Girl Extraordinaire

Keep it quiet; you know the secrets of a girl that wants more
Try to keep a straight face, and kiss her cheek
Let a smile explode against her face, and
Keep it quiet; you know the secrets of a girl on the edge
Maybe she needs just a little more
Keep it quiet, maybe she'll scream on your watch and you'll get to see
the inside that she forgets to hide, when she's smoking
She'll tell you that she's free but maybe her dreams are worthless
Puts herself down so, she never does fall
Tell her she's beautiful
And she cries
Keep it quiet, just for a moment, she's got something to say

By Ambrosia Lombard

Love Tale: My Angel Boy

I'm dancing in the sandstorm waiting for this life to be born balancing
on a high-wire the eternal princess in ballet pink on fire
The paper stars whirling in on a high wind and glitter burning the lights
dim
I'm falling off the fabled cliff into frothy, turbulent seas but wings tear
from skin, I'm flying free
An angel boy sitting on clouds and smiling innocence
Fly with me into a tall tale wilderness
A beast with an arrow, bleeding on the forest green a river-nymph with
motherly wisdom and compassion to be seen
A beautiful hideaway where moss is abundant and fierce
Angel boy with the violin and the earthly lyrics
An intense pain sweeps through me as I lay
Please mother river, bring him safely
And the prayer of the angel boy is played
A warmth, a cry and a beautiful little one on my chest a beautiful angel
boy, an earthly delight I must confess
And all choices are gone, the clouds roll in on a pink sky and I lift and push above the earth, child in my arms, as I fly
Leaving mermaids, beasts, flying frogs, and angel boys
A drop to the ground, a place filled with metal toys
And the angel boy of my dreams, sleeping in quiet life

By Ambrosia Lombard

Sam's Room

That room, holds the passionate memories of two parts of a whole, becoming one physically, soulfully, emotionally
That room, keeps the secrets of the words spoken, on a night when they were less inhibited
When the cover of darkness, made the outside world, a dream
That room, housed a universe of unconditional acceptance a universe of short-lived hope
A time when the quiet was calming
Skin touching another's without recoil
That room, remembers when love inhabited its space when no kinder words were spoken
Than the ones that were never said
That room, will hold that time for an eternity
Even as the two grow old, unforgivably
And time takes the memories they once made
That room will remember a moment, she's got something to say

By Ambrosia Lombard