

Poems

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Since I'm an idiot, I accidentally deleted my older story entitled 'Poems'. Well...I just realized this, some hours afterwards, so, now, I'm going to try and resurrect some of them in this story...hopefully, I won't delete this one...

1. Smile For You

I haven't smiled in forever, you know,
And if I did, I'd tell you so.
You made me laugh, you made me smile,
But it seems for this year, you've been gone for a while.
I frown when you sit with your friends at a table,
I don't cry, for I fear, I'd not be able,
To stop if I did.
I'm just a sad little kid.
I sit alone for lunch,
But I have a hunch.
That you know that I'm sad,
And it just makes you mad,
That your friends don't see,
How unhappy I be.
You've all know me for the same amount of time,
Since we all stood side-by-side in the kinder-garden line.
You turned to me,
And smiled sweetly.
You told me your short little name,
But if I remember, I didn't pronounce it the same.
But sadly, now I wear a mask,
All though it's still easy to stay on task.
But staying off task is an easier thing,
All I do is sit and wait, for that bell to ring.
I play with my hair, and I look back at you,
You're reading a book, I suppose, I should be too.
You and I, have been together from begging to end,
But now our friendship is beginning to bend.
All I can do is sit and wait, for our friendship to break,
All though I still watch you while I am awake.
I try to smile. I really do!
But, I fear, It won't happen unless you do too.
We sit in study hall, I watch you like a hawk.
Everybody else just sits and talks.
Sometimes I try to get you to talk to me,
But when I do, you just leave me be.
I fear, if I do not smile,
I won't be able to while on while.
Sometimes I wish, You'd notice me, Like you, I do,
So that I can smile just for you.

2. Empty Inside

I'm empty inside

So, I tell many lies.

Nobody knows how I feel.

My friends cannot see it,

But it destroys me bit by bit.

I don't know what's the big deal.

I hide behind a fake laugh and a smile.

The real things, you know, haven't showed in a while.

I do well in school and kinda feel alright,

But the binds that are inside are really tight.

I sometimes wish that I would die.

That, I feel inside won't go away...

Even with time.

3. Teasing

People tease me all the time

Though they don't see it, it kills me inside

They call me names, throw fake catcalls.

All the rumors bounce off the wall.

"Does she like him?"

"I heard she did!"

"Where? Who told you?"

"Over there! That kid!"

"Hey there hotty!" Sigh, sarcastic,

"Lets get together. It'd be fantastic"

"Nobody likes you! Go AWAY!"

That's just some of the things they say!

It's like time ticking on a clock.

Ticking, Toking, it'll never stop.

4. Lie or Truth

Sitting, staring, silently

War raging in my mind violently

Right and wrong, good or bad,

Make me happy, or make me sad

Tell you the truth, or tell you lies

No matter what, all are feeble tries.

Three little words, hard to say

Hoping this question will go away

You asked if I like you, I told you a lie.

You asked again the very next day,

I answered with a lie, what else could I say?

The lie was a simple, two letter word

Which, when said, is very absurd.

The truth was a little longer

It's meaning though, much stronger.

Weather it's three words or three letters,

The question can be answered with a lie better.

5. Wings of A Bird

I stare out the window at your beautiful dance.

Feathered wings beat like a sweet romance.

Weaving intricate designs threw the space in the air.

Free to fly free without a worry or care.

You land from your flight, on the branch of a tree.

You clean your soft feathers and look straight at me.

I stare into you're black orbs, transfixed.

My emotions and feelings, somehow mixed.

I wonder what it's like flying through the sky.

On the wings of a bird, up so high.

A startling noise, and you take flight.

Rather fly to safety then stay and fight.

The cause for a surrender, a small happy child

Laughing in joy, the danger was mild.

But, you still flew away.

Rather than stay.

On the wings of a bird, up in the sky.

Flying up, up so high.

-X-

Although I changed the ending a bit, I have entered this poem in a poetry contest!

6. Broken Hearted Dove

How are you? With your broken heart?

I'm sorry that girl tore it all apart.

She's gone, you're sad.

Although inside, I'm glad!

It must have hurt when she said "Bye."

All you probably did was hang your head and sigh.

A fragile , young heart. New to love.

It's broken in pieces, and now my sweet dove,

You and I must fly away.

Fly past the shadows of the day.

7. Singing

Music ringing in my ear
All I know, all I fear
Songs of sadness, tales of woe
Even songs on letting go.
The saddest songs are what I hear,
Always sounding nearer near
Once upon a happy time,
All I heard were the nicest rhymes.
Always singing you and me.
To a note, to a tee
A new partner you have found
My battered heart smashed on the ground.

