

Poetry Series

cassidy thompson
- poems -

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cassidy thompson(november 16,1986)

A Letter Of Intent

In the darkness,
you are my light,
you are my brightest star,
the object of my greatest desire,
you are the sun in my sky,
my lifes driving force,
i am haunted by you,
you are my first thought when i wake,
and the one who possesses my dreaming mind,
i miss you when you are not near,
yet it makes our next meeting all the sweeter,
others have held a candle to my heeart,
but yours is a raging fire beside them,
you chase the shadows from my heart and mind,
you make me strive to reach the light,
what you give to me,
i wish to return a thousand fold,
to be your guardian,
your companion,
the one who dwells in both heart and mind,
the one you can trust unequivocally,
the one you can bear your heart and soul to,
and never fear,
i want to hold you in my arms and know you feel safe,
i want to know your hearts every desire,
and give you it all,
if you asked for the moon i would climb the stars to claim it for you.

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In This Head Full Of Dirty Little Secrets

Everyones best friend,
shoulder to cry,
or person to lean.
I hear all their secrets,
the lies that they tell,
things done that are mean.
My head full of deception, lies and misleads.

In this head full of dirty little secrets,
I know more than i should.
In this head full of dirty little secrets,
I'm not proud of what I keep.

My mouth stays shut,
my mind on full,
my heart feeling heavy from the things I am told.
My heart is so big,
I feel that through this time of trouble,
their hand I must hold.

In this head full of dirty little secrets,
I know more than I should.
In this head full of dirty little secrets,
I'm not proud of what i keep.

I lie to others to keep them from knowing,
just what it is that I am not showing.
They see sadness in my face,
as I try to keep them comfortable in my warm embrace.
I feel it my duty to do for them,
what I am asked.
but I cannot seem to get past,
the things that you're doing or the people you're hurting.

In this head full of dirty little secrets,
I know more than i should.
In this head full of dirty little secrets,
I am not proud of what I keep.

I dont want to hear anymore,
lies, deception, marital sucides or sins you have been committing.
I cannot take anymore of this dishonesty.
Where is my best friend, shoulder to cry, or person to lean?
I have none because I'm too busy being all three.

In this head full of dirty little secrets,
I know more than I should.
In this head full of dirty little secrets,
I'm not proud of what I keep.

I need time to sift through
the things you have put into my mind.
I need time to recover,
for this heart of mine.
I need the weight lifted from my shoulders,
of which you have put.
I need time to ask for forgiveness,
for the sins that I have committed,
for being your friend.

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