alive I will be, and alive you will see
How true, my love could be.
So take care, that you love too.
Because if you do not,
Then my love for you, will no longer grow
And on with my life will I go.
Trying in this love...
One More Time.
Forgiveness is a blessing, I believe.
And if and when, you grant it to me,
Then I will see, redemption is a possibility.
Until then, all I can say is, I am sorry…
If I can make amends, may it so be.
The reasoning for me, is…
I have to forgive too.
Because it wouldn’t be fair, to not
Forgive others in return.
Why should I be a hypocrite?
Maybe I should practice more than my speech.
Acts of kindness, great or small
Can make the difference, in how a day goes.
Let not the night be angry, when you go to sleep.
First and foremost, say your prayers of thanks
God is here, there, everywhere.
Let your heart be free to care.
And when time goes by in tranquility
Remember that.
May your peace come from within.
Validation, is a key to comfort.
Knowing the difference of what is right and wrong.
Can keep you motivated and strong.
Redemption I believe, is a key of compassion
Between you and me.
Opening the doors, we can see
How true and holy love is meant to be.
So when you feel a sting of hate
Trust, and let God rule.
In your heart and in your mind.
Know yourself and love who you are,
So with that, be true and kind,
Remember, redemption as a possibility.
Title: Nazi’s Paradise
By: Etta M. Bavilla

I once believed in love, life,
Happiness within myself.
But truth’s been told.
I’m to live diseased
For humanity’s greed.
Sick! I won’t have it!!!
Nothing on earth or in heaven
Can prevent my hate.
I can just “give in,”
And afterwards, watch the earth’s fate.
Nazi’s Paradise.
I’m not the one telling lies.
So if you all agree
Like you all, have already done.
You’ll all understand—where you went wrong.
I still believe in love, life an happiness
Within myself.
And if God can’t help me,
No one else will.
Title: Warrioress                  By: Etta M. Bavilla

These tears...
Are more dangerous
Than any weapon.
Because now it's no longer
Just the truth. You can add my hate.
The double-edged sword.

These tears...
Pounded heavily to the ground,
As my heart, pounded to the sounds
Of your peels of laughter.
Delighted at my emotional crashes.

These tears...
Are for you. If and when I fall to death and ashes.
It is these tears, I will remember.
And as you feel the flames of hell
Burning your very soul, wishing you had
Something to drink.
Remember the Warrioress.

These tears...
Are from when you stole from my soul.
Was it so fun?
Why? Are you that low?
Take a look at yourself:
Because there is no mirror in me.

These tears...
Cried for me. My reflection is my own
The image you so love to distress
But since you cannot learn, you may
As well burn...and feel
The double edged-sword of the Warrioress
Title: Hope                                By: Etta M. Bavilla 01/25/08

I hope...
You know the difference.
Between what's what and who's who.
Sounds funny, but in truth
The spiritual reality is, the difference
Between me and you.
I don't have to accept you,
When you don't even give me
The benefit of doubt.
So your mind's made up.
Then you get proven wrong and wrong,
Time and time again.
Because your need for chaos
Just doesn't end.
Repent, make amends, and that should
Help you not make the same mistakes
Over and over again.
If you can't, and you really must judge
Make sure the truth is there
But if there is a shadow of doubt,
Don't cast your lot making bets
Spiritual reality is...
I hope...
YOU know the difference.
Title: Reality
By: Etta M. Bavilla

Seeing is believing?
You say you see me...
Yet you don’t accept the lie you kept.
So look at yourself, before
You tell anyone else.
Because the truth, beats
Any forced out will.
How innocent you appear-
Your secret to fraudulent happiness.
As long as you stay in your glass world
You won’t see the truth.
But if that glass breaks, will you break too?
You say you see me...
Is it really me you see?
I know who I am.
But do you know who you are?
You believe you can cheat with the devil
And prey on me!?
Well…God is my reality.
And when you get back
What you put out, don’t act
So hurt like you didn’t know.
And if you have no sense of shame
Guilt or pain, you really need purgatory.
Maybe you can learn, before it’s too late.
Accepting your faults, is true humility.
With love still intact. For God,
Yourself and everyone else.

“Since you have no fear of our God.
Let you begin to fear your own god.
Because when you’re burning in the Lake of Fire,
Begging for your life back, guess who’ll be
There to steal it away!!!”
Spiritually Quoted By: Far Off Tie
Title: Free Myself
By: Etta M. Bavilla

02/01/08

Trying to free myself of you
I purposely break your heart every night.
Trying to get over you, as you die everyday.
And with you, I die.
Because inside, it is our love crucified.
I gave up believing, you quit trusting
And now I’m no longer dreaming, of the two of us.
As one.
But my heart is aching still.
Wondering when all this had begun.
When you spoke to my heart in the twilight?
When I chose another... just to end the love that could have been?
Why? So I could not ever lose you again, anymore.
Should I believe in the moments, or the time?
When I was sure that I was in love with you.
You’ve not ever given me reason(s), only doubts.
Will I ever figure what true love is about?
Do you even know what it is?
Forgive me, and don’t forget me.
The lesson of love lost
Is as cold as the cross,
I’m asked to bear.
While it is “honor” that you wear.
Scold and discipline. Bought and sold.
Time over time. Authority changes hands.
Yet God is my soul’s goal.
For the moment, I am here on earth.
My last cause with effect.
Moments intertwined with the times,
Leaves me feeling mixed up, helpless and lost.
I must let you go, so I can free myself.
So with the end of time, I can begin with forever.
Title: Jack Frost  
By: Etta M. Bavilla  
02/05/08

I've been bitten by Jack Frost.  
Nipped me in the heart with a coolness  
So collective and true.  
All I could see was, that I am meant to love you.  
In the error of my ways  
You've seen me through  
Never approving but not giving up  
With a changed attitude  
I hope to melt your heart.  
To appease you, to believe you.  
And not lose myself.  
I am woman enough to learn  
From my mistakes  
But are you man enough  
To accept me in good grace?  
I did not ever know  
That heartache such as this could exist  
From an underworld terror  
That I had fallen to.  
Seemingly, you no longer care.  
For I am wrought  
It's as if you were never there.  
So I made myself a promise  
Long before I met you.  
I will live, with or without you.  
Now I am on my own, yet...  
You still seem to be by my side.  
In my heart, you are there.  
Please be brave, be braver than I.  
For I am too scared,  
To declare my love.  
Because then you might reject me  
And I would not win  
The love I had been hoping for  
Since the very beginning.
Title: Eternity  
By: Etta M. Bavilla  
02/08/08

