Poetry Series

Jane Meyer

- poems -

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Jane Meyer

(Recommendation below!) I'm sorry. I had to change my name. But I'm still the same person! And I'll change it back after a couple of things blow over. So sorry about any confusion!
<u>Recommendations</u>
*15 Minutes
I'm! Not! Go-ing! To! (Song)
If I Were to Tell Him, This is How I'd do it
*Ignored
My Life, or What's Left of It
My Love (school assignment 8th)
The Only Thing My Mom Said That Went In (Quote)
*These Green Hills (school assignment 8th)
And then anything on the last page. The best stuff is always on the last page. I wouldn't recommend the 7th seventh grade school assignments except for the two clerihews, "Fat Dog" and "Worm Trouble". And I know if I'm telling you not to read them, why put them up? Well, I don't know if I have any devoted readers, or if I do how devoted you are, but those poems are so anyone can see how far I've come. Most of my seventh grade poems suck and they're the reason that I hated poetry, but I've changed and it's there for anyone who wants to see it.
<u>New Poems Worth Reading</u>
As Women
My Real Name's as Good as a Pen Name
Our. First. Kiss. (Song)
I have lots of other poems that I didn't recommend, but that doesn't mean they aren't worth reading. The ones listed are just a few favorites and the ones with the * are my all-time favorite.

<font color=darkviolet>100!

<font color=darkviolet>100!
I never dreamed I'd get that far.
40,
Maybe 50,
But never 100.
Sure some of them aren't that good,
And some don't even rhyme,
but I typed them all up here,
that's got to count for something.

It's been exactly
3 months, and 2 weeks,
since I put up my first poem.
And now I have my 100th…
I don't know what to say,
laugh It doesn't even rhyme,
but I do that all the time: D

I guess I should end with thanks.
Thank you to those who have commented,
the support that kept me going.
And thank you to those who have written,
the inspiration that got me started.

(September 19,2009 marks my 100th entry to poemhunter.com.)

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>15 Minutes

<font color=darkviolet>Another one for Cassandra.

15 minutes
spent playing the guitar,
reading a book,
watching TV,
talking on the phone,
surfing the web,
swimming in a pool,
laughing with friends,
eating dinner,
taking a shower,
planting a tree,
working my hardest,
performing for an audience,
thinking about life,
writing my thoughts.

My life has had a great many "15 minutes, "
yet I can still pick out the worst.

15 minutes
spent listening to your rasping breaths,
feeling your heartbeat weaken,
realizing I'm soaked in your blood,
waiting for supposed help,
letting tears roll down my checks,
wiping my nose on my sleeve,
begging you to live,
looking into your unfocused eyes,
praying for you chest to rise again,
hoping for a miracle,
willing to do anything to help you,
thinking about the pain you must be in,
wishing you had been just two inches to the left,
trying to calm your spasms,
stroking you broken form,
wanting to do so much more for you,
regretting my mistake,
knowing things won't be alright,
watching as you die.

(It was a 15 minute car ride from my house to the vet's office, where there was nothing that could be done to save Cassandra. She was only 7 and a half weeks old when she died and it was all my fault.)

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>5: 30am

<font color=darkviolet>Rain is pounding against my window.
A battering ram on the fort’s door.
I fear the glass will break.
And even though the blinds are drawn,
I can still see the lightning.
Flash, flash, flash.
One after another.
The sky is constantly lit up!
And when a really big one comes down,
it’s my room that’s filled with light.
There’s a continuous rumble, not that far away,
like the unceasing fire of guns.
But when the fuse runs out and the cannon goes off,
there’s an earth-shattering BOOM! in result of the shockwave.
I can feel it approaching,
and as it ripples through me.
Then as it speeds away,
tearing through the quiet air.

I lay in my bed,
experiencing it all,
wanting nothing more
than for it to all be long gone.
And absolutely terrified of how exactly it will end,
as the storm rages on through the early hours of the morn.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>A Dream

<font color=darkviolet>I was dreaming,
dreaming of a poem.
It was about a couple,
a man and woman dancing.
The stanzas were OK,
nothing too impressive.
But then there were the last four lines,
the most beautiful I've heard.
And I only wish I could remember,
what it is they were.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>A Good Question

<font color=darkviolet>If the enemy of my enemy is my friend,
does that make the friend of my friend my enemy?

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>A Poem

<font color=darkviolet>It began with one line.
Then grew to something powerful;
A wondrous piece of art.

And I don’t think anyone thought,
That that one little line,
Would be a great poem’s start.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>A Speech

<font color=darkviolet>I bet there’s a speech out there,
(who knows, maybe I could find it on the internet) ,
that goes something like this:
“You don’t know about [inser subject here]
because you’re only [inser age here],
but I do because I’m older than you
and I’ve been through a lot more.
I know it might be hard to believe,
but I was once [inser age here] too.
I also had to live through [inser subject here].
I know what you’re going through.
You just have to trust me.”

Well, quite frankly, I think that’s a boat load if sh*t!
Everyone views life differently,
so just because you went through something,
doesn’t mean that’s the way I will!

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Advice

<font color=darkviolet>You tell me to focus on joy and light.
Yet, I tend to think of my pain through the night.

You beg me remember when I used to smile.
But I can’t recall that, it’s been such a while.

You ask me what happened to your little girl.
Call me that again and I think I might hurl.

You can say what you want millions times.
Though all I’ll hear are your traumatizing crimes.

And I don’t care what you think you need to tell me
because in the end, I will chose who I want to be.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Amendment Art

<font color=darkviolet>(These are just a few short poems that I wrote for History class about the Bill of Rights. I think the second one is about the 5th Amendment. But these are actually some of my favorite poems that I've written. The last one especially.)

<u>Innocent and Broke</u>

I was wrongfully convicted of a crime,
And sadly, I don't own a dime.
But does this problem have a fix?

It does, according to amendment six.

I have the right to be tried soon,
Before this mistake becomes by doom.
As for getting me a lawyer, without a penny to my name,
Amendment six pulls through again,
In stating that the government is required,
To get me a lawyer hired.

<u>Soldiers, Not in My House! </u>

Amendment number three,
Is about choosing soldier company.
I do not have to lodge them,
If in my house I do not want them,
For not even in a time of war,
Shall soldiers force passage through my door.

<u>Just Because You Can't See It…</u>

Amendment nine is on my side,
Stating in its legal pride,
That though my rights may not be stated,
That does not mean they are abated.

You say to me,
"I can not see! "
But that does mean they are not there,
They are like the wind that blows your hair.

You cannot see nor touch them,
Because no one has written them,
But they are there; proud and inalienable,
Where they will remain, forever unchangeable.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>An Ode to My Pets (school assignment 7th)

<font color=darkviolet>Squeakers: Captain Jack, is my loving black cat.
He was traumatized at very young age,
And now he hides under the bed like a frightened bat.
He’s better now and understands he gets pet when comes out of his internal cage.

Lucky, the you, energetic kitten.
She roams the house like the dominant feline,
But I still remember when she was the size of a mitten.
At times she’s rebellious, but I know she’ll always be mine.

Tia, the beautiful mother of the two above plus seven more.
While she was pregnant, she looked like a cow,
But now she is the drama mama I love and adore.
For a stray mother of nine, all I can say is oh wow!

Tweety, the bird that absolutely loves to make sound,
I guess he’s not really at fault, for he usually just joins in,
To all the noise he hears going around.
He definitely earned his name and tweet enough to make your head spin.

Mewful, the biggest and fattest of all.
He likes to sleep atop the bed.
Be warned if you want him moved, for once you pick him up, you’re likely to fall.
If asked to describe him, I’d say dumb and heavy as led.

My happy and energentic dog, Nikki,
Is a medium sized, thirty-seven pound animal.
A better name for her could be Licky.
As soon as I met her, I knew she would be my favorite mammal.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Apathy

<font color=darkviolet>I remember when I used to hate.
I would glare across the table,
hair covering my eyes,
thoughts to kill whirling around.

But then my therapist said something,
that wasn’t too bright.
She said I could only hate someone,
if I felt a little love for them somewhere.

