

Poetry Series

**Maurice Fields**  
**- poems -**

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## Maurice Fields(7-26)

well

day after a disaster

# Alone

everytime i think of u  
u make me cry  
cause i think of would could happen  
but u be yourself  
made me think  
do i really want to be with u  
so u do u do u  
and i do me  
but when ur alone  
think about me  
and how i was the best to u

Maurice Fields

# Anonymous

There has never been a struggle in my life  
and the fact that u see me struggling makes  
me feel less than proud

It is often quite heart breaking to endure the world at large,  
and to expect some common decency it seems a fee is charged

The honesty is absent in so many of our lovers

and the courtesy once offered has disappeared throughout the days of my life

The only thing that gets you through and makes a life worth living,  
is the heart of someone special and love of that one person

Maurice Fields

# Her Gentle Touch

Sending spooks down my spine  
her eyes showing love  
same as mine  
She looks at me with a smile

then blows a kiss  
If she would ever leave  
I dont know what i would miss

Maybe her smile  
or the ways she makes  
me laugh

But whatever it is  
Im head over hills  
for her

Maurice Fields

# Lockbox

Shes the only 1  
thats can open me  
cause im her box  
shes the key  
that key has power which  
r unknow  
that makes me copmplete  
even when im to complicated  
to open....

Maurice Fields

# Only Friends

Wasting a time  
Trying to find love of my life  
Nothing workings  
No hope, no girl

Suddenly see her  
But years before  
Can't do anything with her  
Used to be friends, nothing more

Now realized affection  
Can go no further  
Lost a lifetime  
And lost desire

Try to forget  
But can't  
Try to die  
But don't

Mind suddenly gone  
No end is near  
Nothing to do now  
But go on

Maurice Fields

# Stolen

i'll pretend to close my eyes to everything but it just hurts how u took my love  
for granted and I put all my trust an faith in u

Maurice Fields

# That Girl

I wanna be the pillow she holds close: just so I can be in her arms.

I wanna be the security system her fingers caress when she gets home: just so I can keep her safe.

I wanna be the flowers she gets on her doorstep: just so I can be appreciated.

I wanna be the umbrella she works like a model: just so I can protect her from the storms of life.

I wanna be the postman who delivers her mail: just so she'll think I'm dependable.

I wanna be the boy she cries about: just to know I mean something to her.

I wanna be the lie she tells to herself every morning when she says she's okay: just because she's so familiar with it.

I wanna be everything I'm not: just so she'll notice me.

We're just two connecting pieces in a puzzle, peanut butter & jelly on a piece of bread, and icy water and a sweating boy on a summer's day.

She just doesn't know it yet.

Maurice Fields

# The Heart Beats Like A Drum

the heart beats like a drum  
slow yet meaningless  
knowing that outside isn't any better  
realizing that the roar of the  
wind makes his pain even worse to feel  
or hear  
the heart saying to himself  
i'm broken i should just stop  
but the heart realizes that  
when there's pain and hardship  
there's joy

Maurice Fields