Even if you take my life away.
No one but Great Spirit, can make or break me.
So you and your hate can go the other way.
When times for me are down,
I just think of the crown.
That has held me in faith for so long.
Keeping in check, the reality of love
Living in God and me, truth eternity.
What am I to you? That you have to do with me?
I don’t accept what you do, nor do I accept
For you, your fate.
Quit trying to make me believe you.
You think and believe you are so great.
As if you have power over me.
You’ll see what a dying fool you were
And suffer your infinite calamity.
I will tell you what I think of hell.
Your very mind will warp in agony,
Your soul will writhe in pain,
And your heart will be crucified everyday.
Forever insane.
Because you refused to learn what compassion
And love are, even when it was given and shown to you.
Only adding your energy to ugliness and greed.
Feeding the devil from you heart.
Fueling the fire for a hellish “after” start.
The beginning of an end, to your jealous, bitter soul.
Don’t get mad at me, for what you chose.
And all I can say for me is, I have to learn
From God, people of love, and patience-the key
To my eternal victory.
I will remember, no one but Great Spirit
Can make or break me.
What more could I add to your suffering
When you burn in hell?
Is misery your goal for me?
The pain you inflict will become your own.
Forgive the unspoken accusation,
But I hoped humans are more powerful with
Integrity, honor, compassion, and love.
To mock, spite, and demand me
To live in spiritual slavery
Is more devious, sinister, and hateful
Than any one should be forced into.
Ugliness in true form.
And yet, cowards bequeath,
The souls of the innocent, to degradation,
Shame (of and) not our own.
Subject to your contempt, it is yourself
That will get worse in the end.
Cackle and snicker as you always do,
Carry on, carry on
Like the self inflicted rabid fool.
For since you cannot swallow your pride
May you simply go insane and die.
Dead and in the grave?
Your thankless life will suck up on what?
Thread of life cut, your body left to decay
Your soul; just as well.
For while alive, you chose to feed it with greed,
Envy and malice. Hell.
In true form.
Combat for yourself, any little good you once knew,
Extracted with pure pain.
No demon will be too great for you.
Do you understand such a fearsome fate?
Title: Conviction

By: Etta M. Bavilla

You spew your conviction with slithery words,
Soundings sounds to all who care, or dare to hear.
Because you speak with no angry tone, you
Think I don’t notice the hate behind it.
Don’t you understand, the tragedy of not ever loving God?
To not ever be able to live again, except that in hell?
Would you agree that life is beautiful? And losing it,
A total loss to you.
Wouldn’t it make you mourn, to not ever hear God?
The beautiful life we live, is not our own.
My heart would not ever heal, if it were to be me.
That could not see. I would just as soon burn, and
Melt in hell, than pretend I never cared.
Because love makes it possible to live,
And because you have the chance to, why don’t you
Just accept the truth and still love God and yourself?
Repent and give.
Shame the devil and tell the truth.
The confessions of your heart do not go unheard.
May God Bless and Keep you, in the way you should go.
But if you do not, then you should already know.
You can’t hate God, hurt his people and expect a nice reward.
Live your life, according and just,
Then you can have no complaints of the above.
Title: Ethereal Me

By: Etta M. Bavilla

03/28/08

In the realms of sages, with the visage of a witch
I am an aspiring shamaness.
With hope to heal the hurting,
To bring strength and life to a rotting world.
Why fester and eventually if not be healed, die?
The world Great Spirit/God born us into,
Is a magical and wondrous place.
No space too small, or too big,
That you cannot put a question out there,
In awe of God. And laugh with the pure joy of
Goodness, innate within us.
Memories, long withstanding.
Some that cause happiness, some, sadness.
Yet through this all, we still have the ability,
To respect beauty, but not preserve???
If it were so, our world would not be so polluted.
Not only humans, animals and the land are choking,
But the sky as well! And I yet wishing to conserve,
Doth still! waste even time away! As a child…
I knew despondency for whatever reasons.
In the desolation of blackness, I cried infrequently.
It is the same, to this day.
My anger and pride hold my throat, I cannot cry out.
My tears...are as holy as anyone else’s. Living, loving,
Still not caving in. Mystique shrords my shoulders…
Should I care about this earth? Questioning my mind,
my heart, it is only self-doubt, that threatens to annihilate.
Could there be hope for this world? Realizing; that a self-fulfilling
Prophesy is in the space of my thoughts and beliefs.
I am intrigued and despicably torn.
If it were only up to me, I’d have been an island unto myself.
In this way, it would only be me that is affected.
So, with this in mind, the spectrum turns
And I see you…
A rainbow of colors, shed everywhere-by God-Great Spirit.
Longing for life in a world beginning to weep.
My life, is not my own, this body, but my host.
For once we know each other, understand, where and why I stand.
My soul, eternally my spirit’s ghost.
A wish to Great Spirit-Holy Creator…
I am not of this world, as I am-Ethereal Me.
Ringing honesty…regardless of the equation.
I’m believing; speaking into being
Intrinsical me.
Cause and effect, my wholeness bestows
An extravagant consequence, not for myself
But punitive for you. Would you not believe me
If I told you the truth?
Why should I lie? When it was the devil dealing
And you, the “better”. I’m no gambler
For but humble dust I am.
No riches to cast lots against, and my soul
Priceless; is not for sale.
In the pot, sits “riches” the world has to offer, and
I, standing on the sideline…
Watch, as possible capital winners
Eke out beads of sweat.
Nerves taut, but straightly calm.
Who will win?
Observing…none-the-less and should, all-the-more.
As the stakes are high, and all bets are called off!
Winner takes all. The house did not win, but
Some poor soul.
I see you walk away, reaping a true reward;
Accepting money isn’t everything
And solely to your own benefit.
Intrinsical you.
Title: Betwixt  
By: Etta M. Bavilla  
04-27-08

How could my heart not beat...
But if not for you?
Was my soul made to feel so forlorn?
How great I could become...yet
So small and needy.
GOD, if you were not my fortress
I would surely die in distress,
and death so greedy.
Would take my life in its jaws and
Utterly consume me.
In a grave of rocks and dust; lay I there.
A pile of ashes, awaiting the spirit’s mortal end.
Yet but for an angel’s tear.
I am renewed like a phoenix.
My soul infused with love, I am alive again and betwixt.
Between future and present, here and there.
I need Great Spirit’s help to be blessed and prayers sent...
This earth? How long will it last? Knowing all the destruction.
Since man’s past. Humans make no declaration unto God, when
In the midst of peril, should thou declare?
Pray with an heartfelt, God’s mercy unto us.
Holy Creator-give us strength to fly like eagles;
That our spirits may soar to touch the sky.
Had it not been for Great Spirit’s grace, I would not cry...
For a remorseless world, but a heathen token. An age old relic.
My freedom is with God! Redeemer of Love.
Holy Creator, blesses me still; awesome and reigning from above.
Title: The Golden Rule  
By: Etta M. Bavilla  
04/13/08

Stop the hate. Go with love.  
Through your words, through thoughts  
Through your deeds.  
Finding well wishes and love is what we need.  
When people decide that love is better than hate,  
Is when they don’t have to look outwards anymore  
For themselves to validate.  
And when they know inside, they can,  
Should and will love God first and then themselves  
Is really a person’s worth, because if  
They respect themselves, they can respect everyone else.  
Then Blessings are everywhere  
Which is truly sought best!  
Beaming with positivity  
You’ll feel like you’ve topped Mt. McKinley  
Whether you are cascading down snow  
Covered mountains or climbing icy peaks.  
Love is the goal we should forever keep.  
If someone is hurt, you help pick them up,  
Not kick them down. Can you understand the frame of mind?  
Sincerely and genuinely kind.  
Compassion is the measure your cup will be filled to.  
Do unto others as you’d have done unto you.  
As is, The Golden Rule still stands true.
Title: The Kind                   By: Etta M. Bavilla