I, of course, knew she was mistaken,
for I can hate someone and not love them at all.
True, love must be involved for hate,
and my dad fills that roll quite nicely.

But I couldn’t allow my therapist,
to think I loved my mom, even a bit,
and hate was getting tiring.
But if not hate, then what?

Well, I just kept listening,
she told me if I really disliked someone,
I wouldn’t care about them at all,
no feeling what so ever.

That was her biggest mistake,
because now that’s what I practice.
She even had a name for it:
Apathy

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Argh!

<font color=darkviolet>It be talk like a pirate day!
So tell all ye’s mates.
And tell all ye’s kin.
Let’s get the world in,
every last scallywag,
on the bestest of holidays!
Ye’s get to say
‘’Argh! ”
‘’Yo ho! ”
‘’Mate! ”
‘’Wench! ”
‘’Deckswabber! ”
‘’Scallywag! ”
And ye’s get to sing like pirates,
And ye’s get to drink like pirates.
So, drink up me hearties! Yo ho!

(Written in honor of ''Talk Like a Pirate Day'' September 19th.)

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>As Women

<font color=darkviolet>As women,
why are we never satisfied?
If our hair is brown,
we want blonde.
If it’s wavy,
we want straight.
If it’s short,
we want long.
If our eyes are green,
we want blue.
If we are tall,
we want to be shorter.
And no matter what size we are,
we always want to be thinner.

I’ve thought about all this,
and’ve even thought I’ve truly needed some.
But not that long ago,
I looked in the mirror,
and I liked what I saw.
Sure my hair could’ve been straighter,
and my waist could’ve been thinner.
But for the first time in my life,
I was happy with my body,
just the way it was.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Bug Bites

<font color=darkviolet>I hate bug bites!
They’re the most annoying things.
For their size and all.

I never seem to notice,
‘til it’s too late to do anything,
the ant making its crawl.

Across my leg it goes,
still invisible to me,
until its first strike.

I try to brush him off,
but he just gets mad,
and makes another strike.

That stupid little ant bit me!
Not once, not twice,
but thrice!

Now they itch and itch and itch,
and scratching makes it worse.
Bug bites just plain aren’t nice!

(Sorry it’s not very good. I wanted to try out a new rhyme scheme and this is the mess I ended up with. Suggestions?)

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Cassandra

<font color=darkviolet>I was lifting up the couch,
like I'd done a hundred times before,
but this time there were cushions,
on the other side.
I couldn't bare the weight,
but I didn't call for help,
'cause my dad was busy with a game,
so I dropped the couch.
That's when I heard the hissing,
but I didn't know what it was,
so I sat there in confusion.
Precious seconds lost.
I lifted up the couch,
but I couldn't hold it and check.
I called out to my sister,
but we'd just been in a fight,
so she didn't give her help.
I stated my greatest fear,
and that got her to help,
and when she called out to my dad,
I knew my nightmare was confirmed.

We were rushing in the car,
as fast as the law allowed.
The only weeks old kitten,
held broken in my arms.
Every second filled with tension,
my shirt covered in blood,
her heartbeat slower, slower, slower.
Her eye wasn't in the right place.
The blood was just too much.
Her breathing wasn't right.
Her pulse unsteady, fading.

The worst was the look,
on the doctor's face.
There was nothing he could do.
The people in the waiting room didn't understand.
They didn't know what I was going through,
as I sat there sobbing.
It was all my fault.
I could've shouted at them,
"Learn from my mistake,
because this can never happen again! "

I didn't ask for help,
when I needed it the most,
and it resulted in the loss,
of the life of one so young.
I could have prevented it all,
if I'd only done something as simple,
as asking for help.

Cassandra (died 10-07-06,7 1/2 weeks old) , even though I didn’t know you long enough to even know if you were male or female, I still love you soo much. I’m sorry for the mistake I made. I regret it more than anything else. I know and accept that it was all my fault.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Cheese (school assignment 7th)

<font color=darkviolet>(Couplet)

Cheese is a food.
I'm in a cheese mood.

(I didn't really feel like writing any more poems when I got to this one. lol)

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Closet

<font color=darkviolet>There’s something in my closet,
that you wouldn’t find in most.
In it is a sleek black rope,
that’s hanging from a post.

In the rope there is a knot,
tying off a loop, sturdy and strong.
I slip it around my neck,
because my life has all gone wrong.

I lift my feet up off the ground,
and I struggle in midair.
I think about my life,
and how it’s caused me much despair.

I think about the pain,
both in my head and out.
as the rope constricts my breath,
not even enough to shout.

I hang there, twirling,
like that ride with the spinning cup.
As I begin to lose my consciousness,
my body’s forced to just stand up.

I try and try again,
but whenever my vision starts to fade,
my survival instincts take over.
Can’t hang myself. It’s how I’m made.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Cold

<font color=darkviolet>He takes my hand,
and wraps it in his.
“It’s so cold! ” he exclaims.
“Why is that? ' he asks.
For it’s the peak of summer,
in the sunny state of Florida.

I hadn’t noticed it was cold.
It’s the same as the rest of me.
And with my lack of response,
he wraps his arms around me,
asking with concern, “Why are you so cold? ”

This time I have an answer.
One he may not want to hear.
“I’m always cold, ” I say,
“I have been for a while.”

“And why is that, you think? ”

I pause for a moment,
Considering what I’m about to say.
And with my next breath these words come out:
“Because my heart stopped beating a long time ago.”

(inspired by Darkness Everywhere’s “It’s winter and it’s oh so cold”)

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Confused

<font color=darkviolet>“If you’re not confused, then you’re not living life to its fullest extent.”

(My dad said this, but I use it way more than he does.)

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Deciding (Quote)

<font color=darkviolet>'If you choose not to decide, you're still making a decision.'

(My dad, again. But this one actually makes sense to me.)

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Demotivational Phrases (updated 08-23-09)

<font color=darkviolet>(I was in a bad mood and this is what came to me. I happen to think stuff like this is funny, if you don't, then don't read it. Well, I warned you. I'll updat if more come to me.)

You'll never reach the end of the rainbow,
and even if you did,
there wouldn't be a pot of gold at the end.

There's no light at the end of the tunnel,
only phosphorescent rocks.

There's no such thing as a cloud with silver lining,
but there are ones that are completely gray.

It's true there's no 'I' in 'team'
but there is a 'me'.

The glass really is half empty.

You schould cry over spilled milk.
It really is a lose.

If you keep trying,
you'll keep failing.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Do you remember?

<font color=darkviolet>(Father's Day poem)

Do you remember that time,
all those years ago,
when I fell and scraped my knee,
then ran sobbing to your arms?

Do you remember last Christmas,
when you hugged me as I left?
I swear that I could feel your love,
through that wonderful hug.

Do you remember your last birthday,
when I called you the night before?
That was the worst night of my life,
but that precious hour made it bearable.

Do you remember
my first word?
my first step?
my first laugh?

Do you remember
how many times I've said, 'I love you'?
how many hugs we've exchanged?
how many times you've stayed my tears?

Do you remember
all the times that you were there for me?
all the times you made me laugh?
all the times you brightened up my day?

Do you remember
the one who was there for all that?
Who raised me to be me,
and who's helped me through so much?

Do you remember
all we've been through good or bad,
watching as I grew up,
and that you're the best dad in the world? !

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Domestic Friends (school assignment 7th)

<font color=darkviolet> (Diamonte)

Dog,
Joyful, Playful,
Running Playing Bouncing,
Thoughtful, Intelligent, Fat, Lazy,
Sleeping, Eating, Grooming,
Lathargic, Tired,
Cat

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>DRAMA! ? !

<font color=darkviolet>DRAMA! ? !
I can’t believe I’m in drama!
I only put it as a joke
and now I’m taking drama!

My dad’s not going to like this!
It was the one class he said I couldn’t take.
But schedules were final Friday,
so now it’s plays I’ll have to make.

I guess it’s good to try new things,
But staying after school’s not something I want to do.
I guess I’ll make new friends…?
sigh drama…what am going to do?

