

The Roller Coaster of Life

by

Ana P. Rose



“I can shake off everything as I write; my sorrows disappear, my courage is reborn.”

— Anne Frank

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Letter from the Author

Whether I lie to myself or not, my emotions are true to me. My words are born out of my life experiences, but not always. Almost anything and anyone inspires my writing. I can write and let go because it is a therapeutic process for me. Slowly, I have learned not to apologize for what I write. However, at times, I still feel bad for feeling the negative feelings and moments. But life is a roller coaster. While we might be in a great place with a person today, perhaps there was a time we weren't okay with that same person or vice versa.

Writing forces a person to search the deepest parts of the soul—both the beautiful and ugly parts. Once you achieve this quest of the soul-searching, there's no going back. It changes you forever. To be better than others? Not at all, for we all have our race to run. It's both a curse and blessing to be able to look inwardly. It's like taking a pill of wakefulness.

Please, stay updated with a book that I am currently writing, an urban fantasy novel, and support my blog. In my blog, I write about various topics, such as writing, the world, my favorite music, free verse writing, and among other topics.

Dedication

I thank God first and foremost above all for this project and all my writing that is to come after this minor project.

I dedicate this project to all my supporters and followers. If you follow me on social media and or read my anaprose.com blogs, then you know you are part of this dedication. If you share and hit like on anything that has to do with my blogs and if you are an e-mail or Wordpress follower, then this is for you too. Any support, especially for a self-starter and beginner, means the world to me.



Abstract

This is a self-published project. It contains a total of ten pieces—eight of the works are free verse, plus two micro fiction stories.

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His Blue Eyes

The year my soul could not find itself.

I approached him.

His blue eyes penetrated mine.

I gave him a dollar.

I uttered, "So sorry. This is all I got."

I meant it.

Barely a few hundred in the bank--

ready to pay the next bills.

Wondering when work would call again.

Loans and academics are my enemy.

Tearing me down so deeply, ready to jump off a cliff.

No one gives me a chance.

But there, he stood, more certain than me.

Like a soldier, a veteran, unashamed of asking for money.

He paid his dues, so why tame?

He knew what he wanted in the moment.

I didn't.

I gave him a dollar.

I walked away with his eyes in my mind.

I turned to take a last look.

In a split second, he was gone.

He knew where he was going.

I didn't.

He knew who he was.

I didn't.

What Friend?

What's a friend?

Not a difficult question—

Especially, in those lonely days.

The line between friend and fiend is quite thin.

I sit here alone absent from any friend.

Though I have many, where are they?

I don't know.

Where are they when life assaults me much?

I deeply sigh day and night.

You know where you are? Not here.

When hope escapes me, I don't see them.

I see unapologetic absence.

So, hate me, hate me friends for speaking truth—

Because I shall hate our present state—

And our friendship at stake.

And yet, and yet, I repeat, you don't care.

Oblivion is your shield and friend.

So what is a friend?

I don't know.

Ask my fiends.

Mother Clacks and Thumps

Clack, clack, clack!

The sound of the dishes at morning break.

Jeez, what's wrong with mom?

Thump, thump, thump!

Opened doors, closed doors.

What's wrong with mom?

A concert of utter ruckus.

The silver wears scratching each other.

More clacks, more thumps, while the water runs.

What is wrong with mom?

The pots and pans, pitchy drums.

The clutter of noises rings in my ear.

My head clouded with many regrets.

What is wrong with mom?

Nagging and yelling and slamming.

Clack, clack, clack.

Thump, thump, thump!

Again, before and after dinner.

Out in the Field

She stands in a storm.
Empty fields.
Dryland.
Gray skies.
Dead leaves.
Weeds encompass the land.
The universe is over her sky.
Eyes shut.
The world is too big.
She is too small.
Arms extended—
Feet off the ground.
Hair blows in the wind.
Barefooted.
She wears a white cami dress.
The dress flounces.
A cottage home is behind her.
People dwell in there.
She wants none it—
Wishing to stay lost.
Accepting and embracing.
It's no longer pain.
Just a sense of loss.

Good, You Live

Caged by insults.
Plague of words,
They hurt.
Reached their limit.
Just another stripe,
Another to the pile,
Embracing numbness.

Oh, you dark stripes.
Oh, you orange ones.
Now the color of a panther.
You must climb the mountain.
Lather your scars—run here or there.
But run. Move. Breathe.
Yes, over that pain.
You must rise above all.

Feel the blood flow through veins.
Sense the muscles with every step?
Good, you live.
Lack air?
Good, you try.

