

Young Lady On The Beach

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A poem about an 18 year old girl graduating high school and is remembering all her memories of the past 4 years.

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1 - High School Blues

For as long as I remember,
I have been in school,
And followed the golden rule,
Be true to yourself,
And keep cool,
But now I end my highschool career,
Looking back on all those precious days,
Like the 9th grade prom,
And double-dates,
Overnight field trips,
And debates,
Being forced to move on,
When I'd rather go backwards,
Because after college I have to get a job,
And earn a living,
And I'm just not ready to move out yet,
It's all happening so fast,
And before I know it,
I will be part of the past.

(Dedicated to Amanda)

2 - Collage Graduate

School is over forever,
But why is it I am sad?
I have been in school half of my life,
Always talking about the day I finish,
It will be great,
No more tests,
No more homework,
But now all I can do is worry about my job,
What will I be?
Where will I go?
Life is so confusing,
For a young collage graduate.

(Amanda's future)

3 - I have a job now

Everyday at 6 AM,
I wake up to the alarm clock,
Out of bed,
Into the shower,
Eat my breakfast,
Drive to work,
8 hours a day,
Five days a week,
Fifteen dollars an hour,
Is how I make a living,
Life is smooth but has no meaning,
Because it seems like all I do,
Is work, work, work,
And only to pay bills.

4 - Married At Last

I have known this man for two years,
And from the start,
He was the one,
So handsome,
So hot,
Always smiling,
And always helping,
Then one night,
After dinner,
He knelt down on his knees,
I gasped,
He pulled out a velvet box,
And when opened,
It was a diamond ring,
And the four most romantic words came out of his mouth,
Will you marry me?
Its been heaven ever since then,
Just me and my husband.

5 - Part Of The Past

I can't believe its been 45 years,
And now my children hang out with peers,
Leaving me all alone,
To moan,
They'd rather be at the mall,
Having a ball,
Than be with me at home,
All alone,
My husband comes home at four,
Bursting open the door,
But is still busy as a bee,
He carries a big map,
My daughters are making rice,
And seasoning the chicken with spice,
When they finish they pick up a bell,
And the bell tells,
That dinner is ready,
And I tell them dinner smells wonderful,
And my girls ignore me,
For I forgot,
I died a long time ago.