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Fantasies

<font color=darkviolet>I dream of him in class.
My eyes glaze over
as I conjure up his face.
I reach up a hand to touch it.
That’s when I’m snapped back to reality,
and I hope that no one noticed.

I dream of him at home.
Imagine what he looks like
and stare into his eyes.
Love is written across my face,
then quickly wiped away
when someone turns to me.

I dream of him in my room.
There, I’m sure no one will see.
I fabricate him next to me
and think of the things I’d say.
I imagine a kiss; caressing his face.
Then my hearts breaks, when I realize he’s not there.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Fat Dog (school assignment 7th)

<font color=darkviolet>(Clerihew) (I love clerihews!)

The dog got kinda fat,
And accidentally sat on the cat.
He got scratched in a most uncomfortable place,
And the cat walked away with a now slightly bent face.

(They’re supposed to be funny.)

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Friday Afternoon

<font color=darkviolet>Gonna sleep in
Gonna chill out
'Cause it's Friday,
And that's all anyone's talk'n' about.

Got the big game,
It's goona be the same.
We're gonna get onto the grass
and we're gonna kick their ass.

Excitment's in the air
For education, we just don't care.
School spirit's flowing proud,
say 'Panthers' on 3 real loud!

The weekend's soon to come,
Gonna relax and have some fun.
Think'n' of things that we'll do soon,
Because it's Friday afternoon.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Girls

<font color=darkviolet>How I hate that generic term.
Why can’t you just call us by name? !
‘Cause we’re certainly not the same!
To be seen separately must I first have fame?

You know, we’re two different people!
We think differently!
We act differently!
And we do things differently!

But does that stop you from your lumping?
Nope, you still say “girls” a ton.
And if this battle can not be won,
then we’ll forever be known as one.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Gone

<font color=darkviolet>I’ve got all these thoughts,
bouncing around my head:
emotions, words, phrases,
but they just don’t come together.
Then, when I’m laying in my bed,
I find names for the emotions,
the words turn into lines,
and the phrases get worked to stanzas.
Yet I neglect to write them down,
for I think it too much work.
So when I’m woken by the dawn,
I find my last night’s has gone.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Grand Canyon (school assignment 8th)

<font color=darkviolet>I sit near the edge,
As close as I dare,
Observing the gouge through the land,
That’s opened up before me.

I hear the wind,
Whistling through the scar,
The water far below,
And the critters a’scurrying.

I smell the clean air,
That rushes up from the canyon,
Thick with humidity,
Of the early morn.

I feel the coarse ground,
Spread out beneath my hand,
And the cool, smooth rock,
That I’ve chosen as my perch.

I sense the energy,
Emanating from the trees, the rocks,
The canyon,
A truly magical place.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Happy Birthday Squeakers!

<font color=darkviolet>Happy birthday Squeakers dear.
Today you turned three,
But I can still remember you small and with fear.

It took a long time to get you out of your shell.
So long, in fact, that you became permanent
Something that's worked out quite well.

But, yes, I know, that's in the past,
And you've come so far from then!
sigh My! You've grown up so fast!

I guess now you're a big boy,
Ready for bigger things
giggle and a new toy.

But I think that to me,
You'll stay my little baby.
smile Yes, that you'll always be.

(Squeakers was born Monday, August 14,2006. At about 4: 30 in the morning. He was traumatized by spending a night in the garage about 8 weeks later. He was a feral kitten because they were five black ones so I could never tell that there was always one who never came out. So after he was traumatized he was pretty shaken and I was the one who helped him through it and him a bit more social. I think of me as his mom, but I don't necessarily think of him as my son. Either way I love him so much and he will always be my baby!)

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Her Smile Scares Me

<font color=darkviolet>Her smile scares me.
It’s like a predator,
sizing up it’s prey.
You can tell it’s totally fake,
and can imagine it
with vampric incisors.
And coupled with her wave…
I’m sure much else is scarier.

And when we go out to eat,
should there be a baby around,
she’ll play peek-a-boo with them.
And they’re anything like me,
They’ll prefer when her face is hidden.
Because her smile scares me,
it genuinely scares me.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Hope is the Thing…

<font color=darkviolet>Hope is the thing,
with, what're they called?
Feathers?
That perches in your…
What was it?
Oh yeah, soul.

Well, maybe that's true you,
But it certainly ain't for me.
Because from everything I've learned,
Hope is the thing,
That falls like a rock,
And leaves you cold and forsaken.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Hormones

<font color=darkviolet>Teenagers are awkward.
Why is that?
Do you believe it’s our ‘’hormones’’?
Or is some other place, where the problem’s at?

I happen to think it’s elsewhere.
But maybe that’s because I <i>am<i> a teen,
and I have these ‘’hormones’’
that are making me not as keen.

I think that we’re awkward
because we don’t have a place in society.
We can’t be ignorant as children.
But for adults, we haven’t the right propriety.

We’re only ever not awkward,
when we’re with others like us.
So I don’t think it’s <i>our<i> ‘’hormones’’
that are causing all the fuss.

(What do you think?)

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>I Don’t Care

<font color=darkviolet>(Just me and my sister messing around before a psychiatrist appointment. She wrote the first stanza and I pretty much wrote everything else.)

I don’t care
if she lives or dies.
I just want her
hospitalized.

I don’t care
if a meteor hits where she’s stood.
I just want her
gone for good.

I don’t care
if you blow off her head.
I just want her
as good as dead.

I don’t care
if she chokes on her food.
I just want her
to forever be booed.

I don’t care
if she goes by knife.
I just want her
out of my life!

I don’t care
if she gets sick and pale.
I just want her
to go to jail.

I don’t care
if she falls down a well.
I just want her
to wind up in hell.

I don’t care
if she is my mom.
I just want her
to be hit by a bomb.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>I Had a Dream...

<font color=darkviolet>(This was just my sister and I messing around one morning, describing how she hates to make peanut butter and jelly sandwhiches at our mom's house.)

I had a dream
that the good bread was back
But when I awoke
I found I was wrong

I had a dream
that the good jelly was there
But then I woke up
to unfortunate despair

I had a dream
that the knives were clean
But upon waking
I learned they were not

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>I Shaved My Head (school assignment 8th)

<font color=darkviolet>I shaved my head to release my imagination.
I did it to get a tattoo on my shiny head.
I did it to lose my normality.
I did it to become a freak.
I did it to make her angry.
I did it to show what a real “problem child” was like.
I did it because I knew it was wrong.
I did it because I felt defiant.
I did it because it was the only way I could think to peacefully oppose.
I did it because I knew she wouldn’t want me to.
I did it as a permanent symbol of my rebellion.
I did it to show my love and loyalty.
I did it to be different; to be a nonconformist.
I did it to be an individual.
I did it for myself.

(inspired by Rene Ruiz's 'He Shaved His Head')

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>I Used to Be a Kid (school assignment 8th)

<font color=darkviolet>I used to think I'd never change,
But now I know it's inevitable.
I used to fight with my sister every time I got the chance,
But now we're practically inseparable.
I used to abominate writing,
But now I do it in my spare time.
I used to think I knew all there was to know about math,
But now I know there's this thing called "Geometry".
I used to never want to go to school,
But now I sometimes use it as an escape.
I used to go outside and play,
But now there's not enough time in a day.
I used to have nightmares where monsters would eat me,
But now I have ones where I fail at life's challenges.
I used to play the violin,
But now I play computer games.
I used to watch TV 24/7,
But now I read books like there's no tomorrow.
I used to take my friends for granted,
But now I know the pain felt when they're gone.
I used to think I knew what love was,
But now I know I'd only scratched the surface.
I used to wish that time would move faster,
But now I wish it would slam down the breaks.
I used to be a kid,
But now I'm a teenager.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>I’ll Never Say That Again

<font color=darkviolet>I’ll never say that again.
Never again will I say goodbye,
And never again will I say I missed you.
Not until the day you die. *

For now I never have to leave,
My life’s no longer divided.
I get to be with you everyday,
The wrong that’s finally been righted.