I'm going to strive to be one of The KIND.
I will do the best I can, without beating you down,
And if you need help, my hand is there.
If you feel lost, my shoulder is yours to cry
And lean on. See...I believe in you.
I believe in freedom. I believe love is the reason
And path to healing. So if we walk a winding road and
Times are so hard that our hearts might break.
Remember you have a true friend in me,
Who won't be devious or fake.
I love the individual you are. I enjoy the friendship
That we share. For it couldn't be found just anywhere.
I'm so grateful God made me a friend to the end.
Who is you. And if I'm feeling blue; I know it is you, and
Only you, one to take my hand and pray with genuine care.
To uplift and strengthen. That's what friends are for.
And you have proven what it means to be an endearing friend
Who is worth remembering.
You traveled across, from a continent with disease, and a sea full of grief.
Just to try force your convictions on me.
I am not a conversion project, for it is my God and truth within,
I will protect. I’m not scared to say “No”. I’m just afraid
of disgracing myself for the way I felt and angering me so.
Why must you be right? When your methods are so clearly wrong.
If you are representing, I will never be consenting...because
Why should I be so assenting, when you are so condescending.
When you push your words on me, I feel as if I’m descending.
Into a hell I do not appreciate or respect. Nor do I accept.
Yet know. Your words are paved not in gold, but blood and bones.
The real reasons you succeed in life are by cheating, lying and stealing.
I realize and understand, the past I cannot change, yet my views
still stay the same. You rob from people’s homes, bodies and souls.
While my people go hungry, you’ve gotten fat off the land and
Are the very ones who have bit Great Spirit’s hand.
I am no ghost as long as I’m alive, and even in death, I will haunt
You until you die. Curse you with dreams and thoughts
On your bed of death; while you weep, gasping for your last breaths.
What have you done?!?! Can you fathom? Understand, your master
Is deceitful...and all too late, you’ll feel your fate; never ending-full
of hate. Deceptive with the Truth and Love of God. Lying to Holy Creator,
your twisted self and everyone else. You’ll find you-yourself; burning in hell.
The Grim Reaper is ready, so? Do you think you can change before your wake?
All because of believing in lies, just cause they’re not the ones victimized
It doesn’t make it/Them right. Whether I live or die,
I will choose with foresight. And when I’m done and through, maybe the one
Suffering will be you.
For the cry of the humble is heard by Great Spirit, like a grain of sand
Dropping to the ocean’s floor. The depth of pain is so deep.
After I am dead, my heart will remember and on with my spirit will I live.
From Sheol shall I rise, to be a catalyst.
The rebuker of devils.
Since I was born, I’ve learned and I’ve wished,
for FREEDOM
Still so denied, it’s lack thereof exists.
Suppressed by a system that is great in evil deals.
I for one, and I for many….will speak up and claim my
Constitutional right. American born, is true to social reform,
And I choose to stand true and fight.
If you are so much better? Why don’t you hold yourself to a higher standard? Are not your morals there? Is decency part of your honorable conduct? If so, you wouldn’t feel the need to make me feel so low. You expect me to pay for my crimes, and skip the wrongs you do. How did you become a judge able to convict me with no conscience of your own? I know my life, heart, mind and soul. So just quit looking at me and you yourself behold. I understand ego, but if you let it go, you can let your higher self begin to grow. Holiness is from within, somewhere it begins to forfeit you. The image you proclaim to belong to, is tarnished and fading. Judgment is what you believe you’ll be escaping. I’m trying to be kind in telling you this. Can you heed my words, even if it makes you angry? At least you have the insight to feel mad. Think about it. Then maybe regardless if you hate me, you can still somehow feel glad. Because you had the gall to read what I’ve said, now let it meander in your thoughts and dwell in your head. If it applies, then enough said. But if it is useless, discard and find a way to learn positivity instead. Am I that important for you to pay so much attention to? If I am your enemy, I would not care to tell you anything, just let you go about your way, even if it means your destruction in the realms of the dead. Since I am friend, hoping to help in any way that I can, I wish you would see that spiritual maturity is beauty growing within, learning from your past experiences and pain therein. Your heart will tell you the truth, when it starts to get confusing is when you don’t acknowledge what good you should do, and letting hypocrisy rule. Has it ever occurred to you that doing this is wrong, especially when you are looking for it in me? The double standard is not right and it is yourself you demean. Through all, there are some reasons, I stay patient and strong. But if I cry, remember why you felt the need to keep blaming me, and in the meantime it is I who bleed inside and want to die. Realize when we could have been kinder to each other, someday you or I may be gone, and sing songs of lament. If you hate me, quit wasting your energy... When we are hell bent in hurting one another, whether we like it or not, we will still face judgment in the end.
Title: Once Hallow  
By: Etta M. Bavilla  
07-09-08

Mist hangs around the mountain tops...no sun but plenty
Of clouds to cover the horizon. I sit here thinking of the gloom...
Wondering when will the heavens cry? The future and all it's doom.
Is about enough to make me want to give up and die.
But while I am alive, why can't I try?
The fires are burning what doesn't get chopped down.
and the Sky once pure, drops back the hate.
The acid rain falling on parts of the earth are tainting what they touch.
And people dominate without much care, except that their dollar is there.
When will it be enough? The ground once hallow, is now hollow.
The sea? Waves in anguish, as it's creatures swim-angelic carcasses
Becoming ghosts that haunt the underworld water realm they once lived.
Adrift in the tide of a polluted abyss.
Give me a shimmer of hope. Where will we all go? Will this world live?
Survive or die? One life to the next? My soul is vexed!
Will I live in eternal bliss?
Back to Great Spirit and my sacred home...that is my last heart-felt and
Peace-filled wish. To give up, but one last death...and let my mortal
Body release it's final breath. Once I am gone...you can read my words
And understand that my love was deep. Now the water is gone from my
Heart, and my eyes...no longer care for this morbid existence.
So as with life, I say... "good-bye". 
Title: Heartfelt  
By: Etta M. Bavilla  

You try to force guilt out of and through me,
Demanding I bear it...
Yet you expect to have none of your own?
Your "supremacy" is cowardice in true form.
Why are you so upset when it comes your turn,
To be humble? Why must I be? down, and you
Always be up? Does your spotless conscience
Command that I, in despair...should drown?
Yet you are full of dead peoples bones.
Is that so holy? Mislead and teach,
The evil you breed, one day will be burned up
And you'll be twice scorched.
And last, be judged to further scorn.
For while you lived at the expense of the poor
Paying us dirt, and extracting our gold.
Heaven's gate will become a closed door.
When you slyly lied so that my innocent live
Pain filled lives, is when you yourself
Came to die. Passing away, like a chaff in the wind.
So when you lug your ball and chain about in hell,
Remember who it was that you chose to sell.
My people deserve to live holy and clean.
Life. Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness.
Just like our Constitution decrees.
I may be Native, yet still...American born.
I try not to be naïve, at the justice my head
Has been dealt. My hands, which are dirty
Will be washed one day, forever and pure.
Loving God I am true, and eternally thankful
Freedom gained and heart felt
Moon Beam-Moon Beam; shining bright
You are an awesome sight on this most delicious night.
The light you lend, adds a nice presence
To guide our creeping feet as we go...
House to house with jack-o-lanterns in windows,
Ghouls and ghosts crossing sidewalks
With you watching over us still.
The reward of candy corn and other treats is the best of all...
Especially if it's a popcorn ball!
Moon Beam-Moon Beam; you never fail to give your
Luminary glow for a goose-bumpy feel.
Cast against a stark, dark sky...the wind blowing dead leaves here and there,
I hear a black cat yowl. I see a spooky looking owl...
Darkness begins to enshroud.
Moon Beam? Moon Beam?...Are you there?
Clouds had covered your face for a few seconds
And the tricked worked because it made me smile
To see you appear again after just a little while.
So the evening is over, and I go home with my bag of sweets.
I look out my bedroom window as I lay down to sleep and tuck in tight.
Moon Beam? Moon Beam..."goodnight..."
Sincere child... You're patient, genuine and kind
Even in hard times.
Your heart, for someone so young
Is not in the wrong for keeping your
Faith and beliefs tender and strong.
I know difficult lessons did not break you.
Stirred your soul. Mixed with emotions
That allowed you to grow, and
With all your striving, you've learned what life
Is about and show... what life could be like,
When lived with the eyes of a sincere child.
So I am thankful I met you. You help keep my heart
True. Reminding me what it's like to be youthful.
Beauty is the complexion of love and the wise.
Don't let your heart come to despise.
For God will grace your way
Lighting the path for better days, and
When your night is through,
May you awaken in the mornings with gratitude.
You are an example of compassion with your
Caring ways. So carry on... little angel
Your wings are there. Someday you'll be free to fly
Anywhere. Don't degrade yourself for past mistakes, but
Uplift your soul by cherishing your traits.
The fruits of the spirit are yours completely; if
You choose to abide in humbleness discreetly.
Sincere child... be brave enough,
that you withstand darkness, in that aspect;
keep yourself tough.
You will succeed in this life. Just allow
Positive opportunities every chance
And don't give up.
Title: Horizon  
By: Etta M. Bavilla  
11/04/08

