

Poetry Series

aimee lister
- poems -

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i i am in high school and i am 14 yaers old and single and am looking for a boy friend.

Love

I told you that I loved you. And you did not say it back. When we were at a friend's house I had to go to the bathroom. And when I got out I heard you tell our friend that you loved me. I did not know if you were lying or not. So I went on with my life and found someone that loved me. A week after I told you. I found out that you killed yourself. When I found out I told my boyfriend that we couldn't be together. So here I am with out a boyfriend and with out you in my life. So now I will do something that you did not think that I would do. I am going to kill myself so that I can be with you.

So here I am in haven. Heart broken to see that you moved on and in love. When you first saw me you did not know who I was. But then you realized it was me. And asked what I was doing here so I told you that I was killed. When I told you that you asked me how. Then I told you that I killed myself. When I told you that you all most fainted but you did not. Then you asked me why I did that. Then I told you that I did it because I wanted to be with you, but I could not because you are in love with someone else. Then I tried to run but you stopped me from doing that. When you stopped you told me that she was your mom but I did not believe you and ran.

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Love Is In The Air

Gotta go,

Gotta do this,

Gotta do that,

For I love you,

And I will always

Be there for you,

Forever on

Gotta be there,

Gotta be near,

Gotta be brave,

And keep hoping

I will always

Love you

Forever on and on

You can

Never forget the day

We met by the river

The river

Near the river,
Lies your heart
And within mine,
Lies your very soul
I will never
Forget the day we met
Forever I will
Be there with you

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Streaks Of Rain

I see you...

Looking at him the way you once looked at me.

I thought I was over you, but the stabbing pain in my heart proves otherwise.

If a bigger fool exists, I have not met him.

For to leave behind such a goddess, such an angel, the dear mother of my child,
makes me a fool beyond compare.

I dropp my umbrella...

Cold rain mixes with warm tears, sending salty rivulets streaming down pallid
cheeks.

A young, blonde girl stares at me with laughing eyes, as I reach down for the
parasol, now mangled and torn like its wretched owner.

I turn away...

Crushed and shattered, walking slowly... now faster... now trotting... now
running...

Hard rain pelts down on my bare face, like shrapnel from an exploding bomb.

A Coachman cries, 'Watch Out, Man! '

The world slows down...

A crowd begins to gather.

I see a familiar face...

Oh, my darling. You are looking at me now...

With a look of love.

I smile...

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