* I know that the line is usually “Not until the day I die.” but I’m talking about my cat, so I’ll probably outlive him and even if I don’t I probably won’t be able to say anything if I’m dead.: D

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>I’m! Not! Go-ing! To! (Song)

<font color=darkviolet>This came to me as a song and it is written as a song, so use your imagination. I’ll edit if I ever find the songs that I stole the tune from.

I won’t give in.
You can’t break me.
I will not be
seduced by your lies.

You can take away my computer.
You can take away my time.
You can take away my books.
You can take away my prose.
You can take away my journal.
You can take away my privacy.
But I still won’t give in.

‘Cauuuuuuuuuuuse
Y’can’t take away my love.
Y’can’t take away my thoughts.
Y’can’t take away my memories.
Y’can’t take away my fantasies
Y’can’t take away my stub-born-ness!
Can’t break my determin-aaaation!
Can’t change the fact that I’m a teeen-agge-eer.
Can’t change that I will break the rules!
Can’t change that I am diff-i-cult!
And it don’t matter what you do,
I will never respect you!

You gotta face it, I’m fourteen.
Just ‘cause you birthed my doesn’t mean,
that I have to treat you like a queen.
And if you don’t like it, I don’t care.
Y’just gotta geeee-yeyet,
over it.

And it don’t matter what you do,
‘cause I am never going to,
rehe-spechet you!

no no, no no, no no,
not hap-pen-ing!
no no, no no, no no,
not eeee-ver!
no no, no no, no no,
not going to!
no no, no no,
I’m! Not! Go-ing! To!

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>If I Were to Tell Him, This is How I'd do it

<font color=darkviolet>"There's something I want to tell you,
and I've been waiting to do it in person.
So I think I should say it now,
' case things between us should ever worsen.

Well, you see, I…
sigh I just don't know where to start.
I guess first you should know,
you have a special place in my heart.

And not just as a friend,
'cause, to me, you're so much more!
I really thought it would be obvious,
always seemed my hiding was pretty poor.

You filled my every spare thought,
and even some I couldn't spare.
And I remember every thing you've said,
though it isn't written anywhere.

Whenever the phone would ring,
my heart would quicken its pace.
I would hope that it was you,
but knew it was disappointment I would face.

I've waited for months to hear your voice,
and for three years to look at you.
And I think now I the courage,
to finally say, I love you."

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Ignored

<font color=darkviolet>Don’t mistake me for a brat,
For I’m certainly not that.
But I do like people to pay attention,
When I have something I’d like to mention.

I don’t mind when I have to shout,
At the ones that I don’t care about.
But when the people I love don’t listen,
It can cause a tear to glisten.

I’ll say how it makes me feel,
But no one’s listening for real.
They might pay half a mind to me,
But it’s with someone else they’d rather be.

I’m used to it by now,
No longer feel that initial pow,
When the realization hits,
That I’m talking to mere half-wits.

They don’t care what I have to say,
So they don’t listen anyway.
And are my feelings ever implored?
No, ‘cause remember I’m ignored.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Is It Really So Bad?

<font color=darkviolet>Is it really so bad,
that I let it out,
in a few well chosen words,
rather than an angry shout?

Is it really so bad,
that my words were only talk,
never made into actions,
only ever poetic mock?

Is it really so bad,
that I wrote down what I was feeling?
Or are the thought's in my head,
really that unappealing?

Is it really so bad,
that I made my misery into art?
My way to express myself,
and to let the healing start.

Is it really so bad,
that you read my work.
That you know what I was thinking,
and about my little emo quirk?

Is it really so bad?

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Just Be Yourself

<font color=darkviolet>I don’t know about you,
but I have a lot of selves.
So if I’m to just be myself,
which self is it I should be?

School me?
Home me?
Mom me?
Dad me?
Kira me?
Adrian me?
Reader me?
Writer me?
Sensitive me?
Sarcastic me?
Alive me?
Dead me?
Emo me?
Happy me?
Talkative me?
Quiet me?
Social me?
Alone me?

Which one should I be? !
Which me is myself? !
And which is the me,
that I want to be?

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Just Because I Don’t Wear Jeans (school assignment 8th)

<font color=darkviolet>Just because I don’t wear jeans,
Doesn’t mean that I’m a freak.
It doesn’t give you the right to judge me
and treat me like an alien.
Just because I don’t wear jeans,
Don’t point and laugh,
or gossip behind my back.
Just because I don’t wear jeans,
Doesn’t mean I don’t wear shorts.
Just because I don’t wear jeans,
I know I’m different,
I know I stand out
and I’m okay with that.
So nothing good will come
if you keep making fun.
Just because I don’t wear jeans – see me for who I am.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Just Wanna Know-ow (Song)

<font color=darkviolet>(Another one that came to me as a song. The only song-like part is the “know-ow” and other than that I imagined all the starting “I”s as long. Just so you know.)

I wanna know,
Do you ever think about me?
I wanna know,
Do you ever think you need me?
I wanna know,
Do you ever think you want me?
I wanna know,
Do you think it’s possible that maybe,
just maybe,
you like me?

I just wanna know-ow.

I wanna know,
Do you ever think about me?
Do you need me?
Do you want me?
Is it possible that maybe,
just maybe,
you like me?

I just wanna know-ow.

And I wanna know,
Do you think that we were meant to be?
Just maybe?

I just wanna know-ow.

I want you to know,
that I think about you.
I want you to know,
that I really need you.
I want you to know,
that I really want you.
I want you to know,
that it’s possible that maybe,
just maybe,
I like you.

Just want you to know-ow

I want you to know,
that I think about you,
that I need you,
that I want you,
that it’s possible that maybe,

just maybe,
I like you.

Just want you to know-ow.

And I want you to know,
I think that we were meant to be.
Just maybe.

I just want you to know-ow.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Key to Happiness

<font color=darkviolet>I discovered the key to happiness.
For a day I held this knowledge
and I put it to good use,
enjoying a summer day,
even in my mother’s presence.
But as the sun set,
my happiness went with it.

I still have the knowledge,
though for some reason,
I’m thinking age,
I’m unable to follow it.
I will share it with you,
though please heed these words,
this knowledge is much more potent
when discovered on your own,
and in hearing it from me
you could lose your chance of ever using it.

The key to happiness,
the key to my happiness
is this:
“No matter where you are,
or who you’re with,
it is always your say
whether you’re happy or not.
Sure, in some cases it’s easy,
while others test your strength.
But no matter what,
you make the choice to be happy.”

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Kitten (school assignment 7th)

<font color=darkviolet>(Limerick)

There once was a very cute kitten,
Who liked to sleep in a mitten.
As she slept the dog licked her,
But this didn’t quite fit her
So she climbed out as if she’d been bitten.

(I don’t really like this one, but I love limericks and I want to write more and I did write it in 7th grade and I didn’t want to totally redo it.)

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Last Day of School

<font color=darkviolet>It’s the last day of school!
Oh wow!
Oh wow!
But today is special,
‘cause it’s my last in 8th grade.
My friends are all tearing,
but I’m silently cheering,
because I get to leave it all.
I get to start anew.
I’ve been at this school now for nine years.
It’s time to move on,
even with all the tears.
But I won’t cry.
I’m glad to say good bye.

It’s not like I was treated well,
sometimes I would’ve rather gone to hell.
So it’s the last day of school,
I say that’s pretty cool.
I’m going to enjoy it to the fullest,
And go out with a bang.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Life is Like... (Quote)

<font color=darkviolet>'Life is like a vacuum cleaner, it sucks.'

(I think my dad said that, but it might not be orginally his.)

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Limerick *

<font color=darkviolet>I’m going to write a limerick,
To see if I still know the trick.
And I think that do,
Guess it’s stuck in like glue.
Who’d’ve thought that one’d pop up so quick?

(I’m not actually sure if I did it right, but it fits with the rules I looked up. And if anyone finds an error and can explain to me what’s wrong, let me know. Probably all I’ll do will change it to “Not a Limerick, Limerick”)

*This is my only poem that has over 1000 views total! (lol what a weird one for that to happen to) But thank you to anyone and everyone that read this and thank you to anyone else who reads it!

