

Poetry Series

Bethany Hill

- poems -

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Bethany Hill (2/18/94)

Hello I am Bethany Hill, and have been writing poems and stories for about 9 years, and yes I am only 13, but I have been writing since I was four. Although I was not writing about what I am now, at least I hope I wasn't writing about death, and suicide etc. Well anyway I live in the US, and I am in the eith grade, almost high school. And I am also in band and drama, I play trumpet, piano, some guitar, trombone, I also enjoy acting (that would be why I am in drama lol) . I love e-mailing and i'ming I also love hangin with friends. In kindergarden I was a social flower, but I slowly grew out of my social self, I now have about 15-20 friends (from different places, not including internet) and I stick with them I am happy in my circle of about 10 out of those or the ones who go to my school. I LOVE school but this year I have found myself extremly tired, but I always get a's and b's and hope to go to collage and become a cornnor(spelling) I have a weird obbsetion with death and murder, so I wanna help put together murders and cut people open. (I know kinda weird huh?) I love music I wouldn't beable to live without it! I am always listening to music of some kind. I like rock, heavy metal, and (kinda) country the best. I ador icp, hinder, tdg, dark lotus, and trace adkins, garth brooks, taylor swift, and a lot more. So yeah besides all that I am a normal 13 year old, and I write constantly! I am working on 4 novels at the time (writing them) , and hope to get at least one published by the time a graduate. But I am not sure if I'll make it since that's only 4 years away but I'll try. I am writing poetry alot I have about 60 poems that I have written mostly about death. And I am working on getting a lot of them on here. well that's a little about me, of yeah and I am short, blonde (in hair color and in brains) , and yeah that's about it if I can think of any other specific and significant dates I'll add them. But I can't think at the moment so yeah.

If you want to e-mail me feel free to the address is: samhill94@gmail.com

Works:

none yet but I hope to get a book published by the time a graduate in 4 years, and I think I might reach that goal because I already have 3 or 4 novels started one I have completly thought out YAY! ! haha so yeah I have my fingers crossed.

A Moment

She walks through the rain, the pain locked behind her cold eyes
She sees the lights of the houses, those Christmas lights,
She sees her home, no lights, no tree, it is dark and still
The rain falls on her long white hair, her white gown flowing tears stream from her eyes
They are silver and full of sorrow and pain they splash against the wet street
And shine like silver perils against the black cold surface.

A car passes and for a moment she thinks the driver saw her, in her gown
For a moment she thought she was alive
Just for a moment

She sees the road stretch before her, she sees the lights that line each house
It is Christmas eve her mother and father are at church for their first Christmas
sermon without her there, her eyes fill with more tears and more perils fall to the road
A bird flew above her, a dove
Her mothers favorite bird is a dove, she always says look to the dove for answers
The girl never understood her mothers words, now she knows

For a moment she smiles
For a moment she feels no pain
Just for a moment

She lifted her hands to the Dove
"Take me with you" she pleads into the sky, into the falling rain
The dove fly's around her and grasps a small twig in his beak
The twig falls into her outstretched arms and she grasps it
She looks at her palm of her hand and sees the holly
The berries shine red, she knows what it means.

For a moment she sees the light stream from the Dove
For a moment she knew to follow
Just for a moment

Bethany Hill

A Pearls Worth

Silver pearls fall down her skin
She knows she must do it for she can't stay string
For all she has to do is count to ten
She knows he's always wrong

Silver pearls fall on the barrel
As she holds the gun in her hands
For long before this night their love grew stale
And oh how she thinks it is easy to hold life and death in her hands

Silver pearls fall over bruises, the pain
She bites her lip as she counts one... two
In her heart he's left the stain
She looks at his still body three... four

Silver pearls fall as she mover her hands
She walks to his side
In front of his face she stands
As her mind starts the chant 'he lied'

Silver pearls fall five... six
She holds the barrel to his head
Seven... Eight... she moves her feet just to stall
She knows it won't matter for she is already dead

Silver pearls shade her eyes
Nine... she counts on
her mind filled with his lies
Ten... her finger tightens as he opens his eyes

Silver pearls fall as she pulls the trigger, pulls the string
His eyes wonder, as he fades
His mouth moves, and she remembers the thing
Now she only see dark shades

Silver pearls fall as he leaves her, as she turns
Her daughter stands at the door at only six
Her hand turns
Her eyes search through the young girls eyes

Silver pearls fall as she mouths her last breath
The trigger is pulled as she sinks to her knees
The girls screams fill her mind, for she feels the hand of death
And only now she sees