I see the tide of light, arriving in the early dawn.
A horizon, with stars twinkling beyond.
What should I think of this day?
Am I to wallow in guilt and be condemned by
People who judge? Well, I’m sorry, I don’t
Indulge in that extravagance. Don’t they see,
My mind is already made. From this mountain of faith
I will not budge. I am forgiven and truly
Have a chance. So just let me be.
My well being and to exist, is my legitimate right.
For this I will not back down, for this I will fight.
Every morning, I see a new horizon with the
Stars saying goodbye, until night falls and I see
Them blinking again, alive and bright.
Reminding me of life, universal and free.
I don’t have to always take the fall and forever be guilty.
But for my own, I am me.
Some say...time is a healer, while others say it is a killer. 
If you live your life with zest due to thankfulness, 
You are in good graces. But if you wallow in gloom and doom 
Self-pity will be the dark cloud following you around. 
The price is on your mind. Costing your heart and indebting 
Your soul. So dwell on positivity instead and letting hatred go. 
You can be smart, but never learning from your mistakes 
Is foolish. You can be wise beyond your age and as long 
As you never die inside, live your whole life being young. 
If you take for granted what time can steal, make no mistake; 
Because there is no deal. Once your life is done, you'll be gone 
From everyone. Except God. Then you'll find out if you will see 
Heaven's gate, or hell's dogs. Live life with a silver lining. 
Everything isn't all bad. Someday, if you begin to understand 
That dark cloud will clear and the sun will be shining, to 
Leave you basking in wonder. No life is too down and under. 
Appreciate what you have in this world, because when 
You look at it from a glass half empty, you still have the 
Rest to fill. So fill it with goodness and a peaceful 
Heartfelt self-will. It will be something you drink one day, 
Keep on persevering and thank Great Spirit/Holy Creator 
Whenever you pray. Then you'll be moving on in life and on 
To better ways.
They say love is blind, but it is because of the tears in our eyes. Weeping tears of sadness, or tears of joy. When we finally see the actuality of our own reality, is when we realize...love is the true prize. From the first time we cried from our newborn eyes, to the last kiss goodbye. We know love is forever and does not die.

When my heart aches, it is my hope that threatens to break and my faith shakes. Venturing into the world, I am finding my own wealth. I look. I see. Identifying myself integrity. What no one could take away, is the love God has for me. When I thought no one cared, it is Great Spirit who “can hear the prayers in my tears”. For but the pain, I could not speak. Just my soul welling with grief, my tears flowing, seeking relief. Holy Creator, give me wisdom, teach me what is right. Being fair is something to strive for and believe in...and I wishing to be forgiven.

Justice sought, the truth can’t be bought. If you sell out, it is yourself you sold. Yet the truth has power to save. While you can redeem yourself and are alive, repent and respect your life. Fill it with honor, fill it with pride. Beware you do not be too good, that you cannot cry. Thankfulness is simple and pure; a reciprocal gift. Spitefulness would destroy any good sense. Keep in touch with God and your spirituality. Then you’ll connect with your eventual finality. God is love. So be of the like.

Do not refine your hate, but define beauty and let it cultivate. What is good, what speaks of your fate. Enrich your soul and let your love grow. Time will tell, and time will show. What tears fell and your heart be made known. Fruits of the spirit or seeds of hate, may you be blessed from above and continue to know. God is love.
Just because you don’t want to see your own prejudice, it doesn’t mean it isn’t there. You’d rather cover it up and lie. Like a dirty skeleton in your closet you keep trying to hide. Someday the truth will be made known, and your words in silence, will die. Color me with words like “sinner”, “evil doer”, it still won’t get you saved more or open heaven’s door. Hypocrites! You point out my sins, so only your “righteousness” is made known. Display your hate, it doesn’t make you solely right, it just publicizes you for what you’ve shown. You are like a hot coal; dropping into a volcano. You want to spew your hate, to make it explode, inciting your fellow kind into a conformant frenzy.

If loathing is your worth then you must be very wealthy; rich enough for even demons to envy. Yet it is you that will fall. Unable to stand, for the weight of your gain, is tallied in your name. A false witness will not go free. I see colors, I see black and white. I’m not so blind, I cannot see. I see the hurting of my people, trying to drink away their pain. You who hate! You have no right! Because one day, my people will shed their disgrace, with Strength in our spirit, and you will be put in your place.