8. Girlfriend

A new girl walked in, you pushed me out
Please tell me whats that all about
We never talk anymore
All I hear is the endless roar
You friend telling me to leave you alone
Whatever is wrong with her, I don't know.
The quietest noise I'm told
Is the sound of letting go
Letting go of all I care
All I want, all I share
A fragile heart, shattered, bleeding
I love you, not worth repeating.

9. Heaven or Hell

Tear out my wings, blood dripping slow.

I figured it was time for me to go.

A flower, half bloomed, against the morning light.

Heart unwilling to put up a fight.

Glint of silver, flash of red.

Now I lay slightly dead.

Red fades to pink, which changes to white.

My body starts to feel all right.

"Why am I here?" I started to say.

But was stopped by a blond, blue eyes shinning gay (The old definition of the word, meaning happily)

"You remind me of someone." I whispered to him.

He just nodded and smiled, then gave me his hand.

The angelic boy lead me to a door.

He pushed my back gently, to say 'go forth'.

I walked in and gasped, the room was so clear.

A bright light was shinning right up in the air.

A voice sounding all around "You know what you have done?"

My eyes drop, I mumble "I know I have done wrong..."

The voice seems to smile as it grants me a wish.

My eyes shoot open as I get a sloppy wet kiss.

His body stiffened, his heart raced.

Now both with my blood we were in cased.

The ambulance came, they put me in.

He pleaded to go, for fear he wouldn't see me again.

Sitting in therapy, six months later.

Again explaining why I hate her.

She called me names, excluded me often.

I said I never wanted to see her again.

Three years later, my therapy's done,

I'm finally starting to have some fun.

That girl made my life like a living hell.

But, I found something out, the moment I fell

We're going out now, me and him.

And he thought he'd never see me again.

10. Drowning in the Sea

Standing at the edge of the cold lonely sea
Nobody around this place but me
Looking out over the water so blue.
Mind racing over all I'd been through.
The teasing, the taunting, the horrible name calling.
My legs were walking slowly, stalling.
Tears stained my black splotched face.
Mascara running out of place.
He told me he loved me, he promised me his heart.
Then he told me it was time to depart.
How could he say that, on this wonderful night.
The night I had dreamed of since I first saw the lights.
The night for the sharp dressed kids.
The flowing gowns and swanky tuxes.
The waters neck deep, I'm going to do it.
Further out, I finally sit.
The ground is rocky, muddy and jagged.
My dress flowing and rather ragged.
Air bubbles pop on the top of the sea.
Lungs screaming in pain, but it alludes me.
My mind is set on one solid thing.
Making him pay for the thing that he did.
My eyes are dimming, my mind fading.
My last thought being, "Why did I start dating...?"

11. Looking Glass

Looking in the speculum, sometimes I don't like what I see
The person standing there isn't who I want to be.
I want to be the opposite of the girl that's standing there
I want to go to Mirror Land, where I can live without a care
I pick at all the small things, so I never see the good.
I always, almost always, start thinking things that no one should.
I'm told my eyes are beautiful, but that I'll never see
They say my hair is nice, and play without consulting me.
It's said I'm over emotional, but that's normal at me age?
Sometimes my real emotions are trapped back inside a cage
My friends say my face is expressive, with what I talk and say and do.
They say my styles changing, that is also true.
They say my heart is blackening, that I don't understand
But when I look at my reflection, I realize who I am.
I'm the girl that tried, to be the models on T.V.
But when that didn't work, I started un-becoming me
To find myself, all I'll need is a gentle hand.
A kind friend to look me in the eye and say they understand.
It'll take a bit, but I will find what I want to be
But promise that you won't give up helping me find me

12. Cookie

Chomp. Chomp. The crumbs fall down

They pitter patter on the ground.

A chocolate chip, deliciously yummy

Gets quickly eaten by my tummy

Writers block is never fun

That's why I thought I'd get this done.

The blocking word inside my head

Was not brownie but instead

The word cookie stopped my mind

So I decided to write a few lines

This short poem may seem odd to you

But my writers block it helped me though.

13. Sticks and Stones?

Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words can shatter the soul.

This is something we all must know, so let it takes it toll.

When we were young, we used to say that 'words would never hurt.'

But as we grow, some of us know, that this quiet beserk.

The names we call, the rumors we've spread.

Since words can kill, we should all be dead.

The pain they inflict, the hearts they hurt

The people they leave down in the dirt.

So if you're listening, please understand

We can stop this, truly we can.

We can put and end to the hurting inside

All we must do is stop telling lies.

14. The Future

We are the future. What do you see?

