

Poetry Series

Burned into Sadness
- poems -

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Burned into Sadness(8-11-97 -undecided :))

With a good head and many stories to tell I am here. so listen up and read to your hearts content.

Doesn'T Eveyone Want This?

Someone

To love

And

someone

Who loves you

for ever and ever.

Someone

Who loves you for you

and doesn't even think about

other chicks oR dudes

cheating

leaving

or anything else

Just you and you only.

Not a selfish love but it only includes two people
should in Christ's book.

like it

REBEL AND BE HAPPY! FIND THAT PERSON LIKE THIS.

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I Just Moved To Texas!

GUYS I JUST MOVED YAYAYAYAYAYAY :) ITS DIFFERENT AND WEIRD AND THEY TALK LIKE TEXANS BUT THE FOOD IS WAY BETTER THAN CALIFORNIA AND SO IS THE SCHOOLING! ! LOL

REPLY IF YOU LIVE IN AND LOVE TEXAS.

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Interesting Life We Live In Isn'T It?

Where people are different colors.

And people are racist.

And where no one knows who they are.

And where people ask who they are and why they are here.

Sad isn't it.

Some people even go to the extreme and KILL themselves.

ISN'T IT JUST MESSED UP? !

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Memory Of Happiness

So i was told to write a poem about my happiest memory and this is what a wrote:

Memory is a tenuous thing...

flickering glimpses, blue and white,
like ancient, decomposing 16mm film.

Happiness escapes
me there, where faces
are vague and yesterday
seems to come tied
up in ribbons of pain.

Happiness? I look for it instead
in today, where memory
is something i can still
touch, still rely on.
I find it in the smiles
of new friends, the hope
blossoming inside.

My happiest memories
have no place in the
past; they are those
i have yet to create.

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Read This! ! ! !

read and comment, you know you want to, i need some fame so i can be on here!

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Sex

The world sucks.
I hate the world.
The world hates me.
I wish it didn't
But it does.
And it sucks.

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Someone Else..

Like a dot(light) coming or edging slowly towards the red light where everything stops and the sun will shine no more.

Then it rains and a smile spreads across.

It tries to reach golden waves through the maze and confusion but it can not and redness beats no more.

Normal then shut off in the darkness where everything looks different and where no one can see the marks or sad poems.

Then it rains and everything is ok for a moment.

Flags blowing in the wind makes me happy.

Outside darkness and rain with winds and clouds and it is trying to reach golden waves is different than, the darkness is all around and there is numbers where the marks hurt and there is not music is very different.

Sprinkling is ok but harder rain is better. Against the windshield. I can see the moon but it can not see me. I can only see its rays, that try to reach golden waves.

Confused heart, broken heart beating but it hurts. Doesn't get anything that happens around it. It doesn't react how it should. The breathing stops and the heart stops.

Silent writing in the dark car at 9: 30 is fun. It's raining and I feel ok.

Victoria says the cows are sitting, it is going to rain.

Not hungry, never have for oh so some weeks..nervousness wasted really. The sweater will come back on.

Trees are the darkest things against the night sky.

A minivan goes by a streetlight as a hug bug. It wishes it were something else just like all of us.

I would write a sad story but always tears come, angry explodes and the marks

burnfor friends.

I am not emo, I just have a little problem. Maybe bigger than I know.

Hopefully I can read all of this later.

My eyes wish they could fall asleep and dream good dreams about him but my heart is still confused.

The hugs are nice but it makes my heart even more confused. It really does.

PROBLEMS

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When You Love Someone...

As the old saying goes,
'sometimes loving someone
means letting them go.'

Well i say BULLS***:
love means holding on to
someone just as hard as
you can because if you
don't, one blink and
they might disapear

forever.

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