Then your souls, forever in ashes, could burn amongst sulfur and brimstone. The chains you held my people with, will be tethered round your bones. So the more you cackle and giggle with wicked glee, it is evil that will slay, and take you away, because goodness and truth is What saves. No matter how my people have hurt themselves, it is Holy Creator who will comfort and help. You supposedly... think it’s okay to victimize my people with lies and placid, hidden ill deeds. But know this, one day the truth will rise... and you, foaming up your shame, will be to blame. God will repay to your face, what you have done, as you smiled and acted like you cared. Don’t you understand? Life after death is fair. Is your mind so low, that your heart can’t grow? Stunted, you’ll be cut off and thrown into the Lake of Fire... after all, it is you who Lucifer will claim and hire. Compassion is not a bad act, and hard to follow when you’re too consumed with hate. Can you manage being eternally horrible for your very life? Do you know what it means to live in constant strife? Even in hell, one second is too long. If you have reprieve’s in goodness, and those were stolen, what would you do? You won’t be able to save your friends the misery and your friends can’t save you. You don’t want to be the hot coal in the Lake of Fire, you don’t need to burn, melting in hatred at every turn. This desolation is final, loss, and annihilation. In your heartlessness, take heart, and you and God will never have to be apart. Let go of your ignorant pride, and let your foolishness die. Then you’ll see the way, into Great Spirits grace and into an ever-lasting place. Peace be sure, love for certain, and no one will be left, for Satan to keep on hurtung. With us it has no jurisdiction. Evil knows what belongs to it, so don’t give up your faith for even a little bit. The well spring of life is holiness within. Therefore, where there is forgiveness, love covers a multitude of sins. Resolute heaven is forever, and animosity dies... where charity begins. Worshipping “The One Who Rules” keeps us humble and true. For with God, all things are possible and we’re born anew.
Love doesn’t mean a thing, especially when it meant nothing
Since the beginning. From the first to the last,
It was all a joke, and I cried from deep inside...to know you
Were the ones laughing and it is me- you despise.
I tried...God. To understand. Learning truth and faith so that my
Heart would break, once, twice, even three times.
My love never should have been, but for mine Elihu, I love(d) so much.
I can never be given back the same thing, and he, living in eternity...
Will forever be free, from this sadness, from this world.
I tried...God. To believe in a love that could have been,
but how could it ever be? When it could never win...
as it is, I was never forgiven.
So until death steals my last breath, I’ll live in this mortal shell.
My spirit has been drowning, overflowing with grief and hell.
I can’t believe anymore...swallowing pride through-out
These ill shadowed many years...
I tried...God. Praying with gratitude, but swelled with more tears.
My heart only feels, to be felled.
In this dire chasm I lay down and sleep.
Wishing for freedom and peace... I dream of a love filled
Heaven and awakening...
found my heart buried in a hearse, six feet deep,
under the brown earth.
If you should happen to hear; in the hollow beats of your heart...
My voice echo...
Please don’t let it ricochet, but let it reverberate through to the depths
Of your very soul,
because in you, I dreamt of what could have been.
Willing your love to grow…wishing it to become a reality.
I just wouldn’t see, what I couldn’t believe.
It should have been me by your side. I’ve wept many a night,
With unspent grief into the twilight. Without ceasing, this sadness
Flowed out to God. Please take away my bercavement.
When will this pain be obsolete?
My heart, broken by rights of reason, was a myriad of thoughts.
Able to fathom love, discerning hurt and crazy perceptions,
honor was something I beheld, sacred and true…words spoken.
I am no longer able To conceive this ill covered notion
of “True-Blue” bravery.
I’m so scared. My face, was buried six feet deep.
Becoming locked behind stone walls, I can no longer my breath
Hold or keep. I need air...
In the hollow beats of my heart. I heard my tears fall...
choking back what I knew I could…and you were nowhere around.
My lungs are weary because I cannot cry out loud.
All these feelings I feel…to God I expound.
Please help me get rid of this anger and bitterness. For all, I’ve but sorrow found.
These tears, these deep breaths…someday will face the sound of a silent death,
because even echoes fade away and die.
Then maybe, it is you who will be the one
To hear too late, and wounded…belatedly cry.
I long for the snow days of decades ago.
Where big, fluffy snowflakes softly cascade.
Downwards from heaven’s abode.
In swirls or floating about in disarray.
Dropping...falling in a constant, wind-swept way.
My Mom once told me it was the angels dusting their wings.
Musing upon these thoughts, I am at a loss.
With my heart aching. My mother, long deceased;
“May she rest in peace”, no longer speaks,
but only in my dreams does she ever be. Remembering
the “old days”, I thank God for what I have in this life.
As I assent, “My life is not my own”.
God’s will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.
Wishing for peace. I accept my humility as a growing reality.
Seeing the snow days of decades ago, floating, wandering through my memory.
I long for the future to be filled with big, fluffy snowflakes, that softly cascade from heaven’s abode. Time will tell and time will show, how far the glaciers will melt...and the snow days of decades ago, be whispered into hushed silence...and the loss surely felt.
You dine with dripping wine, as you wallow in the past.
Delectably choosing your morsels of memories. A smorgasbord,
masticating on guilt, savor the flavors...as you smile in twisted glee.
I see this and question, would one smile like that in front of God or
children? I contemplate inwards and wonder about my own guilt...
blood covered, but not from belief on “Calvary’s Cross”.
This is what you relish, to enjoy my scarred soul, as you chew on my
marrow and bones. Knowing all this, I decide to turn the other cheek.
Since your beliefs are so oblique. Mind your own self. It is only you
who trusts your words to equal integrity. While I see fear regurgitate
back into your eyes, when I keep my dignity.
With hope and faith, I strengthen. Understanding, I realize someday...
when your gluttony overcomes you at the feast of guilt. You will be
famished, for I am no longer you game. With nothing left to eat,
you become an obese, self-eating cannibal.
Title: Friendship
By: Etta M. Bavilla

Traveling through space and time.
The landing on the moon is nothing, compared
to the landing of your friendship.
Fueling the energy like a swirling galaxy-
so brilliant! A shower of meteors, flashes of
speeding life. For as long as eternity is, is how
long our friendship will flow. Love cascading
from the heaven’s above. Blesses our kindred souls.
Where darkness screams, is not for our kind to go.
The slaves of hell, working for pain. Eternal hurt and shame.
Thank God for the brightness within. Keeping direction in
sight; suffering will not be our final plight.
As sure as love lives, love is consistent, growing
only to give. Twinkling existence, like one zillion sparkling stars!
Heavenly host! I gaze upon you and make a wish for your
peace filled happiness. Heartfelt, for I am soon to become
a long self-awaited ghost.
I suffocate inside my soul, trying to breathe.
I exhale my fears. Inhale my strength.
The very air of life. I catch my hope in these tears.
As they keep falling...falling...dropping like liquid crystals
Into a pond of shattered emotions.
Collecting my dignity, I sidestep foolishness and calamity.
For Great Spirit I love, and Anipa too.
Holy Creator, You helped me defeat the devil’s seeds of self-
destructive misery.
My distraught spirit, seeking solace, with no where to go
Found within my broken heart a world I so wanted to hold.
My mind is hexed! When did the demons get to be so vexed?!
As if they matter? When only to become the debris blown about in death.
Shred to pieces, violently torn about in hell. Hate magnified is their eternal home.
Never seeing, never accepting the reality of their evil deeds. Blinded by
Their own lies. I know their demise. Just like the tears that fell, angry and cold
Brimmed and overflowed. To run down my face like thawing streams melting through
The mountain side. Breathing, I pray for Great Spirit to take away my pain...
And yet...still I cry.
Title: Perfect Sense  
By: Etta M. Bavilla  
01/17/10

When God created me, I wonder what was wished?  
From a stars’ first, falling in love kiss.  
My eyes twinkle and shine, knowing, when God  
said, “You are mine”...it was, and to this day, still is true.  
Like the prism of colors in a diamond, bright rainbows  
radiate to lighten our souls through and through.  
With the tears of love, I surely feel and will continue sending  
prayers to God above. When the times in my life are flying by,  
I have to stop and just remember “Why”...It is because God  
first loved me. All the while I am being shown, the purpose  
is to always be where my treasure is. God’s heart, is the way home.  
Belonging, I no longer, long for worldly acceptance. For this my eyes shone,  
and in my reasoning’s there is peace and perfect sense.  
May God’s will be done. I understand...because I know where I came  
from and not where I’ve been.
Love Reciprocal

Would be the taste of your sweet kiss
On my full lips
A hug held tight, even when it is
My tears I fight.

How could you justify anything?
When you left me crying
Too many nights.
In the present, you leave me alone.
My eyes search for your love...

As I shyly hide my happiness.
Dare I love you??
I am too scared to ever show you
When I saw the pretenses of your care
My heart feels sick. Tired of this torturous dance.