Silver perls fall as her daughter sinks to the floor
The pearls fill her eyes as she watches her daughter fade into black
She closes those tired eyes for now she knocks at heavens door
It's life she knows she lacked

Silver pearls fall as the rubies of blood over her face
As she goes, and says goodbye

She looks to the light, white as lace
As she rises into the sky

Silver pearls fall as her daughter waits
As she lays there with a cold heart
No feeling, no end, no clean slate
Silver pearls fall as she takes the dart

Silver pearls fall from her daughters eyes
The daughter she shall never hold again, never watch laugh
For now silver pearls fall from her eyes
For only she knows the pain that she has left behind

Silver pearls so cold
Silver pearls worth more than gold
Silver pearls that haunt the girls dreams
Silver pearls that fell from her mothers eyes that night

Silver pearls fell down her skin
She knew she must do it for she couldn't stay strong
For all she had to do was count to ten
But now she knows she was wrong, now shes gone, as silver pearls fall

(ok yeah this is my longest poems and probibly most confusing, so I guess I will make a summery: a lady was abused by he husband so in the night she kills him and then she turns to see her 6 year old daughter and kills herself and leaves her daughter alone. hope that helps, and I hope you like the poem)

Bethany Hill

A Soldiers love

They retreat from the past
For they know they shall never forget, it will never pass
As those they love shelter behind whats to come
For from the bottle of pain they take some

They wait for the day to come the day to leave
Yet until then the fire, and horror shall make them greive
Their friends longing to hear ther voices, feel their touch
To think they will never see their faces again, they shall not think of such

The sounds fill their ears as they wait for the firing to subside
As they know they stand with the others side by side
They long to be home, to be in peace, to be in their place
And they know time is all they face

It shall come, the day it ends
The day the memories end, the memories that shall not mend
They know they will be back to the place they love
The day America sees the dove

As they wait they think of those back here
And know it is for the lives back home they fear
They know that their here, they just don't know why
As they sit behind the sheild of life they look to the sky

As they sit they do not know that back home we look to the same sky
As they sit and wait they wish it were all a lie
As they sit and yern for hope they look above
For they know in their heart this is a soldiers love

(may all the soldiers get back safely to their homes, and family. And hopefully it shall be soon that america sees the dove. god bless all soldiers and everyone)

Bethany Hill

As I sit and wait

As I sit and wait time is all I have to save
For in life all I am is slave
To those who search for death

They come as I sit and wait for them to steal
All they see in me is their next meal
The come for the flesh and blood

As I sit upon this step I weep
For they will come if I sleep
To take me whith them to the caves

There they shall huddle in the dark
And on all the shall leave their mark
As they take the blood and life from those who live

And after they have taken their share
They shall bring us back as one of them, and into death we stare
As they wait for dark to fall so they can come once more

As I sit and wait time is all I have to save
For in life all I am is slave
To those who search for death

Bethany Hill

As Sorrow Leads

You walk in the door no one does anything
Your walk to your room without a word
They say nothing
Their silence is the wound, it is the sword

You take the knife from your table
You slit your wrists and watch the blood drip
They wouldn't help even if they were able
They would just smirk and curve their lip

The blood slowly drips to your bed
This is where sorrow has led
For tomorrow you will be dead

Your eyes search for answers, they look deep
The knife shines red, as you turn it
Tonight you will forever sleep
The room is lightly lit

Tomorrow will never come
This you know
A distant horror for most yet a dream for some
Some say it's black as night others as white as snow

The blood slowly drips to your bed
This is where sorrow has led
For tomorrow you will be dead

Your mind is filled with pain
Waiting, waiting for a sign
The lamb will rest with the lion head on his mane
You think as you watch 'I know no future, but this is mine.'

Your heart beats it's last beats
Your eye lids close and your head falls
It is the creator you will meet
When you think this you smiles and then your heart stalls

The blood slowly drips to the bed
This is where sorrow has led
For now you are dead.