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Long Sleeves

<font color=darkviolet>It started as a trick,
To make her see things that weren't there.
I thought it'd give my life a kick,
A mad kind of entertainment.

But then I got curious,
What if I lifted up my sleeve,
And what she saw was serious?
What would happen then?

What would it be like,
To cause myself that pain?
To be the one to make the strike?
But what if I really hurt myself?

Then again, what's physical pain,
Compared to all I've been through,
It's the mental wounds that's wax and wane,
In an unending cycle; never fully healing.

A cut will scar,
It'll heal eventually,
But psychic stabs go far,
Causing damage, irreparable.

So the pain dealt by my blade,
Was nothing to what I'd felt
It was just a red line I made
Across that prefect pale plain.

I wouldn't have thought that this,
Would actually cause relief.
And I didn't think I'd miss,
The feeling that it gives me.

But it does,
I do.
It's made me so different from who I was;
My knife, the pain, and me.

So now I wear long sleeves.
And what started as a joke,
Has now become reality
And it's all thanks to my mom.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Love (school assignment 7th)

<font color=darkviolet>Cat,
Sleepy,
Lathargic,
Sits on my head,
Love.

(Please don’t think bad thoughts, this is supposed to about something cute that Mewful did as a kitten.)

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Love is Pain

<font color=darkviolet>I loved a game once,
Addicted to it, that I was,
Before I saw its pointlessness,
After my eyes saw only fuzz.

I loved a tree once,
Before it was chopped down,
And now there is a building,
Upon that very ground.

I loved a toy once,
The greatest love of my life,
Only to be consumed by fire.
My bliss replaced with strife.

I loved a cat once,
A beauty by the name of Zar.
She went missing one day,
Found the next killed by a car.

I loved a dog once,
He would run and jump and play.
I woke one morn' to feed him.
I found him dead that day.

I loved my mom once,
Or at least that's what I thought,
But then as I grew older,
I learned that love it was not.

I loved a man once,
But only realized once he was dead.
So my love steered toward another,
That only existed in my head.

I loved a friend once,
We claimed of friends forever,
But then I was betrayed,
Now I wish to see her never.

I loved once,
But as you can surely see,
Love is pain,
That's all it's been for me.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Lucky (school assignment 7th)

<font color=darkviolet>(Couplet)

Lucky is a pretty kitty,
But at times she can be very witty.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Mewful (school assignment 7th)

<font color=darkviolet>(Cinquain)

Mewful,
Lazy, Fat,
Sleeping, eating, sunning,
My tubsy friend,
Cat.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Monday Morning

<font color=darkviolet>(I came up with this as a song, but I didn't write it as one. And strangly enough I came up with it on Tuesday afternoon lol. But I figured if I have a 'Friday Afternoon' I should have a 'Monday Morning' so here it is. Enjoy!)

I wake up
and it starts again.
I get up
then I fall back in.
I'm just
not ready for another a week this Monday morning!

I get ready
for a boring day.
I head out
to scool on my way.
I just
want it to be over soon this Monday morning!

It's first period
and it's draggin on.
I can't wait
for the bell to ring, I'm gone.
I just
hope there isn't too much of this Monday morning!

The bell rings
fifth period has begun.
I can't believe
the morning's still not done.
I just
need afternoon to drive away this Monday morning!

I get home
finally I'm back.
But there's homework
my, it's such a stack.
I just
wish this day hadn't started off with Monday morning!

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>My House Was Struck by Lightning

<font color=darkviolet>My house was struck by lightning.
And it wasn’t even raining.
My friend had even just come over,
and she was walking back to her house.
She made it back OK.
Thank goodness.
And I mean, sure the sky wasn’t sunny,
but I didn’t think my house would get hit by LIGHTNING!
It fried the computer,
the speaker,
the satellite dish,
and the phone.
It scared the sh*t out me,
Being so close to the boom.
And my life literally did flash
right before my eyes.
Had I been outside,
in the wrong place
at the wrong time,
I could be dead.
That strike really made me realize
that I could die at any moment.
Tomorrow isn’t promised to me,
nor is the next hour,
minute,
or second.
I might not have a future.
My life could end right now,
and there’d be nothing I could do.
There’d be nothing anyone could do.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>My Life, or What's Left of It

<font color=darkviolet>I was always thought of as happy,
I guess that’s why they didn’t think I’d do it,
But I knew my mom was lying,
I knew her arguments weren’t legit.

I’m back at her house,
After a week with my dad.
Things here have changed, again,
But I didn’t think it could ever get this bad.

Now let me explain something,
It’ll just take a moment.
I wear colorful clothes,
I’m a straight “A” student.

I love my dad,
More than he’ll ever know,
And I hate my mom,
Because she acted like a hoe.

So as you can imagine,
When I’m shipped over here,
And kept away from him,
It causes a pain that’s oh so severe.

Well, I’m back,
In this house of hell,
And the b*tch has nothing,
But new rules to tell.

I can’t call my dad.
I can’t even go upstairs.
She’s ruining my life,
My only protest, silent “unfair”s.

I go up to my room,
Once I’m finally allowed,
And I let out my tears,
Everything suppressed by my mental shroud.

The pain’s too much to bear.
An escaped sob gives me a shock.
I pick up my scissors and a stone,
I sharpen the blade upon the rock.

I find a roll of tape,
And place a piece across my mouth,
For I don’t wish to wake my sis.
Should a scream ever come out.

I take the makeshift blade,
And lay it across my wrist.

I know it could all be over,
With just one little twist.

I know I shouldn’t do it,
Thoughts of “don’t” rush through my head.
But the pain’s too much to bear.
It’d all be gone if I were dead.

I sit there, thinking.
Looking at my hand that holds the knife.
The subject in question,
Is the one to end my life.

I look up to the ceiling,
I know that if I do it, I can’t go back.
I slash down with the blade,
Overwhelming pain; my vision going black.

I wake in the early hours of the dawn,
And I find my wrist is throbbing,
But I realize I’m still alive,
And I once again start sobbing.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>My Love (school assignment 8th)

<font color=darkviolet>He is as black as the darkness in a windowless room,
With irises the color of polished gold.

He is as silent as a thief in the night,
As he stalks the shadows that play in the light.

He is a friend I can always depend on,
A friend that lightens my heart with his very presence.

He is an adopted member of my family,
A decision, for which I have no regrets.

He is a cat, known as Squeakers,
For his continuous stream of short meows.

He is the one most treasured in my life,
And whose face I kiss and caress each night.

He is my love, whom I shall never forget,
So I promise to love him for now and forever.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>My Motherly Dad (school assignment 8th)

<font color=darkviolet>This is a Mother's Day poem for my dad (for obvious reasons.)

You are always there for me
You answer when I call
You listen when I talk
You always know what to do
    and you give me the courage to do it
Your stories lift my sprits
    and cause my sides to split from laughing
Your hugs are the best
    the greatest feeling in the world
Your voice is what I long to hear
You face is what I itch to see
    when you’re away from me
You cook, clean, and make the lunches
    and I thank you, thank you, thank you
You’re the one I can always count on
You taught me right from wrong
You showed me how to live my life
You help me understand
    and find solutions to my problems
You comfort me when I’m distressed
You can never, nor will, be replaced
You’re the one I love
    more than you will ever know
You are my dad, my motherly dad

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>My Poetry

<font color=darkviolet>So much of my poetry,
is staring at a blank page,
‘til inspiration comes,
and fills the page with words.

So much of my poetry,
is my hand flying across the paper,
writing down my thoughts,
before they can escape.