I want your love reciprocal
Then maybe you would understand...
Love like this,
Is a gift.
And you would take the chance.
The moon was lit through my window
with the curtains left open and there seemed
a sad silence hanging over the horizon.
With the cry of a distant crane
On some mysterious lake.
I felt my heart breaking...
Recognizing the loneliness...the quiet
Beauty of one's own space.
I come to realize what self-worth was and is about.
As time passes on...
I have grown to an understanding.
I am different. Not just "different", but yes,
I am uniquely me.
My eyes change from brown to gold,
And when I cry they turn green.
All in all, for now, my eyes have
Found love, self-acceptance and peace.
When I look in the mirror
I see the words, "Child of God"
Written on my sleeve.
Self-respect and appreciation I have earned.
While knowing, I am of love and deserve
Much of the same, in return.
My heart is breaking...
Time is escaping.
A kiss, a tender touch, a warm embrace.
All of this consists of wished love.
And I...wanting to caress your beautiful face
See through the other side of the glass.
You walk by, black hair speckled with white.
And my heart inside is pounding slowly.
Inside, I want to die. Screaming inside, inside I cry.
The moment you spoke to my heart
Was the first time I felt alive...
Not able to hug or hold
My thoughts have grown bold.
Yet it was me you told, “That is not possible...”
And I in thought, heard, “With God, all things are possible.”
So why can’t you look into my eyes without me turning away?
By the end of the night and the dawn’s first light of next day.
I secretly pray.
“How can this ever be? if you can’t even believe
in a magic moment that would spark history?”
Searching my soul, it is still an unsolved mystery...
With the stars twinkling beyond my sight, I close my eyes
And inside, my dreaming spirit quietly takes flight...
When I look into the night,
it is in a different light.
In the winter, trees wink at me, sparkling
little radiant greetings, I smile.
Reassurances...we are still here.
If and when snowflakes fall, proudly I see, softly
settling, blanketing everything, everywhere.
In the spring, water drips from here and there,
to run through the ground, making
crazy little mazes. Mud has a different scent.
Infused with snow melt, who knew dirt
could smell so fresh, heartfelt.
God’s holy gifts.
In the summer, observing is a magic tryst.
Dandelions, secretive; silently stand.
Daisies dream on and on, while grass hues
to the shadowed tones.
Speaking of fantasy, into autumn we go...
An earthy seduction, rainy foliage, dark, warm leafy beds.
I feel thickened and loved. Somehow, when I look
into the setting sun’s losing plight
with it’s different light.
I feel special, like twilight has just kissed me and
I don’t want to sleep. Just to savor each
of the nuances of night
my delighted heart rests.
Content and filled with evening sight.
Rainbows drop from the heavens above, blessing those...
who are blessed with love.
Deeper hues from in my heart flow outwards
A lot of times, upwards...to a holy realm on high.
With these colors I am painted and painting on an
Ever moving forwards-pictographic life.
Rainbow colors I see, tears caught in iridescent motion, until...
Landing somewhere, splattering.
When I feel so hurt, it is as if my mind is wrecking havoc
On my spirit, breaking me apart, soul shattering.
I am left with the pieces of my broken heart.
Picking up the shards with my hands like a starving child.
I gather my love back greedily. I sought forgiveness, yet
it is only a twisted game. It cannot go on anymore.
I will not yield, I will not shy away,
and last of all, I will not die this way.
I offer thanks to Great Spirit for having mercy to one such as I.
I find my and others' virtue(s) worked out in everyday reality.
Bless those who have mercy.
I love.
Is love given up, lost...and gone?
Grieving is the heart strings pulled.
Music, delicately plucking tear drops along.
Vibrating a sadness, the pearls of wisdom.
Nuance a song.
From the core of my very being, understanding sought.
Over-stretched, taut. Far beyond meaning.
Somewhere in the gavel of time, is love estranged.
Judged and cast away, thrown to the wayside
Of a melancholy single lane highway.
Traveling the blues. Where does love go?
Emanating with pure emotion, is my soul.
Aglitter, shimmering with a bright colored, magic filled rainbow.
As iridescently brilliant, I see, I feel, I believe and I know.
Accepting earthly rejection. I am enlightened
By a heavenly dimension.
Tuning in with my Higher Power and intimate-self
Love is no longer estranged, and I feel strong enough to carry on again.
Title: Love SomeOne
By: Etta M. Bavilla
07-05-10

Time, time and times again.
Trepidation, follows after tribulation(s).
Shocked and shocking to my soul.
For it feels like my heart fell long ago.
Love SomeOne...
Who? Where are you?
I am looking and I see.
Do you even know me?
Believing in true-love is like flying out of control.
The sky is spinning, rolling, turning all around me.
Shaken. I crash back into reality.
Trying to keep grounded. Is it me you are looking at?
Love can be blind on both sides, and
I cannot see when you are in my sight.
They say love don’t cost a thing, but
It is costing me everything.
Falling in love, has not killed me yet. It just makes me
Slowly die inside because your love is a lie.
The story of true-love is dead.
It was only a joke and I am not laughing.
The love-cemetery calls my name more than most, and
I, beckoned, to the broken hearted graveyard, cross like a feathery ghost.
Who can say what? When I say I love you my Little Snowy Owl.
Elihu, you were my pride and joy, cherubim soul.
The world was/is/has no saving grace.
I was too scared I could lose you.
Grievously, you are gone from my eyes, but
Blessed be, not from my heart.
I thought I would die if I ever lost you...and
Losing you, I am holding on, surviving still.
I walk this earth without you. Yet from heaven above
I still feel your love. Accepting one day, I will be free
No longer bound to a mortal husk,
emerging my transcendent consciousness,
able to see you someday. I can remorsefully say,
"I'm sorry," I loved you so much.
The world with all it's hate, has no place in our domain.
Released from pain, the earth's restraints, united in a holy realm
Restored to one another. Glory to Our Father!
We shall traverse streets of gold. I remember you.
I see you with iridescent tears, my memories shimmer but
Do not disappear. As true as love is, I know I love you
My Little Snowy Owl, and forever, will I always will.
If you need me someday and I am able.
I will be there. Heaven or hell, we are making
it through this world and time will tell.
Our bond cannot be broken, bespoken
Love heals, hearts mend.
It is this reasoning that we stay bestfriendz.
When I fell from society-you still stood by my side &
silently let me try explain, brave eyes with patience inside
Shared felt pain.
Your spirit does not give up, will not die,
& will not give in.
Winning me over time and again.
Who am I to feel so lonely? For as long as eternity,
you and I are truly bestfriendz.
Hold on, hold me in your heart and don’t let me go
for the love of you is in my soul.
I could not be more blessed
than to have you as a best-friend.
Until times’ end and even after...
I love you always and forever.
Eyes change from brown to yellow, green to bluish-hazel as everything.
Hair, soft waves flow mid-length, dark brown curls.
Ears, quaintly hidden, hear much.
Neck, small, poignant, smells of lotion, sweat, and oil.
Shoulders, broad and fleshy with arms long and reaching.
Hands, average with chubby fingers hued beige with nails
Self manicured, resemble responsibility.
Back, tentative, listful, carriage of ribs.
Chest small. Inside heart beating to life’s rhyme.
Stomach with a deep scar in the center, stretches alongside
the belly button from a suicide attempt. A snake with human skulls
For eyes, a sword slain head with blood dripping 666. A rose
Overlaying, the-to-be tattoo named, “To hell with man-made death”
Will blend around the old incision.
Pelvic region free and jarring, still movable.
Legs strong, slender, and short carry 135 lbs. every day.
Ankles, bony and veined slip from time to time,
Almost causing a missed step.
Feet, small, skinny, and flat-footed, toes with nails clipped and clean.
Personality is tenacious like the snow that doesn’t quite leave,
Even when autumn sets into the landscape. An attitude as high
As any mountain or molehill beckon or stand by.
Who knows about this woman anyway?
While Northern Lights dance, I believe in dreams. I believe in wishing on shooting stars.
I feel the night sky... that fills me with deep longing. I believe in you & I.
Yet, it seems you cannot fathom or feel that my love is real.
Could this love be meant to be?
You have found a home, perched in my soul. I am a tree.
I am planted in the plains of time eternal.
Growing grounded, my heart stretches out on loving branches.
You, who woke my spirit-watering me with tears that rested like dew.
Restoring my life so vibrant and new.
Whenever the mornings arise, you fly through the days, only to return to me again.
I have always been here. Dreaming, believing, wishing, upon shooting stars
That you would open your eyes and see. Solace is enough to bear.
Not at the end, but far from the start. Shivering in the moments
your wings whispered over me. I long to awaken your heart.
Pearly, pinkish white skin
Pale rose lips
Eyes the colors of sadness bear
Many a tear to tell
She was her warrioress armor
Underneath, her chest heaved and
Brimmed with anger.
For the battle was no longer outside
Of her being. It was being fought
Remortalized in her heart and mind.
Struggling through the hurt, pain
Seared her very soul.
Shaking, she rose to stand in primal rage.
The fibers of leg muscles taut, arms lifted up
To Holy Creator.
Praying and receiving her request, a heart
Filled solid. She bowed in thanks.
Now, she smiled as a victor.
No longer seeking revenge with the battle
Already won, she realized the next phases
Were transcendence and much to learn was
With acceptance. Immortal love, bore it’s mark
Upon her head, for the solid heart she won
Was hers from what was begun.
A crown to wear, was placed atop her dark, dark
Brown hair. Understanding...she kept silent
In her peace. But for a single rose, cried no longer
To over-swell with grief
The world so dark, no longer able to hold captive
Her light. The warrioress, plied with keen insight
The soul yet to bear, showed yet to shine.
This fresh brown earth, had buried her heart so deep.
Uncovered and recovering, was a wound still raw.
To see the sun shine, rising to a zenith in time.
Mirrored into eternity, with a flash of lightning speed
Was her spirit finally freed.
Title: Thus Far