Bethany Hill

Bed Of Roses

On a bed of roses you lay
For here you shall stay
Your time has come it is the end
For now you can not mend
Goodbye to the world goodbye to you
It is time to say Adeu
For the time has come for you to leave
It is a blanket of life you weave
For now you say 'I must sleep,
Although I shall not wake please don't weep,
For I am happy and my heart is steady,
I am now ready'
On a bed of roses you lay
For here you shall stay

Bethany Hill

Black Curtain

They walk with the black curtain over their faces
They gather others with the pain it leaves behind
The people live in darkness nothing in their minds
Their faces are blank no expresion no feeling

Those who have seen know what it does
Those who know weep in solitude and sorrow
They don't look forward to today or tomorrow
They know everything yet they know nothing

The peoples skin all white and sickened
Their voices a raspy mist
All they look for all they long for is peace and bliss
Their cloths worn and tattered

They know there is no cure
They know there is no hope, no place for them to rest
For they know they will soon be one less
They know there is no cure they know they will rot away

They walk through this awful place
With dread and dispare
Everyone knows, and try not to stare
Yet it is so hard to sheild your eyes, to hold back the tears

The black curtain lays over their eyes
The cloth that shall never be lifted
For it is too far they have drifted
The curtain falls over their faces

The darkness sets in
They know the time has come for them to leave this place
There is no expresion on their faces
As the curtian and sickness leaves

They will suffer no more
They will go home
And will never be alone
For the curtain is lifted and they are in the light once more

Bethany Hill

First Time

Your hands run over my breast
You slide into me as my body welcomes you as a guest
Your body moves as mine follows the steady pace
As your body bulids it becomes a race.
My mind fills with this lust, this power
It shall not let me cower
As the slow beat of music plays
I think of how how this memmory shall stay,
In my soul, in my heart.
My body waits for the feelings to start.
As reality hits I remember this is my first
But now the need for more fills my heart with it's thirst
You move faster, and the pain fills my veins, my blood
The pain quickly lessons as my thoughts turn to mud
Here and now is all that matters, all I seak
My body arches as we reach the peak.
Your movements start to slow
Making movements a steady flow
You retreat from my body yet remain in my grasp
As our breaths turn to steady gasps.
You smile as you lay next to me
And now the whole of you I see
I smile back as your lips press against my hair
I meet your lips with mine with passion with care.
I close my eyes to replay the moment over again
And now my true life will begin
My head lay on your chest
My eyes filled with you, this feeling is the best
I close my eyes again to sleep.
For tomorrow I will weep.
But now I sleep in your arms, in your mind
This night was so calm, so kind
As your arms pass over me one last time
So slow, so soft for you know this is my first time
You watch me as I sleep, and ask yourself if I left what would you do
So you kiss me once more and whisper 'I love you'

(ok one thing I AM thirteen, and you probibly think I wrote this from a memory well heres news fo you I AM A VIRGIN! ! ! SO DON'T ASK! ! ! ! ok anyway yeah lol)

Bethany Hill

Freedom

What does freedom really mean?
My mother letting me make decisions,
That is freedom.
The ability to make my own passion,
That is freedom.
Smiling when I want to not someone else does,
That is freedom.
My own love for my family,
That is freedom.
Being able to have a great time without being pressured,
That is freedom.
Having a destiny that is up to me,
That is freedom.
Being able to sit in tranquility by myself,
That is freedom.
Standing for my country with liberty on my own will,
That is what freedom really is.

Bethany Hill

Listen

Listen to the vines with the thorns
For they are the tricksters
Listen to their wisdom

Listen to the trees
For they are the sages
Listen to them whisper their knowledge in your ear

Listen to the leaves
For they are the talkers
Listen to them talk

Listen to the stream
for it is the dreamer
Listen to its dreams

Listen to mother nature
For she is their mother
Listen with her for she is your mother too

Bethany Hill

RedRum

The dagger slips through the skin
You know that you will win
Oh sweet red rum
The blood drips to the ground
You are careful to make not a sound
Oh sweet red rum
The feeling inside; of hate
By the time they come it will be too late
Oh sweet red rum
The body is still in your hold
You feel the skin go cold
Oh sweet red rum
Again you have stolen life
With the same red tinted knife
Oh sweet red rum
You feel hate no longer, your heart fills with sorrow
For you there will be no tomorrow
Oh sweet red rum
The dagger slips through your skin
You know the knife will always win
Oh sweet red rum
Your blood drips to the ground
You shall not make a sound
Oh sweet red rum
Feeling inside is no longer
For you are no longer
Oh sweet red rum

Bethany Hill

Sea of Immortality

The river flows through life as fish in the sea
The soul follows every twist every turn
Follow them and you will see
Follow life as it goes in time you will burn
Life flows as a river around turns and bends please follow me

Follow the river through its course
Through The pain and trials
Follow with truth if in vain the pain will worsen
Through The long hard miles
Follow the river through its course

Through the dams past the currents will flow
Through the trees and vines that you know
Some places flow high some flow low
Some filled with pleasure some with woe
Yet it shall not slow

