

Poetry Series

claire burrber
- poems -

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claire burrber()

hi. my names claire and i LOVE to write. its a way to get my feelings out.

Deprived Sanity

My rays of sun
have turned to gray
and always rain
on my
kept safe heart.
The thoughts
that run through my mind
are those of you leaving me
behind.
Which deprives me
of my sacred sanity.
And what scares me the
most.
is that one day
you will dispose of
me. And wont need
my lending hand.
And always being
on the verge of
it being my last chance.
Which deprives me of
my heart.

claire burrber

Pretend

My days have been
so dark and dreary
these past few weeks
those words ive said
probably hurt you
but keep in mind

That your words
broke my heart
you tried to hard
i cry on the inside
and want to tell
you how i feel
but instead
i put on a smile
that isnt real.

Dont you know
that i feel bad
about this mess
but keep in mind

that i scream on the inside
hide my tears
theres a hole in my heart
its been there for years
cant you feel any pity
for somebody else.
Or is this conflit
somebody elses
fault?

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Theres So Much To Be Said.

There she was
alone and helpless
so we took her in.
i was your friend
the one you cared for
in every single way.

but here she comes
alone and helpless
and now im out of the picture
you've singled out
all of your friends
just to be with her.

im not the only one
to feel this way inside
personaly im finding it really hard
to hide the tears i want to cry.

Changing times
at changing paces
no words are found
but they need to be
spoken.
I feel like a broken record
but not singing a single note.

Behind your back
i start to whisper
how i feel inside.

Whats your plan
to change you actions
becuase i feel like i could blow
up any minute.
And i dont want to feel this way inside.

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Uncle Larry

Not so very long ago, my brother left me all alone.
Over many quarrels and adventurous afternoons forgotten,
His drinking, his music, he got caught up in.
While I made vows, so in love, he was rotting his irreplaceable self.
All because of consecutive binging, all because of no self control.
It's not a problem, I would deny to myself, he's not in trouble, he just needs a
little help.
If only I could change it now.

Ah, I remember in that cold January,
And the empty bottles began making his destiny for him.
Desperately I wish to help; - conceited, I believed he could help himself.
I was wrong, oh so sorrowfully wrong- sorrow for Larry-
The musical, talented, troubled of whom my angel mother named, Larry-
Now carved in stone.

And soon the quiet words of my daughters,
Wanting to know why they don't have an uncle,
Thrilled me- filled me with answers
I wasn't willing to share- questions that scared me.
So that now-my answer was merely
An excuse-my brother is dead-nothing more.

Now, their understanding is better,
I can't keep it from them any longer.
The fact is, I was hiding- now I'm stronger.
Now my daughters have no interest, in the details in his departure,
But this time I wish you'd hear me, when I say he didn't know.

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