So much of my poetry,
is a life-saving relief,
for it’s my pain that fuels my art,
my only way to let it out.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>My Real Name’s as Good as a Pen Name

<font color=darkviolet>My real name’s as good as a pen name,
for you don’t know who I am.
You can’t tell true from false.
And you’ll never shake the hand
that’s writing these words down.
My name is just two words,
be it real or be it not.
To you it makes no difference.
You’ll remember it,
should you wish to read more.
But other than that,
it’s all the same.
So it doesn’t matter what name I use
to build a reputation.
For my real name’s as good as my pen name
because I’ll never really meet you.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Nikki (school assignment 7th)

<font color=darkviolet>(Cinquain)

Nikki,
Active, Playful,
Running, Jumping, Playing,
My best friend,
Dog.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Nothing

<font color=darkviolet>I used to cry my self to sleep,
feel the hole in my chest,
made from not seeing my dad.

But now my eyes are dry.

I used to hate my mom,
take pleasure from her pain,
wish that murder weren’t a crime.

But now I just ignore her.

I used to feel the pain,
ever-present, always waiting,
ready to overwhelm me.

But now I feel nothing.
A lifeless husk
visible outside
invisible inside
unfeeling
nothing

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Opposites

<font color=darkviolet>Opposites must have one similarity,
or else they aren’t opposites.

(Think about it. Black and white. One is all color and one is the lack there of, but both are regarding color.)

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Opposites from the Same Litter (school assignment 8th)

<font color=darkviolet> Lucky,
tiny, white,
frolicking, trilling, playing,
Kira, daughter, son, Michaela,
hiding, squeaking, fleeing,
huge, black,
Squeakers

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Optimism

<font color=darkviolet>Optimism
I hate that dreaded word.
What’s the point in saying it,
if it’s never truly heard?

Do you really think there’s a person,
who looks at the bright side of everything?
Who always wears a smile?
Who can find the good in anything?

I don’t think there is.
There are some that might be close,
but they’re pessimistic at times,
they just don’t have an over dose.

But what is optimism?
From all that I know,
it’s always acting happy,
even when you’re feeling low.

What’s the point in that?
I thought you weren’t supposed to lie,
and if my life really is bad,
why shouldn’t it be pessimism I go by?

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Our. First. Kiss. (Song)

<font color=darkviolet>(Another song. This one has a beat similar to Taylor Swift's 'Our Song', but only kinda. And I know a part repeats, it's my attempt at a chorus.)

I lay in bed
looking at the big, black, sky.
Trying to clear my head
and get some sleep.
But I just, keep on see'n',
the same thing,
over and over agaaaaaaain.

And all I see is,
Your big green eyes,
staring back at me,
through the haze of thoughts and memories.
Your nice brown hair,
swept back and forth,
in that swift au-tumn breeze.
And the smile on your faaace.
Ohhh. Oh….
After our first kiss.

Everyday gets harder,
every second get longer.
My classes just aren't pass'n' by,
And my days are drag'n' on.
'Cause I can't stop,
think'n' about this one thing.
No, I can't stop.
I don't know what's hap-pen-ning.
And I can't stop,
No, it just won't leave my mind.
'Cause I can't stop,
think'n' about you…
And our first kiss.

Every time I close my eyes,
or let it slip: my con-cen-tra-tion
memories of last week's date
go pass-n by.

And all I see is,
Your big green eyes,
staring back at me,
through the haze of thoughts and memories.
Your nice brown hair,
swept back and forth,
in that swift au-tumn breeze.
And the smile on your faaace.
Ohhh. Oh….
After our first kiss…

Our first kiss…

Oo, Oo. Yeah.

Our. First. Kiss.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Pain (it’s not what you’re thinking)

<font color=darkviolet>So much depends on pain,
For pain is a warning,
It lets us know when we get too close,
To that flame that’s bright and burning.

Pain gives us caution,
Lets us know we’ve gone too far,
Reminds us to bend head,
When we walk under that bar.

Pain helps us learn,
Teaches us that when,
We prick ourselves it hurts,
And we don’t do it again.

Pain discourages death,
It makes us think twice,
Can give us enough time,
To listen to good advice.

Without pain there is no joy.
It balances things out,
So much depends on pain
Something the world can’t live without.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Palate Expander

<font color=darkviolet>In other words, self-torture.
It makes it so I can’t speak,
and I’m nearly choking
it’s so difficult to swallow!
When I eat it’s like an epic battle
between my food and me,
and my food’s the one that wins!
My tongue is scratched and bleeding,
and there’s a hole ripped in my cheek!
There’s more blood around the wires
pressing into my head.
And the worst of it all,
is that I’m the one who turns the thing;
literally pushing my teeth apart!

(I hate the orthodontist!)

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Perfect Life (school assignment 8th)

<font color=darkviolet>If only I could have everything,
everything I've ever wanted,
everything I've ever dreamed of.

If only I could have it all,
and know that I would never fall;
know I would always come out on top.

If only I could have it handed to me;
everything I could think to want
and know not the labor and stress
that comes along with work.

If only I could have one wish,
just one little wish,
to make it all better.
That's not so much to ask for.

If only I could be with you.
To once again say, 'I love you'
and to hug you every night.
To feel your warm, solid body,
held protectively against mine.

If only I could live a perfect life,
To know not disease and misfortune,
nor poverty and theft.
To know not of this painful sadness.
Nor to know of death.

If only I could,
I'd live a perfect life.

(Inspired by Abigail Lynne Becker's "If Only" from A Box of Rain)

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Perfection (Quote)

<font color=darkviolet>Nothing is ever perfect,
For perfection is a flaw.

(I want to use the lines in a poem, but so far I have nothing. I'll edit it if anything comes.)

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Porcelain Tub

<font color=darkviolet>I smell the fumes,
Burning up my nose,
As I sit in this porcelain tub,
Imagining smoky plumes.

My robe is wet,
Thoroughly soaked in gasoline.
People said I wouldn't do it.
You wanna make a bet?

I strike a match,
A yellow flame appears.
I bring it toward my robe,
But the fabric doesn't catch.

So I try again,
And strike another match,
I lay it on my arm,
And I'm engulfed in flame.

It covers me so fast,
The burning pain is everywhere.
But is it really worth it,
If it rids me of my past?

I can't take it anymore.
I try to put it out,
But after a futile attempt with water,
I fumble for the door.

I'm screaming now,
My sister's on the phone,
Answering someone's questions,
Who? What? How?

I find I'm getting nowhere,
So I turn back to the tub,
I see it's filled with water,
I jump in; no time to spare.

I hear a siren in the distance,
I don't know what it means.
A fog is covering my brain,
I give up with no resistance.

There's a blinding light,
But it's only a bulb.
Beeping in the corner,
On my bed are sheets of white.

This isn’t my room,
It’s a hospital bed,
So I guess my life will go on,
‘Till I decide my next doom.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Prisoner

<font color=darkviolet>I am a prisoner,
But not behind the bars,
For I am on the other side.
Though, I'm still not free,
I'm trapped within the building,
Where my every move is watched.

How I long to be behind those bars,
I wish it more than breath.
The iron door locks from my side,
But alas, I have no key.
It's contained within the warden's hand,
So I must do as she commands.

She tells me if I do as she says,
I'll be admitted to my cell.
But what she asks of me is so exhausting,
My few hours are spent in unconscious rest.

Though good behavior,
Earns me permittence to my cell,
My solitary sanctuary,
Is no substitute for the heaven,
That I crave more than life itself.

It is there,
Waiting for me,
Waiting until I return.
With happiness painted on the walls,
And love spread thick throughout the air.
How much longer will home be waiting?

To that I do not know an answer,
And for now, my few precious hours,
In my cell shall have to suffice.
But as long as these walls contain me,
I will never be at peace because,
I am a prisoner.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Random Thought

<font color=darkviolet>Is this what I really want to be doing with my time?
Writing these poems?
Sometimes I get my doubts.
I mean, what if my dad found out?
I know I can tell him anything.
But in this case, I think he’s better off not knowing.

But maybe this is what I’m supposed to do.
Maybe not poetry,
But certainly words are my forte.
But what if I’m not writing the right words,
Or thinking the right thoughts,
To fulfill my destiny?

