

Poetry Series

emma anderson
- poems -

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emma anderson(4th April 1983)

Im a young mum with three great kids and one great husband, I write poems and stories for them to keep them amused, sometimes i let them tell me what to write which creates some wonderful and strange stories. I also use writing as a release for my emotions, all of them, anger, fear, love and saddness.

I've been through quite alot in my short 26yr life, and writing gets me through the highs and lows of life. I hope you enjoy my poems. best wishes to all xx

Big Scary Monsters

Big scary monsters,
the ones that get you at night,
they hide in cupboards and behind doors,
just to give you a fright!

But have you ever wondered
what its like to be a monster
hiding in the dark,
and not coming into the light.

Now, if i took my monsters
out into the light
i wonder what they would do first,
go to the park or maybe fly a kite.

maybe they would play on the swings,
or maybe go on the slide,
you never know what they might do
they might even try and ride a bike!

i dont think id like to be a monster
and never come out in the light
i dont want to hide behind doors or
in cupboards
and give people a fright.

so next time you go to bed
cut the monsters some slack
let them come out and give you a fright,
after all,
they only get to come out at night.

For Jack xx

emma anderson

Im Lost

The burning up feeling,
The muffled screams i can hear in the distance,
they're coming from me,
I feel sick,
I feel scared
my heads spinning,
I cant take it in
my heart aches so much.

The power you have over me,
sometimes its too much to bare,
I cant cope with this sickening pain,
why do i need you so much in my life.
you hurt me so much though you never realise it,
I try and talk to you
but you never listen.
I love you with all my heart
yet you dont show any intrest.
im scared of loosing you,
your my world.
what else can i do to save something so special and right?
Im lost.

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Incomplete

Missing the person I was,
Wishing I could be her again,
Hoping I can just make it through,
Fighting all these tears and pain.

Desperate to feel loved,
Wanting to be needed,
Needing to be wanted,
Always tired and incomplete.

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Loving Someone

Loving someone is hard work,
Always made easier when being loved back.

Hurt is something you never get over,
It's only dulled by time.

Once loss has been suffered it will always remain in you heart.

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Making Me Want You More.

From the moment i open my eyes 'till the moment i close them,
I have something on my mind
Its you,
No matter where i go or what i do
I hope you'll be there to help me through.

Every time you touch me,
Every time you kiss me,
You make me want you more,
Theres no words to describe how you make me feel,
But you should know i love you as much as i do and more.

I want to feel you beside me forever,
I want to share every breath you breathe,
I want us to grow old together
And i never want to feel the pain that would be felt should you ever leave.

You mean the world to me and more,
I would never do anything to hurt you, ever.
Please help me to see this through
So we can be together now and forever.

J x

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Mum

Your mother is one of the most important people in your life,
shes always there for you no matter what you do,
her arms are always open in times of trouble and strief.

She tought you how to walk,
she tought you to speak,
she tought you how to love
and how to stand on your own two feet.

Sometimes we all take our mums for granted,
we forget how much work she has put in for us,
how much time she spent looking after us,
caring for us
and loving us.

So mum, i just wanted to say thankyou
for everything you have done and still do for me.
for being there when i need someone to listen,
and for always keeping your arms open for me.

Though i might not have realised it at the time,
you've helped me build my life and helped me get
everything that i call mine.

So, thankyou you for all you do,
thankyou for your loving and caring
and thankyou for being you.

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My Advice For Growing Up

As i watch you grow up
seeing the smiles in your eyes
watching the love growing inside of you
but still being there when you cry

I wonder what person you'll be
when you reach you full height
will you break many hearts
and will you stand you ground between wrong and right?

Will you love and be loved,
will you give as well as take
are you going to learn from your mistakes
and be happy in the home you make?

I dont have alot of advice to give you
i cant tell you what choices to make
though i will always be there loving you,
you have your own path to take.

If you fall in love
hold on to it with everything you've got
happiness is something you make for yourself
and be true to yourself always, no matter what.

Learn to listen and to hear
learn to look and to see,
learn to fight for what you want
and learn when to let things be.

All of these things are learnt with age
and by making mistakes
by finding what makes you truly happy
and by fighting for it no matter what it takes.

I want you to live your life young
to love and care for those who love and care for you,
to be the person you want to be
and remember that your mummy (and daddy) will always love you.

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Remembering

Remembering everything, i never forget,
The tiniest detail,
The smallest word,
The happiest smile,
The strongest pain,
This is all part of what made you love me.

Remembering the special words you spoke to me,
The small surprises that had me smiling for days,
But i dont just remember you,
There was a time before you.

A time of silence and hurt,
fear of what was waiting ahead,
being scared to tell the truth,
because the only thing to come out of it
would be more hurt and pain,

Now ive told the truth,
Im not silent anymore,
now you dont want me to talk,
yet you dont want me to forget,
BUT you want me to be happy.

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The Last Race

The burst of energy as the doors are openly flung,
The wind through his flapping wings echoing like a drum,
The feel of the cool sea breeze leaving its sting in the air,
now its time for him to decide where.
Above the world gliding with his beauty and his grace,
looking through the fields and trees below for his final special place.
Travelling through time into the corners of his heart,
he knows where hes going to,
he knows which part.
and although the special place he chooses we will never know,
only he can decide where he wants to go
and when we look into our memories
we will always look back
and think of this special pigeon
thats been rightly named....

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The Somebody Poem

The divine right we seem to think we have
of calling someone mine,
is NOT something we have.
Nobody belongs to anybody,
and anybody who thinks a certain someone belongs to them
is wrong,
that somebody belongs to themselves and themselves only.
A somebody can choose to spend their life with another somebody
but will never belong to any somebody, just themselves.

Sharing my life with me is a certain somebody,
he doesn't belong to me nor do i want him to.
He chooses to be an equal partner and to spend his life with me.
I dont make that somebody, somebody, he makes himself
just like he doesn't make me somebody,
I do that all by myself.

Nobody will ever belong to us,
but to spend time to love and appreciate somebody
can give that somebody reason to believe they are somebody special to you and
not just anybody.

We should never think somebody belongs to us
its not fair and not right,
just enjoy spending time with that special somebody
especially if that somebody wants to hold you tight.

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Truth

The lights have gone out,
all the doors are closed,
the petals have all fallen from the once radiant rose,
the early morning sun rises
but its bitter and cold
the birds in the trees are struggling with songs they cant hold,
the breeze is no longer sharp,
its grown weak and old,
my heart is aching for you to hold,
left broken and empty from the truth your eyes just told.

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