

Poetry Series

Emily Cari Clifford
- poems -

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Emily Cari Clifford(28th September 1983)

A twenty-something year old university dropp out with hopes of better things to come.

Antique Heart

You tore my heart from my sleeve
And wore it as your own,
Replacing the broken and tarnished one
That you had too long,
I thought that you were happy then
As your new heart grew old,
Experiencing what it shouldn't have,
What it was too naive to know.
Without my heart I could not tell
What you really felt,
So when you left and dropped my heart
I watched in horror as it fell,
Finally feeling the thud as it hit the floor.
To the untrained eye it's perfect, untouched,
But the experts and I can see
The hairline fractures.

Emily Cari Clifford

End Of A Friendship

Lipstick stains on bedspreads,
Socks strewn over the floor,
People stumberling out of bed,
Into clothes and out of the door.

Watery Winter sun,
Pale grey skies,
Fully grown adults,
With blushing goodbyes.

On the street,
Uneasy meetings,
Friendship reduced,
To uneasy greetings

Emily Cari Clifford

How Do You Plead?

The charge is indecent exposure
What do you have to say for yourself?
I've heard that people in love can't keep their hands off each other,
But never as a defence!

The other guests were shocked
As the lift slowly opened it's doors.
They expected the people trapped inside to be in distress,
Not naked with clothes on the floor!

All I can say your honour
Is that I was with the one person I cannot resist.
He just asked to be with me forever,
This is a sentence I wouldn't have missed!

Emily Cari Clifford

If It Ain'T Broke

Why did this happen?
Why pick now?
Just to hurt me?
Or only confuse?

I was peaceful,
I was content,
I could have gone on,
Forever if I wished.

Love threw a spanner
In the works
Of my life.

Emily Cari Clifford

Lost Property

Can you help me sir?
Here in lost property?
Because I can't seem to find
My identity.

Emily Cari Clifford

Survival

I know the rules of survival,
I've learnt how to become one of the crowd,
But some how I stick out,
Another target easily found.

I rarely stick my hand up in class
Even when the answer is universally known,
But with my written work it's spotted,
Though I don't want my intelligence shown.

I'm not anything special,
So why do they single me out?
Causing me to hurt myself,
With self harm and self doubt.

My skirts are just as short as theirs,
My ties just as small,
My attitude as nonchalant,
So why is my back against this wall?

The taunts they never change,
They can't think of anything new,
They're handed down through generations,
There is nothing that you can do.

Tell the teacher? You must be mad!
For these people travel in packs,
As soon as you get rid of one,
There's another waiting to attack.

So you travel in groups,
With mutual hate that binds,
You all pick on those you consider lower,
People you don't think as of your kind.

Look into yourself and you will find,
Not only the victim, but the bully inside.

Emily Cari Clifford

Threads

Love ties, love binds,
Leaving knots,
When love is left behind.

Emily Cari Clifford