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Scared

<font color=darkviolet>I’m scared.
For the past year I’ve felt nothing,
neither woe, nor joy.
Then, it was my protection,
but soon it might be my undoing.
For my life is changing,
it’s taking a turn for the better.
And once it does…
I’m scared.
What if I still feel nothing?
What if the numbness never leaves?
And what if I can never be happy?
Never truly happy.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Scared of the Dark

<font color=darkviolet>When I was little,
I was terrified of the dark.
But as I grew older,
I got over the fear.
Or at least that’s what I thought.
I know now,
that I’d learned to deal with it.
That I was never really at peace,
when I was surrounded by darkness.
Until a few months ago,
when I walked into the bathroom,
before I turned on the light,
and I was absolutely calm.
For the first time in my life,
I wasn’t scared of the dark.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>She Read Them

<font color=darkviolet>She read them without asking.
Just like I half-thought she would.
Why did I think,
for even a second,
that I could trust her in the slightest? !
Time after time, I gave her my trust,
and time after time, I was betrayed.
How many chances can you give one person,
no matter who they are? !
I stopped counting after twenty,
and soon after gave up entirely.
So why did I think this time would be different?
Why did I think she'd respect my privacy?
Because I don't think that's really what I thought.
I think I knew that she would read them,
and I just didn't care.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>She Says…

<font color=darkviolet>She says my dad is a bad parent.
I say that’s only what a true bad parent would say.

She says in 30 years we’ll be able to talk.
I say for that reason, you’ll be living alone.

She says I’ll grow up to be a troubled adult.
I say no duh, ‘cause I’ve got you for a parent!

She says I can’t cut myself off from part of my family.
I say you are not a part of my family.

She says I’m not living my life to the fullest.
I say how can I, when I’m stuck here in hell? !

She says my steely composure will get me nowhere.
I say I’m just reflecting what I feel and there’s nothing there.

She says I don’t share my life.
I say I have no life to share.

She says my poems are a great way to get my feelings out.
I say how did you know I write poems, you spying b*tch!

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Shocking Pen

<font color=darkviolet>The first time was an accident,
the shock came as a surprise.
I thought the batteries were dead,
which wasn't very wise,
and it resulted in my verbal cries.

"OW! " is what I said,
as I dropped the pen.
"Man, that really hurt,
I won't do that again."
But, of course, it wasn't long 'til then.

I clicked the pen a second time,
to be sure of what I'd felt;
that searing electric pain,
that made my hand feel like it'd melt.
It was equal to that of a blooming welt.

But I liked the experience,
like sweets given to a little boy,
and I craved it like a drug.
Why did I derive a joy,
from the pain caused by this toy?

Is there something in our nature,
that sees there's something we could gain,
by inflicting pain upon ourselves?
Do you think that maybe, we would go insane,
if we never caused ourselves some pain?

(Sorry another rhyme pattern failure. Suggestions?)

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Shooting Star

<font color=darkviolet>You wish upon a shooting star,
Wish that you're not where you are,
Dream of going very far,
All upon a shooting star.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Skates (school assignment 8th)

<font color=darkviolet>The ice is smooth, smooth, smooth.
I glimpse it out my window,
the clam water, frozen solid.

There they are,
pinned up by the laces,
to that old rusty nail,
in that forgotten corner of the room,
only ever looked upon,
when winter comes around.

Lacing them on,
I feel as if I've gained a friend,
one I've known for years.
The boot forms flawlessly to my foot,
hugging it in a secure embrace.

I walk,
tottering on the thin blades,
over the threshold,
out into the freezing air,
the cold snapping at my face.

I sink into the snow,
as I make my way to the lake.
The ice is smooth, smooth, smooth.

My blades hit the ice,
carving the surface,
in a pattern of snaking lines.

The music takes over,
playing in my head,
as I begin my dance.

I spin and twirl and jump,
feel that wonderful sensation,
as my feet lift off the ice.

I'm flying through the air,
streaking across the lake,
all in time to the music,
playing in my head.

As my performance comes to a close,
I let out a long, deep sigh.
For I know that by tomorrow,
my stage will be long gone.

So for now,
I'll live in the moment,
floating over the ice,

just me and my skates.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Snow (school assignment 7th)

<font color=darkviolet> (Lanturn)

Snow,
Glowing,
Icy Cold,
Freezing to core,
White.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Suicide Note

<font color=darkviolet>(Let me warn you that this is totally not real. I don't plan on killing myself and I don't even live with my mom anymore. I don't know what cuased my to write this, but...here it is.)

The world wasn’t cruel to me,
but one person was.

My life was worth living,
but not around her.

I couldn’t take it anymore,
the pain,
the intensity,
the stress
the confusion.

Sure it was only a week at a time,
but every other week,
was enough to drive me mad.

One week I’m in heaven,
happy, loved, living my life.

The next I’m in hell,
miserable, forsaken, wishing I were dead.

I couldn’t take it anymore,
and I made my decision.
I know that it was selfish,
but I need the eternal peace.

I don’t know what I’m throwing away,
I don’t know what life I could have had.
And I don’t care,
nothing is worth living through this.

I’m sorry I had to go,
but understand I had to,
understand I’m sorry,
and understand this is goodbye.

Forever.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Tears

<font color=darkviolet>I remember when I would boast,
of my ability to cry whenever I want.
But now I no longer boast,
for I have reason to cry.
At any hour,
any minute,
any second,
sadness.
Now it’s all I can do to hold back the tears,
and they always come anyway,
whether I want them to or not.
Tears are nothing to glorify.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>The ‘M’ Alliteration (school assignment 8th)

<font color=darkviolet>There’s a Myers family tradition,
Passed on from generation to generation.
It may seem fairly small,
But it means a lot to Myers all.

Every Myers baby born,
Has a name that must conform,
To one little, simple rule,
The name must be one letter dual.

You might ask what is this letter,
Why it’s ‘M’ of course, no one is better.
For our last name can’t be changed, you see,
So the first must make the alliteration be.

Sadly though,
The tradition on, will not go,
Because I am the last of those who carry,
And the tradition will go, once I marry.

Sure, I could continue it,
But a new name I’d have to fit.
It just wouldn’t be the same,
So I’ll treasure while it lasts, my alliterated name.

(I know it doesn't make sense, it will once I change my name back.)

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>The Book

<font color=darkviolet>I said, “No.”
I won’t read the book.
She said, “OK” and left,
without another look.

I was expecting a consequence,
I didn’t think it’d be that easy.
That’s when I heard a noise,
a noise that made me queasy.

I heard her enter the garage.
Then something made a thud.
I knew she’d thrown something away,
and my first thought was, “Oh crud.”

Then, “I wonder what she took.
What is it I must pay?
My computer? My book? My journal?
What did she throw away? ”

I thought about crying,
but then I saw the truth:
It doesn’t matter what she does.
She won’t break this rebellious youth!

‘Cause those things are all material,
they don’t mean that much to me.
Well the poems on my computer,
but they’re saved on here, you see.

So I refused to read the book,
but I will not pay the price.
Because there’s nothing she can do,
to make be obey; be good and nice.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>The Internet

<font color=darkviolet>The best place to hide something,
is to hide it in plain sight.

The best place to store something,
is where it cannot be destroyed.

The best place to keep my secrets,
is the Internet, where all will see, but none will know.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>The Only Thing My Mom Said That Went In (Quote)

<font color=darkviolet>'It's not lying, it’s deceiving.”

(I so want it on a T-shirt.)

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>These Green Hills (school assignment 8th)

<font color=darkviolet>6: 30 am
I'm perched among the branches
of the old oak tree.
Through its drooping limbs
I see a beautiful scene,
For beyond the whispering leaves,
I see the green hills rolling;
the cliffs off in the distance.
And past their tops I see,
a sky with orange tint,
marking the sun's arrival.

6: 45 am
The glowing yellow orb
is now visible in its trek
through the pastel-colored sky.
Looking to the cliffs, I see
the sun begin to peek
over the tops of their bald heads.
The warm, golden light
illuminates the dew,
sparkling in the grass.
My breath catches in my throat,
as I watch a world unfold before me.
I can feel the magic,
pulsing through the land.
See it woven between every thread.
As I gaze upon this wondrous beauty,
a part of me is lost,
carried off by the wind.
For now I have no cares,
only the blissful joy I get
from seeing this world come to life.