By: Etta M. Bavilla

04-11-2012

The haunting "old me" I see
Back when I was young
From time to time
Creepeing up from behind
Is the past and memories
That float through my mind
Like a cold grasping fear
I try to reach out
And no-one is near...I stop.
Breathing, I wander toward
my life, my best foot forward.
I am thankful.
Even if I stumble and fall
Holy Creator sees me
Through it all
My heart beats, bodily I still feel
The chest that thumps with a rhythm
To a tempo only I own.
Reminded, I hear the "now" with
A mixed between "then"
Thinking...I made it thus far.
Hopeful that I will have another tomorrow.

Awakening eyes
Fearful lashes, kiss good-bye
Yesterday's lost sighs
Title: Love Song
By: Etta M. Bavilla
04-21-2012

My love is yours from deep inside my soul
From beginning to end. I long for a song.
I long for your arms to wrap around my waist.
I long for your sweet taste. To dance, a dance
Like no other. A dance that is lit from within
Firing our hearts to feel only one thing, Love.
I want to feel your breath, your heat, your very
Heartbeat. Experiencing...your love
Is like a drop of pain. Starting with the first tear
For the fear, you would break my heart. Yet, for
This crazy passion, I dare love you.
Only to be broken hearted again.
Nuanced with desire, I wait...
For our love song to begin, and as with time
May it never end.
My heart is beating. Breathing, my life's flow.
Mind is lapping through time,
Like the waves that slap & roll.
Continuing along the beach to pounce and
crash upon the shoreline.
Over and over again.
These are worries for our sisters, the Salmon.
Belly providers, soul harmonizers, bodily fulfillment...
Splashing back into reality, I feel the hunger pains-
Turned ulcers, as barnacles that wear and tear away
Opposing objects. Such abrasive qualities.
These aspects will not subside until I see
The receding tide of ill deeds and evil greed.
It has always been a bountiful harvest
That sister Salmon do us, nourish and feed.
Sister Salmon, you are in my prayers with
salty fears, for someday you may be in great need.
I loved you as a child would
You were my mother.
You had born me through pain, giving life
To me again
In my heart, are words & wounds
A soul, I uncover.
I loved you dear mother…
Then time and place were displaced
My face and spirit were erased, my pride
Held only, in the tears I taste.
Drowned in despair, along with you.
Your love I could no longer reach.
Beyond my grasp, was a wall
I could not breach.
Your face said words but your heart knew too.
The answers are not from me and you.
Now you are not here and the future is not far off…
I loved you and I’m hoping, your love
Will not dissipate and disappear.
After I died for the second time
You had told me, “You were supposed to believe in love”
I did believe in love, I still do, and always will.
Love for God is in forever
Like vespers of angels, I whisper, “I love you” everyday
In this life’s endeavor.
May we be reunited someday
Because your love I will always treasure.
Like the flames that dance in the fire.
Wisps of love, flash and flutter about.
No direction, no aim, just to feel the
Chance and the desire.
Burning abandon, withstanding time
This love is endless, even when
the erratic frenzy of life is slowly turned embers.
Amber, soft, golden, molten, glows.
Last, to faint away with the glimmers of light
Embedded then float freely, no longer bound.
From flames to hazy transparency.
I see this love like smoke
Rising through the air, again, another form of existence.
Dwelling but for a second, next to be enveloped
within the wind, to dance and twine away into the sky.
From the misty view of below
I see the moon above.
Who knows what makes it glow
But the sun that reflects.
An opaque ball of light
Cast upon a sea of sporadic diamonds
In a galaxy so darkened.
This brightness so distressed
The night that wished to dim.
Cold and unbidden, does the moon live
To help the tides of the earth ebb and flow.
I see the moon above
From the misty view of below.
And I wonder how long
It will take to depart this life
For as long as I am alive.
This curiosity will not subside.
So I live everyday like it is a good day to die.
Even when the moon draws nigh.
I go to sleep, only to awaken next
Into the ever changing skies.
A little sand grain
Falls slowly to the sea floor
A rock so small. Lands.

When the pain hit, it was magnanimous, who but God
Could heal this hurt? It was if Taoism was right.
The universe could be one tiny speck, and everything.
Straight through it all, was this searing pain.
It didn’t just appear, it took many moons
Many faces to commence the descending drop.
That little rock, began a journey. Tossed
And thrown about, it swirled and was hurled
Through the deep.
But the moment it landed, God knew.
It was time. Time that no one could take away.
Embedded in the sea floor, cool waters flow over
Refreshing, restful, safe, snug.
On the flip side of this pain, when lifted
Was the beauty of happiness. That endless token journey,
Finally ended. And that little rock, was where it needed to be.
Until another journey began, through the ever sifting seas.
If I could explain the color of my love for you,
It would be lavender...
Like lavender rays, healing light
One sure wish, I want to feel your kiss.
I am not whole with out you.
And it feels like a hole in my heart
When we are too far apart.
Lavender kiss, Lavender wish.
The scent of you I smell in my dreams.
Soothing my spirit, fragrant bliss.
I want your romance, just give me the chance.
Hoping to get to hear the song to our first dance.
What is your decision? Yes or No?
Because you have the power, with pointed precision
To cut me to the core of my humble soul,
-If you say no.
Looking glass, looking back
Looking past, looking...last