Like You Deserve It, Viper

I want to cuss a storm.
I want to have the aura of intimidation, of power.
That arrogance of superiority,
Simply for the mere fact that I have it.
I want that stance of supremacy, knuckles clenched.
Those condescending eyes, authoritarian—in my face.
That aura is there at 5 years old—at 18, 30, 40, 50, 60.
You act like I cannot reciprocate.
It's called restraint and respect—like you deserve it.
Your pedals begin to wither while mine blossom.
Yet your haughty thoughts mock me.
You act like I cannot reciprocate.
It's called restraint and respect—like you deserve it.
I'm no longer a child.
I still feel the sting in mine soul.
You attacked like a viper.
My soul stirs inside me.
I walked away and left you with your self-stroking your ego.
You act like I cannot reciprocate.
It's called restraint and respect—like you deserve it.
Your viper attack wasn't enough
Your mouth, a thunder of threats.
I stormed away, yelling, and yet self-possessed.
You act like I cannot reciprocate.
It's called restraint and respect—like you deserve it.
But life will give me chance one day.
An opportunity to rise above.

We Are All A Little Crazy

It's okay, we're all a little crazy.

Life is a battle,

And it gets heavy

Love comes and goes

Taking our breath away.

Breaking us every day.

Life breaks my bones

While my spirit fails.

My heart and soul sink.

I'm in a storm.

Taking our breath away.

Breaking us every day.

I look above, and no one is there.

My prayers going into thin air.

But I hear a voice in the back of my mind,

Telling me, "You're not alone. I'm here."

Why, Oh, Why, Oh, Why?

When the days are gray, I cannot see any rays at the end of the tunnel.

They say I gotta believe.

I mustn't lose my faith—

Until I see that day when the storm goes away.

And your words are my storm.

They break me down even more.

Why do you do this to me?

Why oh, why oh... why?

Your cold, cold eyes...

They want to say more.

Vile things—I know.

Why, oh, why, oh, why?

They say I gotta believe.

I mustn't lose my faith—

Until I see that day when the storm goes away.

Microfiction



The Moon's Bath

Tonight, the moon is behind a hazy sky. Ms. Moon looks fresh out of a hot bath, sad and lonely. She attempts to see in the mirror. If she wipes the misty atmosphere, she'll see earth—not her reflection. She'll look straight into my eyes, not her reflection.

Her downcast countenance will reflect the tears and the pains of the earthlings. She will not see her lost and gloomy likeness, but she will witness the chaos. All along, I stand here, listening to the sound of silence—staring at her dilemma. Perhaps the mist of repressed tears clothed the cold night.

I stand on the dead lawn, in the middle of two trees whose leaves have fallen. Spring will return, and then summer, autumn, and finally winter. Where will I stand next winter cold? The moon and stars struggle to shine over the blurred heavens, and they don't give up—because another bright night will come.

Amidst the Ocean

I stand amidst an ocean of doors—the color of the ocean. The doors break at my feet like the waves do when they reach you by the seaside. I'm too afraid to swim any deeper. I see horizontal, vertical, and diagonal doors that dance the typical motion of many waters. Several doors spin chaotically. My feet are planted as my hips and legs sway to rhythm of the waters. The larger waves push me back an inch or more. I decide to walk backwards, not losing my eye on the gentle tides. As I ebb away from the waters, my feet I let submerge in the sand. I stare at them. I wiggle my toes.

Suddenly, the sound of the doors echo, “No, no, no.” One thousand voices conspiring against me. My heart sinks as I hear the ominous choir of no's. Old men and women in formal attire begin to come out of the doors, drenched in water, pointing at me, angry, “No!” Time pauses. I look into their condescending eyes and smirks. The old people overflow from the pits of hell, the bottomless ocean where no man dares to go. The downcast sky moves. Thunder and lightning hit the earth every second.

I whisper, “No chances, No chances.”

The old men and women dunk back in the doors like fish. They slam the doors shut and like magic, large and silver locks with chains appear on every door. The chains contribute their own tempo—it's slower, and it drags. The slammed doors make the sound of a giant's footsteps as the earth trembles.

I stand there drenched as the rain falls over me. I turn away from the ominous ocean. I stop. I lift my eyes, and I see a door at the far end. It's planted on solid foundation, cement perhaps. A wide and luminous ray covers the white lonely door with a golden door

knob. It's just there unattached to any house or building. I walk toward the door. When I reach it, I am shivering and hugging myself.

“Should I open it?”

I caress the door knob, turn it, and walk in.

Author's Biography

Ana P. Rose is born American, a native of California. Her family's background is from Guatemala. She embraces both her American and Guatemalan culture. Ana is an alumnus of the University of California, Irvine where she obtained a Bachelor of Arts degree in English. She furthered her education at Azusa Pacific University earning a Master of Arts in English. She completed her master's dissertation with a creative writing project that includes an analysis in May, 2017 called, *A TwoForld World: Three Short Stories*. You can find this published work by *Proquest* under her name, Ana P. Rosales.

Ana is currently writing an urban fantasy book, and she hopes to publish it this year. Ana loves to write short stories, flash fiction, free prose, lyrics, and microfiction. Other than writing, she is an avid watcher of soccer (football), and her favorite teams are Real Madrid, and both the United States men's and women's soccer team. Ana is an animal lover, coffee addict, and she loves to laugh.

Please, keep updated on her blog Ana P. Rose (anaprose.com). Ana is also an educator interested in the learning process of students. She hopes to toggle both her writing and teaching career.

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