7: 00 am
The sun is now aloft,
fully in the sky.
I turn my head away,
For the light's too bright for me.
I fix my eyes
upon the ground,
admiring, all that's there,
in the last few moments,
I'm able to spare.
Those moments pass
oh so quickly.
And I begin my climb,
down the faithful oak.
Once my feet
are on the ground,
I turn my back
to that secret world.

I can feel the magic,
as it slips away.
All too soon,
my departure’s come.
The sun is up;
a new day’s begun.
But I’ll come back,
I will, I will.
I’ll come back
to these green hills.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Things Just Couldn’t be Better

<font color=darkviolet>I’m here,
at my dad’s house,
right now,
talking to my dad,
while holding my cat,
and I never have to go back to that hell!
Things just couldn’t be better.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>This Is Not My Home

<font color=darkviolet>Home is where I'm comfortable.
Where the ones I love are waiting.
Where things are understandable.
Where there's no angry debating.
Where I know that I am safe.
Where I'm almost always happy.
Where there are ones who've earned my faith.
Where my life is never crappy.

But this, this is hell!
Where I'm tortured day and night.
Where nothing ever goes well.
Where my life's a sorry plight.
Where my time isn't my own.
Where my creativity won't roam.
Where the gray clouds are never blown.
This is not my home!

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>This Love

<font color=darkviolet>I've never talked about this love before,
But I will not avoid it anymore.

You see, there's this guy…
And with my feelings for him I've always been shy.

But someone knew, right from the start.
She knew this little man had a special place in my heart.

Well, guess what sis? You were right,
Even if your words were just teasing spite.

How many times did you say, 'she loves him'?
How many times did I deny your comic whim?

Same as the number of times I whispered, "I love you, "
And was kept awake at night, knowing it was true.

I wish I had the courage to tell him how I feel,
But I know that I don't, I'd probably faint from the ordeal.

I don't even have the strength to give his name,
Until I conquer that, things between us'll stay the same.

For now, my fabrications will have to do,
'til I can look him in the eyes, and tell him, "I love you."

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Tiger (school assignment 7th)

<font color=darkviolet>(Haiku)

Tiger is hunting,
Stalking around the forest,
His prey is now caught.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Tigger

<font color=darkviolet>We were just getting back,
after a few days at the beach.
We were looking for our pets.
The first thing we always do.

With a little work, we found Junior,
but Tigger was still missing.
He really loved attention,
so I understood with us gone, he'd be hiding.

But the minutes dragged on
and he still wasn't found.
I thought, "I'll scream if I find him dead."
But that was just me being dramatic.

We were running out of places to look,
and still there was no sign of him.
I thought, "Maybe he's using the bathroom."
so I went to check the litter box.

As I stared at his body,
waiting for his chest to rise,
I realized his fate,
and all I could manage was, "I found him."

My mom came over and saw him too.
She's the one who screamed.
"No! No! God no! This can't be happening!
What do I do? ! What do I do? ! What do I DO? ! "

My sister joined her too,
Maybe asking her to save him.
But I knew that nothing could be done.
I'd known with my first glance.

I was the one,
who found Tigger dead.
I was the first to know,
and it's scarred me for life.

I think that Tigger died of suffocation in the litter box. My mom had just started using a new type of litter and he must have been allergic to it or something. He lived a great life and the only time he ever stopped purring when I gave him a bath. I miss you, Tigger! I'll love you forever!

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Useless ePEP

<font color=darkviolet>I got a project in school today,
It’s supposed to help me make my way,
On to a successful future.
At least that’s what they say it’s for.

Why should I start ‘with the end in mind’?
What if I chose to leave life behind? !
I don’t see why I should plan,
For a future with a limited span.

I hate my life.
My best friend is a knife.
My chances of making it don’t look good,
Still think you got a reason for why I should?

For me, tomorrow may not come,
That’s why this assignment is really dumb.
But yet, you still don’t get it,
Can’t you understand this has no benefit? !

Who cares what I want as a future career?
I probably won’t last ‘til the end of this year!
I’ve got things to deal with now,
Who knows how much time my solutions allow?

You say take AP,
It’ll help with a college degree,
But I’ve still got five years to go,
And in a life full of woe?

So answer me again,
After you think of when,
The student to whom this project’s assigned,
Has an existence with little more time.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>What Happened: The Answer

<font color=darkviolet>I shouldn’t have opened the box.
I know that it was wrong,
but you shouldn’t have given me the key,
should have known my curiosity is strong.

You can’t undo what’s been done,
information can’t be unlearned,
and though we’re sorting it out now,
you’ll evade the punishment you’ve earned.

‘Cause I know that you will lie,
for you see, that’s part of your crime.
They help you get away with much,
I see it happen all the time.

But I’m fed up with your lies!
I know what you did!
Why don’t you just confess,
and let our lives of you be rid!

You degraded yourself,
in ways too disturbing to explain,
and yet you ask of us respect,
though why we don’t is surely plain.

And on top of all of that,
you keep us from our dad,
the only one that can help us,
through what you did that proved you’re mad.

So yeah, I shouldn’t have done it,
but it unveiled your dirty deeds.
it showed who you really are:
an ugly creature with sick needs!

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>What I’ll Never Admit

<font color=darkviolet>She tells me,
that she’s no longer responsible,
that she’s no longer the cause of my pain,
that from here on out,
it’s all me.

What I don’t say,
is that I know.
I know I’m the one
who controls the hurt that I feel.
I figured that one out months ago.

Yet I still do it.
I’m still inflicting the pain.
I don’t want to let go.
And I don’t want to move on.

Because I know the pain,
and a part of me enjoys it.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Why is it

<font color=darkviolet>Why is it
when I ask my sister
how she knows it’s love,
she says
because she’d cry if they died?

Why is it
that I know I love my dad
because when I’m here, away from him
a hole’s ripped through my chest
and I cry myself to sleep?

Why is it
that I know that I love someone
when in their absence
I feel helplessly lost in this sea of agony?
Why is love determined by pain?

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Wish’n’ I’d Done…More (Song)

<font color=darkviolet>(Another song.: D I think it took the music from the being part of Kelly Clarkson’s ‘Breakaway’. But maybe not.)

‘ gonna live a long, long li-hife.
‘ gonna walk a long, long path.
To a farrrr aaaaway…place.

‘ gonna have fun, fun ti-himes.
‘ gonna do fun, fun things.
That; ll ju-uuust fade…away.

I’m gonna get rea-ly stri-hict.
‘ world’s gonna be black and white.
With nooo moore creee…ation.

I’m goona be an old, old person.
Think’n’ of old, old mem’ries.
Wish’n’ I haaad…more.

I’m gonna be on my death bed.
Think’n’ ‘bout my long, long life.
Wish’n’ I’d done…more.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>Worm Trouble (school assignment 7th)

font color=darkviolet>(Clerihew) (I love clerihews!)

Out of the apple popped a worm.
It made the teacher scream and squirm.
The worm gave the teacher so much of a fright,
That it caused her to run straight out of sight.

(They’re supposed to be funny.)

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>You Can’t Stop Death

<font color=darkviolet>You can’t stop death.
No matter what you say,
or what you do,
it will never stop.
It’s part of a natural cycle;
the circle of life.
And no matter how much you think the world will end,
or that there’s nothing else to live for,
life will go on, always.

Jane Meyer

<font color=darkviolet>You Have No Idea

<font color=darkviolet>You have no idea
of all the pain I've felt,
No idea
of the number of tears I've shed.

You have no idea
of all the time I've wasted,
No idea
of what's been lost.

And you have no idea
of how much I love you,
And all I've been through because of it.

You have no idea
of any of these,
because there's no need for you to know,
it would have only caused you pain, unnecessary.

You have no idea
because I've hidden it all from you.
I have, and always will,
protect you.

You have no idea
Nor will you ever have one.

(The poem I never thought I'd write and the one I wish my dad will never read.)

Jane Meyer