I see in my reflection, a face with eyes in turmoil.
A soul, disturbed and in the belly of hell.
I lived and from life I fell. The gallows of hollowness
Threaten hope and rebirth.
I wish to be free from all of this hurt.
Maybe? God someday will save me.
I will finally get to see the real me.
Reflected. Reflecting. And Reflector.
I change the course of my future.
Title: My Expression By: Etta M. Bavilla 08/01/12

Looking outside, I am seeing inwards
To one, I am staring at nothing
To myself, I am seeing more than one
Could begin to know. All one see’s
Is the outwards, not the inward thoughts
My expression, is a mask that I wear,
So one cannot go anywhere near, where I am
No one should predispose a right, not belonging to them
So who is one to judge, anymore than a thought?
If I were not the one incanted upon, I would not be
Quick to understand. Seeing, I do not accept
And with blind faith, I hold my Father’s hand.
Because one day, I will be where I belong and
One who so judged, will no longer see me
But have to accept their own reality.
Today is the day I heard the sad news.  
You no longer breathe of air.  
I, who live in a place with cement walls  
And cold hearts, cannot mourn, shall not cry.  
I will not allow myself to say goodbye.  
You, in my memory, who ice fished in the coldness  
Of winter for elders too old to go out in the weather.  
I love you.  
I loved you for taking care of others.  
Your beautiful smile and cheerful laugh,  
Caused so much fun.  
I never thought you would ever die so young.  
Not this soon...Now, we are here with this ache  
In our throats and pain in our hearts. Tears in my eyes  
Shall not fall until I get to see you again someday.  
Unless some slip by, I'll cry when I am alone  
God bless you on your way, spirit journey  
Welcomed home.
There are times that are trying than most,
I think, I struggle, I survive.
It is with heavenly hopes that I strive.
To not back down, to not give up, not give in.
With God’s love inside, how could I not win?
I have forgiveness, I have love, I have thanks
To give to God above. I am always thinking…
What can I do to make my life more of worth?
I hope and I pray, to know my inmost self.
So I can always be true to God. I do not
Owe any form of reasoning to anyone.
I know the truth is what will help me grow,
Learning knowledge is having a heart able to understand.
I know God has a plan for my soul.
May I utmost be guided by God’s hands.
I think of truth, and I also see, the world
Does not really want to walk with me.
I go out for a bit of a walk by myself.
I do not mind my own company. Should
Anyone decide to take a walk with me,
That also, I do not mind. Walk and talk,
Talk and walk, we can go about this world,
And still we know, life’s treasures are not stored in gold.
While Platinum and Silver have value, I offer
Myself to the Creator of All, the God of eternity.
Then maybe, I will find my worth, at the end of this life’s journeys.
Title: Tree People Clan
By: Etta M. Bavilla

I am of the Tree People Clan
I am a mother, who wooed an owl man
From my clan, we have existed centuries,
dead & growing still. Like mossy pine
green trees, we cloak the land.
Flowing from Kulukuk Mountain
My clan blood lines are rich like sap
Able to nurture and heal.
We stand in honor of Great Spirit
For all that we think, believe, and feel.
Title: Impression
By: Etta M. Bavilla
10/18/12

I want to write an impression.
An impression that will last.
Life isn't about drugs, alcohol, a fireworks blast
Life is about here and now, not stuck in the past
Your pain can be eased, you just need to be willing to make yourself free.
When you take a breath, realize, it is a good breath to take
And when you breathe out, release any negative energy.
If you understand, you will take control of your fate.
When you think of your life, think of the potentials you have.
Life does not limit you, it is you who weighs the scales of successes and failures.
When you accept there are cross configurations out of your control,
Just let it go. Like a white-out winter blizzard, or a flower surrounded,
Rainbow hued waterfall, beauty is for all.
You have your whole life to live, but are not promised tomorrow.
So strive in today, and enjoy what comes or goes your way.
Remember, life is enchanting everyday, from a spider's web to an
Elephant in the desert. Your life can make a difference.
And be thankful for the times you won't forget.
Good and bad, life is over when it's over, and you'll wish you
Had more time to live. One thing about death, is when it arrives
There are no rain-checks or bargains, only a free ticket ride into the afterlife.
To treasure the elders is like
Cherishing the beauty of the stars.
Bright with wisdom, love, and keen insight
Able to light up any dark night.
May your heart know, you are valued.
To live a good age, keeping brave
Life’s is a chance song and dance.
Whether you are shuffling along or with a hip-hop
Bounce in your step, may the music of your soul
Be heard by others. The patience to sit one through,
or take a rain-check on the blues.
Listen. There...you own the beat of your own melody.
A lyric, a stanza, or an interlude, you have zeal enough.
The harmony in your spirit, knowledge do sustain.
Equaling an effulgence so vibrant
But for a lifetime.
Holding forever in a hug,
Your sweet self is enough. I love(d)
You so much. To see your beautiful
Smile & shining eyes, I would be in heaven.
You, my Elihu knew to know, and from
A brave spirit you did grow.
Angel child, may you be wiser
Than given years and holier than any tears
For I do not take you for granted. In my heart
Your face is planted. Like a daisy in the wild
And dressed in white
From humble dust to a proud beaming glow.
I love you forever and your splendor will show
Where you came from and how far you will go.
God returned you with a brilliant soul.
Title: Two Views  
By: Etta M. Bavilla  
11-12-2012

Two view...I can see in & I can see out.  
When I can I see the between has got me wondering.  
Am I ever looking in? check-listing all past sins?  
Or am I ever looking out?  
Usually, I try to look out, helping others  
Maybe I can sense a sense of myself somewhere,  
"Where" I want to be.  
Far as I know, I am half-way there  
But for eternity.  
When the Grim Reaper arrives  
Is time really relevant after death?  
Time is out, how do you accept forever  
Into account? All the while...  
Trying to see the between, I am being seen.  
I am not lost, how I find time is probably  
After I die. And I get to look at my life  
And then maybe...I can understand why  
And be at peace inside.
I drew a picture from my youth
It is scenic and simple; it is where
I left my innocence and someday,
where I hope to return.
I was three years old and romped
My stomping grounds with mischievousness
And daring. My fortress of eternal beauty.
Wild, raw, earthy, humanistic.
Where frozen cold death could cradle you in an icy
Puddle. I learned, the cold could be merciful, in it’s mercilessness.
I did not feel anything anymore.
Presently, I am four decades old and I have since learned
that the world can be very cold. Cold enough
to chill my soul. My bones are pliable, alive, and still
romping the grounds wherever I go. I am certain now,
home is where the heart is and I am warm spirited,
energetic enough to live. Through out this life,
it is to Holy Creator that I bow. Guess, death
could not stop me when I was three, then again,
maybe it is the coldness that helped shape who I am.
When I said I loved you, I knew it with all my heart
Without you... my life would fall apart.
In your love could have been so sweet
I list my terrible past, too hard to defeat.

Always mindful, of my wrongs and sin
And could I be forgiven from you and within?
So I think back, it is I who tried to give up.
Though pain exists, I pray holiness to all.

In my own time, I will learn as I must.
Inquiring of God, you and I and love.
Ndebt to the law; seeking help from above.
Interesting enough, may justice be served.

Oh the ends of time, I will rise...
Together we shall meet and stand.
Led into a kingdom made from God’s hand
Yielding a knot in place and time—peaceably intertwined.