A Harvard graduate, Champion of a spelling bee?

A world class surgeon, a K-9 cop?

A lawyer, a banker, a cleaner that mops?

Maybe even an astronaut in space.

But, the truth you see, is hard to face.

What the future will be, we don't know.

Though with time, our stories will unfold.

Look around you, the kids that you see

Might not know what they want to be.

Only time will tell on this green earth.

But one things for sure; the future's our turf.

15. Abandoned

My friends, they have abandoned me.

I wish sometimes that they could see,

They've left me alone completely.

Every day the same routine.

I wish my friends could see what I see,

The whole world's turned away from me.

If only they would hear my plea.

My body's now a hollow corpse,

Soulless, lonely, with no remorse.

I look around with empty eyes,

At all the people I despise.

16. I Love You

I love you more than anything.
Sometimes, I wish that I could sing,
A love song to you,
To you,
To you.
A love song to you,
To you,
To you.
Your laugh, your smile,
It all drives me wild.
Your hair, your eyes,
I tell you no lies.
Light blue Sapphires shinning with joy.
Brownish blond hair, tall for a boy.
Curious, mischievous, they all describe you.
Funny, and hyper, and nice too!
I know you know my feelings toward you.
I hope someday, you'll feel it to.

17. Blind

A blind man taught me to see today.
How he did it, I can say.
He grabbed my arm and pulled me aside.
Then we sat and he coincides,
"The world is changing everyday,
It's getting faster and I pray,
Hopefully i can teach someone
Not to run and run and run.
To see the beauty all around,
Up in the sky down on the ground.
Some people think the blind can't see
But, I don't need to see to know a bee
Flies from flower to flower
Every minute every hour
Humming, whizzing, buzzing along
A workers work is never done.
So listen young one and please understand
I am but a weak blind old man
But i can see more than you can."
Then quickly as it had come,
Our little talk was all done.
The old man rose and hobbled away
Hoping I had learned that day.

18. Gothness?

Lately I have changed a bit.

People stare as I sit.

My nails are black, my hair is too.

Black I wear from hats to shoes.

People tell me that I've changed

But in some ways I've stayed the same.

I've kept some friends, the ones that kept me.

Although most left when they started to see,

The caged up darkness, inside of me.

19. Turning Emo

My mind is racing

As I'm slowly pacing

Contemplating what I should do.

Change myself to match my heart, or do what others tell me to.

Black is my favorite color. Blood-red and purple are others.

If I could, I'd dress in black and red.

But my mom would truly lose her head.

She's yell and scream and make me change.

Cause all she'd want was her girl again.

Hyper to Emo in three days flat.

I wonder if Wal * Mart would take the polish back.

20. School

Always stepping, stepping still.

Down the hall what a thrill.

People passing, passing by

Some of their faces tell many lies.

Rumors spreading, spreading far.

Some burn down and out like stars.

School bell ringing, ringing loud.

From the air, down to the ground.

Lockers slamming, slamming shut.

School days have me in a rut.

Pencils tapping, tapping hard.

Sighing a small paper card.

Notes shifting, shifting hands.

Some go all across the land.

Why I'm writing, I know not.

This is as far as I got!

21. Study Hall

Scanning faces, glancing quickly.

Time paces, slowly, sickly.

Chair squeak, loud, annoying.

Cheaters caught, plan, destroying.

Boredom toying with your brain.

Slowly driving you insane.

People whispering here and there.

Teacher yelling everywhere.

Detentions given, fun, done.

Now the bell has finally rung.

Quickly, school bus, here we come.

Many people actually run.

Sitting, music blaring now.

Bus slowing, stopping. WOW!

I got home really fast.

Finley time for bed at last!

22. Never Flying

Wings never beating, cramped in my cage.

Forced to sing even in old age.

My plumage dull

My bones creaking in my skull

I've never know the outside land

Only the feel of my owners hand.

A feeble attempt of escape, beating my wings till they bleed.

Never even taking any heed.

I fall off my perch to the newspaper below.

The pain is hurting my small body so

There I lay, till I die

Never to have gotten to fly.

23. Man or Kid?

The memories play back in slow motion.

Pictures full of complete devotion.

He took my heart and ripped it apart

Planned on smashing it from the start.

How could you do this to me? Why don't you care?

Now all I can do, is sit and give you a hurt filled stare.

I thought you loved me, really I did.

But I loved the man in you...not the kid.

24. Shaking Hands

Cherish the memories, Ignore the pain

Love is the only thing that makes life sane

Here I am, my heart in hand

Ready to take my final stand

I'm giving you my heart, promise me this,

You won't go and break it, you won't miss

The feeling behind my shaking hand.

