

## Poetry Series

# Anna Travers

- 4 poems -

### Publication Date:

May 2013

### Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by Anna Travers on [www.poemhunter.com](http://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.

## Emotional Pimp

Dear Emotional pimp, why are you up in my head  
Trying to bring to light, to things I put to bed,  
What do you want, by getting into my mind?  
What exactly are you hoping to find.

What is it that you're trying to gain?  
By bringing to the surface my hidden pain  
Maybe you want to make me feel needy  
To get to my emotions you seem to be greedy

Do you want me to cry into your arms?  
Or are you trying to practice your charms  
If i cry and fall apart will you offer to lend a hand?  
While you hold me pretending to understand

Sure there must be other ways to get to me  
Than reminding me of the past i try not to see  
What will you do when you open my worm can  
Smile at me nice and pretend to be a good man

Why do you want to get into my soul?  
I don't get it, what is your goal?  
Well listen to me loud and listen to me clear  
I am used to emotional pimps my dear

I am not as vulnerable as you may think  
So i can clearly see that your motives stink  
If you are looking to turn your comfort into passion  
You may as well know it will never happen

To you my ears are well and truly closed  
My emotions i refuse to expose  
So go get a life and leave me to live mine  
Because until you came along i was doing just fine

I don't need your understanding or sympathy  
I am not as vulnerable as you hoped I would be  
I am wise to your actions, I've seen them before  
So I bid you farewell, and please don't slam the door! ! !

Anna Travers

## **Not Proud To Be British**

I didn't want to go to war  
When i don't even understand what it's for  
No clear idea of what we are battling  
So much politricks all of which is confusing

Soldiers killing people in the name of this and that  
A backwards and forwards game of tit for tat  
While children lay dead out on the street  
As countries cause terror in a bid to defeat

Where was my choice in this thing you call war  
That could bring retribution right to our door  
Bombs and planes and talk of a no fly zone  
How about more talk about leaving them alone

What has it got to do with us?  
As you continue to kill and cause so much fuss  
Are you in it for cash or for reputation?  
Why do you risk the lives of your nation?

You can't even control our own back garden  
As you come on telly talking war talk, shit and jargon  
How would you feel if you were at home playing?  
And all of a sudden it's your family they are slaying

They say there are 3 reasons to go to war  
But if you include greed then it's four  
For your family your country and of course the oil  
Well war for oil just makes my blood boil

How does this end where does it cease  
When the war torn towns no longer feel peace  
A trail of destruction, with nowhere to live  
So room in our country we are forced to give

I don't have an issue as unlike you i am glad to share  
But we know fine well that will cause more financial despair  
Oh well i guess to sit back i have no choice  
But i just needed to give myself a voice

I am not proud to be British, I won't be led  
And i am not going back on anything i have said  
I am sorry for the lives that have been taken  
And hope that not many of US will be forsaken

For your poorly though out tactics and lack of expertise  
That could bring our country down onto its knees! ! !

Anna Travers

## Whats Wrong with Prostitution

Where would one start, ....

I guess I should answer that straight from the heart,  
It's a world full of violence abuse and hate,  
The long term effect of which,  
Seldom seen til it's too late,

A world in which people are stripped of their worth  
A world of a young mothers giving cold birth,  
A world of detachment, denial and front,  
A world in which the woman bears the brunt

A service for men but ...at what real cost,  
The death of herself or the friend that she lost,  
Pulled, dragged and molded for the sake of another  
Stood on the street as somebody's mother

A fact that isn't important in their moment of need  
A punter with hunger, who ....needs to satisfy his greed,  
That was then but this is now,  
Surely I should have "gotten" over it somehow,

But of that I don't seem to be able,  
the damage is already done,  
As I stand a million miles away  
Detached from my only son,

He lacked self esteem and he lacked self pride  
But his embarrassment he had learnt to hide  
He acted all big to stop them from mocking  
And now he's inside under .....constant lock in

He wanted to be more the son of a whore  
And now he sits behind a cell door  
Trying to stay strong from

Or what about my daughter who thought I was great  
Who followed my footsteps into a terrible fate?  
Into a strip club .....men waiting to pounce  
For her feelings the predators not caring an ounce

My beautiful princess, my true desire  
Dancing under lights for men to admire  
Taking care of their individual needs  
In a world of filth, mayhem and sleaze

What's wrong with prostitution is becoming very clear  
Only my story doesn't quiet finished here  
What about my youngest little lady  
My one and only well planned baby

The one who was going to put it all right

When I gave up being a so called lady of the night  
I raise her alone because I woke up to see  
That my pimp stroke kids dad wasn't all he was cracked up to be

A simple control freak that had lots of demands  
Who if I didn't obey would be free with his hands  
I gave away my life for the want of another  
And now I try to pick up the pieces as a single mother,

I don't know how long I have left to put things right  
As I was damaged during all life of turmoil and fight  
I have a bomb in my head that is ticking away  
An aneurysm that could take my life any day

The years of strangulation have come to a head  
And the end result could mean being disabled or dead  
Years of standing on street corners wasting my life  
No rewards as I now live on the edge of a knife

The ripple effect of this lifestyle ongoing  
And I walked right into it with no way of knowing  
These are just a few facts I wanted to share  
I hope that you felt them as I laid them bare

So now you know what's wrong with prostitution  
Now its time to find a solution

Anna Travers

## **Why Is Puppy Love So Easy**

Why is loving a puppy so easy?  
And real love so damn hard?  
Is it just a simple sad case  
Of a heart that's humanly scarred.

Its easy to hold a pup close  
And let it sit on your knee  
But when it comes to human contact  
its doesn't seem to be for me.

Is it because a puppy is submissive?  
Or maybe its because it cant speak  
Is it because I don't have to do much  
Besides give it a good walk once a weak

I know it makes me think about love  
And why it makes me run a mile  
The fact that I am aware of it  
Has even caused me to smile.

I will not see it as a negative.  
Just a reminder that I still know how to love  
And for that opportunity.  
I will thanks the Big Man above

I will take the love I feel for my puppy  
And give some of it to me  
Then once I have healed that scarred heart  
I will go on a giving love spree

I will give it to those who deserve it  
I wont throw it around Willy Nilly  
I may have been love numb  
But most certainly far from silly.

Anna Travers