The river of life it flows through the turns
Follow as the river moves on
To the ocean, to the sea
There your soul shall be lost
In the sea of immortality

Bethany Hill

The Flower of Death

The life is all we have; the death is all we need
It sets in our souls as an unfertilized seed
We know it will root soon, and take over our mind
And its stalk will sprout and wind

Death will take blossom, and it shall never fade it shall stay bright
And oh it shall be a beautiful sight, as it holds its petals into the night
And the leaves shall spread as green as green can be
And if you look close you will see

It's roots shall grow deep in the pot of eternity, in the dirt of the mind
The flower shall shine, so magnificent so kind
It's pollen will fly, will sour
And wait at the front of someone's door

The sun of the next world shall shine and nurture, the rain shall fall
Thanks to that the vines shall grow, and overcome the wall
The minerals of the soul will strengthen the warmth shall grow
This process shall grow, like snow falls, fast at first then slow

For the life is all we have; the death is all we need
It sets in our souls as an unfertilized seed
We know it will root soon, and take over our minds
And its stalk will sprout and wind

For now the flower shall bloom
The darkness shall leave, take the gloom
It shall leave us and we shall follow in the light of what's to be
Only then, we shall see

The flower of forever
As it takes root, you use it as a lever
Lifting you to the flower
And now you shall not cower

For you know this will spread and the flower shall grow shall thrive
And then you will know you are truly alive
As it takes root in your soul, and it shall becomes the power
For this is the blossom, this is the flower

The life is all our have; the death is all we need
It sets in our souls as an unfertilized seed
We know it will root soon, and take over our mind
And its stalk will sprout and wind

Bethany Hill

(This poem is not supposed to make you contemplate death, and I would not like to have people think that it is. It is just meant to show you that you should not fear death yet you should not reach for it take it when it is meant to come. Thank you)

Bethany Hill

The Ghost and Her horse

Everynight in the dark she walks
Everynight in the meadow he neighs
She walks out to her horse
He raises his ghostly head, spots his owner
And neighs
Only true people can hear this frost filled noise
To her ear it sounds of peace and stillness
To people around it sounds spoky filled with wondering souls
Like the wind
Or the soft rain
Everynight in the dark she walks
Everynight in the meadow he neighs
The ghost walks with her silver hair blowing
In the pony tail that shall never change
She carries his halter in one hand her other hand
Hangs open ready to stroke his transparent mane
Down his silver back
Everynight in the dark she walks
Everynight in the meadow he neighs
The horse to his girl
They are still, his head and long neck
Rested on her shoulder, her arms around his neck
Running her fingers through his mane
The ghost and her horse.

Bethany Hill

The Key to The Mind

You have given me the key to your mind
Oh, how I thought you so kind

I look in the mirror to see your face
As my heart fills with disgrace

I see you standing there
As your eyes they stair

I know you are gone
But my heart still sings it's sad song

I know you have left me to be alone
But yet I can still smell your cologne

I see your eyes as they burn into my soul
Making my heart a simmering coal

I know you have betrayed me
yet still the truth I do not see

I loved you as a babe his mother
But you only pretended to be my lover

So now as I look in the mirror I see your eyes
And I look to the skys

I look in the mirror and seemy own tears
That will wash away my fears

For now I look in the mirror and only see me
For I have finally destroyed your key

Bethany Hill

the memory of suicide

I sit and think of the moment I shall have
The moment I leave this place to find what is truly mine
The moment I will soon have

I sit and think of the pain, the joy
Of watching myself go, as if in a dream
The moment I stop being times toy

I sit and I wait for it to come the freedom, the passion
As I watch the blood fall so red, so heavenly
The cuts and scars are my passion

I sit and I stare in the eyes of death as life comes to an end
I shall be free, I shall have all I want
And then for you I shall send

Feel the breath of suicide
See its face
Love it, cherish the memory, suicide

As I sit and wait I feel her grasp on my soul, on my mind
I feel her voice chanting her name 'suicide.... suicide'
She is for me she is my love, she is so kind

I know I shall be with her for ever in eternity, in her home
I know how sweet her voice, her touch
You should follow you should come

As I sit and wait I know she will love me like her own
I know I have come home to her, and will stay with her
For my broken heart she has sewn

As I sit and wait she closes in on me so dark, so cold
I will join her in the dark in the serenity
And I know you will follow as you are told

Feel the breath of suicide
See its face
Love it, cherish the memory, suicide

Bethany Hill

The Symphony Of Life

Sleep to the symphony of life
For your breath is the music
Your thoughts are the lyrics
Your heart is the bass.