If only you could understand.

25. My List

I have a list of things to do, I look at every day

Get up. Survive. Go back to bed. That's always how I play.

Getting up is easy, when lights'll wake you from your slumber.

Going back to bed, feeling your life can't get any dumber.

Both the first and last, are easy things to do

Never stopping; never staling; always seeing it through and through

The middle word, that is the test, I must survive right now

Surviving is the key to life if only I knew how

The people around me; the environment I call home

Is never ever the same in the endless vortex-like drone

The world is small, insignificant to the scheme of things

I am even smaller, but a dot on the canvas with the seams

Will I survive? Will I live through?

It all depends on what I do.

26. Wilted Roses and Broken Hearts

Wilted roses and broken hearts

Will make this lovely world fall apart.

Love makes the world go round

But it can stop with a screeching sound

What if her heart lunged from her chest

Yelling at you with its best?

What if her eyes looked at you with such longing

That you couldn't help but think of your wrong doing.

But in the end, it's a matter of what ifs

So if you don't want to be scared stiff,

By talking hearts, or hurting eyes.

I suggest you right your lies.

27. When Her Heart Breaks

When you have a friend who's heart breaks, there's somethings you don't do.

You don't give them a Band-Aid, you help them sort it through

You don't tell them "What ever. I've got problems of my own"

You stay with a needle to steady the hand, until the wound is sewn.

You don't go ask the person out, thinking it's alright

You stomp right up, throw up your dukes, and get ready for a fight.

You don't stop being friends, just cause the whine a lot.

You do tell them that your sure they'd be there if you were in their spot.

For if a girls heart breaks down a crocked line.

You know a boy'll be there soon, with a glue gun just in time.

28. Glass

There is a question, I have found
That seems to follow me all around
The same little question, short and sweet
Asked only in a few heart beats.
Everybody knows how the question does go.
But I will tell you so you know.
"How is it, that you see this glass, sitting on the table?"
Many have asked it, but only some've been able
The two common answers, I'm sorry to say.
Is "The glass is half empty, or half full". But I say,
The glass I see is not full or empty
On the table, there sitting, it looks to me
Like the fragile clear glass is smashed to bits.
Littering the floor in sharp tiny glints.
How does the glass look to you, may I ask?
Is it empty or full, filled with blood , or just smashed?
However you see it, if even you care,
Will the answer you have, be one you're willing to share?

29. Revenge

My life is and endless vortex of pain, at the bottom of my heart

This is only true because that girl helped to tear it all apart.

I wanted him bad, she knew it too.

She just didn't care that I loved you.

She walked right up, kissed your lips

And touched you with her fingertips.

You seemed to like her, and asked her out

I, myself, would never shout

At the top of my lungs, 'Hold on! Don't go!"

But, I'm to shy to do that, so

I sit and waiting, plotting her downfall

Oh how I wish she hadn't been born at all.

30. Winter

The hail fell in a crescendo on the roof

The pounding sound, rather uncouth.

The dazzling snow that lay on the ground

Showed the tracks of animals that could be found

The tall pine trees, covered in white

The leaves staying still, cold, but alright

From the chimney the smoke curled into the air

Flowing free without a care.

Steaming hot chocolate covered with cream

Makes this wintry day, warmer than it seems.

31. Can You Weather?

How do you fix a broken heart?

When all your world has fallen apart.

Would you stick a Band-Aid on it, and call it done?

Or would you try using Tums?

Pills and sticky things won't make you better

It all adds up to what you can weather.

I just realized that, when I posted this on the other one, I was able to say 'This is incredibly close to #33...I don't even have a 33 anymore...I've lost, I believe, a total of 10 poems thanks to my screw up...

32. Finding Grace

Dead to the living;
Surrounded by shadows;
The screaming in my head, numbing my mind.

Soul shrouded by darkness;
The night engulfing my body;
The pain inside, too much to bear.

Shiny cold metal;
Good to the skin;
The crimson blood, staining my surroundings.

Body decaying;
Soul flying away;
Left to wander aimlessly, never finding grace.

33. Really Short Poem

Being wrapped up in drama and tossed around by friends.
This unbereible tortue, will it ever end?

34. Broken Wings

I know it's hard to fly, when you're wings are broken down.

But please, please just try, to smile from your frown.

I'll help you beat your broken wings, I'll try to understand

How someone of the sky can sing, but stay upon the land.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X

It's been a while since I added anything...this is really sucky...wrote it for a friend who only wanted me to rhyme the words 'fly', 'down', 'try', 'frown', 'wings', 'stand', 'sing', and 'land.'

...so, it sucks