

Poetry Series

**Angela Johnson**  
**- poems -**

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## Angela Johnson(12-14-1980)

just a way to express how I feel. not the physical pain not longer helps/

# Lonely

What's it like to be all alone  
To be out in the world on your own  
No one to share the day you had  
No one to care for you when feeling bad  
What's it like to walk into an empty house  
To have no one there not even a spouse  
No one to say 'I Love You Lots'  
No one to share your uttermost thoughts  
To have a backyard where children do not play  
No one to give hugs and kisses every day  
No one to tell 'I Love You' to  
No one to share special holidays with you  
No one to cook or fuss over you  
No one to pay attention to  
Friends are great to have around  
To pick you up when feeling down  
Friends never fill that space in your heart  
Left open for someone special to be a part  
What's it like to be all alone  
To be out in the world on your own 'LONELY'

Angela Johnson

# Questions

Where were you, when I needed you?  
To share and to care about my unhappiness?  
Where were you when I needed you?  
Oh, to listen, just to listen  
The day my heart was breaking.  
Were where you,  
I needed you here, to cling to,  
To hang on to,  
To keep me up right  
Where were you, when I needed you?  
To make me smile, just for a while,  
Were where you?

Angela Johnson

# Weeping Willow

Weeping willow standing tall  
Keeping shade for the birds and all  
Weeping willow, do you wonder why I sit by this tree?  
The reason is for no one can see  
I hide so no one sees the tears  
From the loneliness and anger I fear  
I tried to find a better place  
Nevertheless, I do not want people to see my face  
Your branches sing a gracefully song  
I could lay here and listen all night long  
Please don't makes me go  
I do not want to be alone  
Weeping willow here my plea  
Let Gods angels descend from your tree  
To take my hand and guide me through□  
This confusing, misunderstood place inside me

Angela Johnson

# When I Die

When I die, please do not cry□  
do not shed a tear for me.  
Just keep in mind,  
that I am fine  
and in your heart, I will always be.  
When I die, do not touch my hand  
Oh, please.  
Just smile and say,  
everything will be okay  
because that is the way it should be  
when I die,  
in heaven I will be  
looking down on you,  
like a bird in a sick-a-moor tree.  
Go on with your life and please,  
just forget about me?

Angela Johnson

# Wonder

Wonder if the world is still spending  
Wonder if you are still counting pennies  
Wonder if you still sleep so deeply  
Wonder if you ever Miss Me  
Wonder why don't come to see me  
I loved you. All though my head is filled with confusion  
I only have one question to ponder  
Wonder if God still is real or not  
Alternatively, if I am just a dream someone else is having  
Wonder if loss and suffering is funny  
If so than everyone is laughing

Angela Johnson

# Wrong

I thought you were my dream come true  
I was wrong  
I thought you loved me the way I loved you  
I was wrong  
I thought we were soul mates  
I was wrong  
I hope you know how much I needed you  
I was wrong  
You thought you could just dispose of me  
You were wrong

Angela Johnson



# You

As the morning sun rises, turning the dark sky blue  
I think of you  
As the cool summer, night leaves a sparkling morning dew  
I think of you  
As the humid August days heat comes to a peak  
I think of you  
After the sun settle and the sky turn a pinkish blue  
I think of you  
After the day fades into night, and the moonshine's bright  
I wait for you  
As I close my eyes and fall asleep, there you are  
Smiling, laughing, the family is complete again  
A night full of happiness, the perfect dream coming true  
I am with you  
Then once the morning sun rises, tearfully I realize it  
I am empty without you.

Angela Johnson