

Some poetry I wrote

By Ishiria

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I write some poetry for my English teacher. Got student of the week for it all and I think my poetry sucks, but hey. Your guys' call.

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1 - 5/10/09 (Life is Choices)

Life is a tale that we must live.

We never know what we must give.

We can give pain, angst, and sorrow,

Living like there's no tomorrow.

Or, we may choose the path of light.

Never seeing any scare or fright.

Ones that choose light are unafraid of what's to come.

While those who choose dark, are rather dumb.

You see they made a wrong choice.

Picking a wrong voice.

So, might Life suggest you to take a good path.

First of all, take a bath.

It will help cleanse you if you chose wrong.

Then, when you are a ready, you will hear the gong.

2 - 5/12/06 (What Life Brought To Me)

((My English teacher said I always knew how to put my heart into my work... It's my life, of course, in a Personal Statement. Don't give me pity; just give me your thoughts or criticism.))

What Life Brought To Me

I'm caught in the riff-raff of life.

Step inside this door and see what I see.

I'm a regular girl with hopes and dreams.

So many of the people think I'm weird, stupid,

Or annoying.

But a few see me as funny, smart, and kind.

Behind me lies a sorrowful little girl, waiting.

I wait for that light, the shining ray of hope

That my life will turn around and get better.

If it does, then that sorrowful little girl will vanish into mist.

No father, barely having a mother to look up to.

My family nothing more than my mother and I.

Half-sister- high school dropout.

Dog- a lazy bum who snores.

At this rate, life as I know it will not change for me.

Not little old I. Maybe is a sliver of a chance.

This is what life gave to me.

Death swept my grandparents away while debt was bestowed upon my mother. I cry myself to sleep every night,

The music drowning out my tears.

This is what life brought me.