

Poetry Series

Kristina Smith
- poems -

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Kristina Smith(03/23/1968)

I'm not a writer, but I love writing, if that makes any sense. Writing helps me cope with my feelings, my outlet you might say. I'm no pro by far, I just speak from my heart.

My War

My heart is my battlefield
I'll defend it to the end,
It's has taken quite some time
to rebuild and to mend,
I am a seasoned warrior
I've heard and seen it all,
The fortress and wall around my heart
I've built it strong and tall.

I once was easily fooled by love
persuaded by its lies,
the one thing I thought I couldn't be without
is now what I despise,
I am now the soul protector
of this battered bleeding heart,
I've worked too hard to let loves allies
rip it all apart.

I see your army marching
toward my scarred and calloused cell,
My secrets, wishes, and love longings
never will I tell,
I am a soldier of my heart
that you shall never break,
I will stand my ground tried and true
outside this iron gate.

Your charms like bullets wear me down
and soften up my senses,
you chip away at all my walls
and many mended fences,
My shield and armor I throw them down
choking on my pride,
I kneel before you in admiration
and let you step inside.

I swore that I would never again let anyone through this door,
you may have won loves battle, but you haven't won loves war.

Strong Like You...

My heart lies broken, battered and bruised, it barely pumps at all...
you are so strong, you falter none, I've never seen you fall,

My stomach is twisted and tied and knots, tears they fall like rain...
yet you stand smiling embracing life, you never feel the pain,

My fight is gone, my body aches as I crumple to the floor...
no second thoughts you pass me by and walk right out the door,

I have no shoulder to cry upon, an ear no one can lend...
there is no entity you can't charm, everyone's your friend,

I envy you, I truly do, to feel no fear or ache...
I foolishly gave love one last try, only for loves sake,

for all this tattered hearts been through, you think it would be tougher...
my loves instincts were never right, loves only made me suffer.

I wish that I were strong like you, to never waiver or fall...
I wish that I were strong like you and never loved at all.

Kristina Smith

The Invisible

I am the invisible, I am overlooked
I am standing here right next to you, you didn't even look,

I am the invisible, I am the haunted
I am cowering deep inside of me, my screams leave you undaunted,

I am the invisible, I am NOT okay
I am throwing punches in the air as you walk away

I am the invisible, am I alive or dead?
I used a knife to cut myself, to my dismay I bled...

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