

Poetry Series

amber shoremarston

- poems -

Publication Date:

November 2009

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by amber shoremarston on www.poemhunter.com. For the procedures of publishing, duplicating, distributing and listing of the poems published on PoemHunter.Com in any other media, US copyright laws, international copyright agreements and other relevant legislation are applicable. Such procedures may require the permission of the individuals holding the legal publishing rights of the poems.

amber shoremarston (15 june 94)

nothing much to say

Works:

im writing a book at the moment

a man

The man

A crack of thunder
A reflection of a gravestone
A panicked whisper
Another body
A scratch on my face
A scream that stopped and
Did not carry on
A shout of a voice
A flash of a torch
A life left heap
A scream that came from me
A swing of a mace
A man walk away from
the seen of the crime
THE MOON TURNED BLACK WITH AN ORANGE
RIND.

A crack of thunder
A flash of a run down torch
A panicked whisper
Another body
A scratch on my face
A scream that stopped
And did not carry on
A shout of a manly voice
A reflection of a gravestone
No life left heap
A scream that came from him
No swing of a mace
the murderous man lay dead
on the floor never to enter
A prison door
THE MOON TURNED BLACK WITH AN ORANGE
RIND.

amber shoremarston

love

love is a word
love can be heard
love can be said
love can be read
love can be broken
love can be spoken
love is a thing
a smile i hope it will bring

amber shoremarston

Truth about me!

I feel cold in side
I have no pride
Nothing i try to do goes right
This is why i wonder why

I think sometimes
if i disapeard who would notice
who would care
i know they would'nt
they wish me dead

I have this dream
So real it seems
Im falling through time
ripping through the seams
This is no dream

I keep having this though
Like is any of this real
Or not

Iam nothing
just a stain in reality
but they will see
there is more to me.

amber shoremarston

White room

Roses, daisy's, sunflower's
yellow straw slipping through the earth
springing up from below

no hate or pain
nothing to much no strain
pease, clam no hate no fate
nothing but life as we no
nowhere new we can go
but no where old we can show

Moments freeze so they can last for ever
You and i together for ever
no escape to death
everything else nothing left

So leave me in the white room
leave me in my world
here i can last forever
as a little girl

Confused? ? ? ? ? ? :)

amber shoremarston