Dance in the time that draws your thoughts
For here time is nothing
The dream is your path
The steps of the dance are everything

Lay in the bed of security
For the window is the past
The floor is your foundation
The walls are eternity

Sleep with the lamp of immortality
For the shade is the boundary
The bulb is your heart
The light is the soul

Live in the house of forgiveness
For here you are home
Here you can make mistakes
Here you can be forgiven

Open the doors of change
For the hinges are faith
The entrance is joy
The door mat is hope

Step outside into the endlessness of the soul
For the trees are your neighbors
The animals are your brothers
The sky is your sister

Sleep in the symphony of life
For your breath is the music
Your thoughts are the lyrics
Your heart is the bass

Walk in the endless hall of life
For that shall show you the way
That will be your guide
That will lead you to the ball room of immortality

Bethany Hill

Truth

They fall through time as a leaf from a tree
Trees so green
Green as life, green as death, as the souls
Souls that are lost, lost forever

Forever in time forever in truth
Truth that shall not be spoken
Spoken by only those who know the truth
Truth that only they know, only they see

See through their eyes, listen through their ears
Ears that have heard the truth, that hold it in their hands
Hands so cold, so hard from truth from hope
Hope that they have lost

Lost as a shell in the sea, the sea of truth
Truth that flows in all of us, everyone
everyone who stands in the shower of faith
Faith that some have lost, some gain

Gain all the truth, hope, faith, love
Love that haunts, love that stays
Stays with us all, stays in our souls
Souls we shall lose, in the battle of time

Time that haunts us all
All who feel
Feel the pain, all who know
Know the truth

(just felt like trying a format that my friend said I should try. It has whatever word that a line ends with the next line starts with the same word. EX. you sit in the fire
Fure of truth so I decided I would try it. hope you like)

Bethany Hill

Who? (death part: 2)

Who? (death part: 2)

Who do they want me to be?
Who do they want me to portray?
Who do they want to follow?
Who shall take my job?
I am me you are you.

Who am I supposed to be?
Who am I supposed to save?
Who am I supposed to take to hell?
Who would know this other than me?
Who am I? Who?

Who am I to say what I am?
Who are you to judge me?
Who am I to say 'no' to your needs?
Who are you to say 'no' to mine?
Are we just like that? Alone.

Who is the one who calms your fears?
Who is the one who takes you to god?
Who is the one who loves you so?
Who is the one who cares about you?
I am.

Who is the one who follows me?
Who is the one who walks in my steps?
Who is the one who wants the freedom to choose?
Who is the one who looks to me and is supposed to smile?
You are.

Who is the one who you see in the end?
Who is the one who saves your soul?
Who is the one who brought you here as their sons and daughters?
Who is the one who shall send you on?
God is.

Who are you not to follow?
Who are you to follow with pride?
Who is the one whom you should fear?
Who is the one you should praise?
You are to choose, you are to know, you are the one who should listen.

Who are you all?
Who am I?
Who is God?
Who is the one?
Only you shall know, who.

Bethany Hill

Why? (Death part: 1)

Why do people fear me?
Why do they long for the day I appear to them to never come?
Why can't they look at me like a friend, not a foe?
Why do kids think of me and cry?
I am only the next chapter.

Why do people in church pray I shall never come?
Why do they look to god and ask 'what have I done'?
Why do they look above and think 'why must I leave? '
Why do they want to have eternity?
I would give them just that.

Why can't they look at me and smile?
Why can't they stand side by side with me as friends?
Why can't we all stay together as family?
Why can't we live as one?
That's what we are we live together side by side.

Why can't they know who I am before they hide from my path?
Why can't they look in my eyes and know the truth of me?
Why can't they give me a chance before hiding in my shadows?
Why don't they give me what I deserve, what I need?
For I am just like you. I feel, I want, I need.

Why can't we all live together as a whole?
Why can't we welcome each other into our homes?
Why can't they accept when they have to follow me?
Why can't they follow with pride, with joy?
For I am only leading them to god.

Why do people fear me?
Why do they long for the day I appear to them to never come?
Why can't they look at me like a friend, not a foe?
Why do kids think of me and cry?
I do not want this, I want peace and joy.

Why don't they ask what I want?
Why don't they hear what my needs are?
Why won't they listen?
Why won't they trust me, and love me?
Why?Why?Why?

Bethany Hill