

## Poetry Series

**Liliana Roman**

**- poems -**

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**Liliana Roman (10-20-96)**

i love to write fiction and poetry; i also love to sing and dance. i didn't grow up in a loving home, however life is good for now. i currently have no idea where my biological mom is, she could be dead for all i know. i am fourteen years old and am a Freshman in High School. poetry is my life.

## **Fear**

Boom  
Crash  
Rattle  
Tattle  
What do you do when you don't know what to do?  
Bing  
Bang  
All my thoughts mixed around  
Rah!  
Rah!  
Parents yelling  
Me fighting  
Whoosh  
Cold blood coursing through my veins  
Chills all over  
What do you do when you don't know what to do?  
Swish  
The wind whispering devious things in my ears  
I think and think  
But  
Bing  
Bang  
All my thoughts mixed around  
Daddy  
Rah!  
Watch what you're doing!  
Mom  
Rah!  
Shape up!  
What do you do when you don't know what to do?  
Boohoo!  
Cry?  
Feel bad for myself?  
Ha-ha!  
Laugh?  
Stop caring and don't do anything?  
What do you do when you don't know what to do?  
Ha-ha-ha!  
An evil laugh echoes in my ears  
Whose is it?  
Mine  
I have laughed  
I have cried  
I have said oh woe is me  
Stopped caring  
Didn't do anything  
Rattle  
Tattle  
I don't want to be in this place  
hubbahubbaloo  
It's all gibberish  
It's really hard

What do you do when you don't know what to do?  
I'm lost  
I need to find myself  
Fear  
It's a terrible thing  
It takes over you  
It makes you think terrible things  
Boohoo  
It makes you curl up on your bed and  
Cry  
Weep  
Sob  
Bawl  
What do you do when you don't know what to do?

Liliana Roman

## **I Am**

I am beautiful and unique  
I am freshly mowed grass  
I am a loud roar  
I am a soft whistle in the wind  
I am a infant's first smile  
I am a sour lemon  
I am a sweet bowl of sugar  
I am a hurt child and tears of pain  
I am the pleasure of the sun setting and moon rising  
I am poetic, beautiful, and unique  
I am me  
And no one can tell me other wise  
I am a loud quiet  
I am no mystery for I can be read like a book  
I am a sweet apple fritter  
I am a sunny day  
I am a stormy day  
I am me  
And no one can tell me otherwise  
I am a mother reading stories to children  
I am many things  
There are too many to list out  
However that's what make me  
Me  
I am me  
And no one else can tell me otherwise

Liliana Roman

## **I Am Not Home**

Perfect place  
Perfect house  
Perfect room  
I am not home  
Perfect friends  
Perfect life  
I am not home  
To everyone everywhere  
Everything seems perfect for me  
However  
I am not home  
I am alone  
In a far remote place  
I do not know where  
I am scared  
I am not home  
In this odd place  
The sun does not rise  
Something blocks it  
My heart does not beat  
There is no feeling  
I am lost  
I am scared  
I am not home  
At night in my perfect bed  
I cry for mommy and daddy  
I hug my teddy bear  
He does not hug back  
He also knows  
I am not home, he is not home  
Where am I?  
It is cold  
My perfect home is a garbage dump  
The perfect place is a waste land  
Barren and cold  
When the wind blows  
I fall over  
I am scared  
I am lost  
I am not home  
I want to go home  
Something is keeping me here  
I want my mommy I want my daddy  
Please let me go home?  
I am cold  
I am hungry  
My mind is empty  
Fun is no longer in my vocabulary  
Why won't it stop?  
Let me go home  
Perfect place  
Perfect house

Perfect room  
I am not home  
Perfect friends  
Perfect life  
I am not home  
Where is home? I am not there.  
Did home change?  
Or did I?  
I am scared  
I want to go home  
Where is it?  
Can you tell me?  
Do you know?

Liliana Roman

## Life

Why does life have to be so brutal towards me?  
Im doing the best I can  
That's all you can ask for  
Why does life have to be so brutal towards me?  
In the hallways Im  
Shy  
Little  
A nobody  
Why does life have to be so brutal towards me?  
At home im  
To loud  
Obnoxious  
No mannered  
Selfish  
Mean  
Spiteful  
Why does life have to be so brutal towards me?  
Im doing the best I can  
I slack off sometimes  
But everyone does  
Don't they?  
When im in school  
And we get to work in partners  
I end up  
Doing all the work  
That person gets an A  
Ripping all my hard work  
From my hands  
And calling it theirs  
Why does life cause me all these tears?  
When I try not to cry  
I end up almost drowning in my tears  
Im doing my best  
Reading all the books  
Doing all the studying  
Writing all the papers  
Using all my manners  
What am I doing wrong?

Liliana Roman



## **Missing You**

You don't know  
How much I miss you  
I think of you every day  
Your always on my mind

All of the smiles we shared  
Are just memories now  
You don't know  
How much I miss you

You were always there  
Through thick and thin  
You promised you would be there  
Till the end

Missing you  
Used to tear me apart  
But one day I remembered  
That I will also die to

I will be with you once again  
So all I have to do  
Is make it to the end  
And be happy

I still miss you  
But it doesn't tear me apart  
It builds me up  
And reminds me to be strong

Liliana Roman

## Mommy

mommy,  
do you remember me?  
i was your little girl  
and you were mine  
i was there for you  
all the time  
do you remember?  
i fed you  
i cleaned you  
i woke you up in the morning  
i walked you to school  
i helped you with your homework  
i read you stories  
i put you to bed  
do you remember when i was your mommy?  
when you were  
drunk  
high  
sad  
abused  
mad  
i took care of you  
you were my little baby  
if you had nightmares at night  
i would be there to comfort you  
you were my little baby  
and i was your mommy  
when you would  
get mad  
i would let you  
hit me  
yell at me  
throw me  
leave me outside  
i would let you  
grab anything in reach  
and hurt me with it in anyway you could  
i was your mommy  
i was there for you  
why did you send me away?  
do you even remember me?  
your mommy is fourteen years old now  
she still remembers you  
however  
the question is  
do you remember her?  
I still and will never stop loving you  
your little mommy

Liliana Roman

## **My Wonderful Books**

My books show my smarts  
Classical, romantic, sci-fi  
I love to read  
My books show my smarts  
I may be pretty but don't judge a book by its cover  
I come in a package deal  
You only like pretty  
Get another friend  
I am smart and pretty  
My books show my smarts  
Classical, romantic, sci-fi  
I love to read  
If you are going to look down your nose at me  
Do me a favor  
Get out of my life

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## **School**

School is like an off-brand prison  
It holds you in for eight hours straight.  
There's sagging pants  
Food's as terrible as dad's homemade soup  
It makes you work for nothing  
You sweat and don't get anything out of it till 9 years in  
School is like an off-brand prison  
What is it to you?

Liliana Roman

## Silence

Silence is a black void  
Threatening to suck you in  
Silence beckons your name  
Trying to make you join it  
Loudness  
Happiness  
Laughter  
All join and fight against the black void of  
Silence  
Silence creeps closer and closer to the loudness  
Silence notices something  
His black void is now a gray void  
The closer he gets to loudness  
The lighter he becomes  
However  
With pride he went on towards the loudness  
He is now a deep shade of red  
What is that?  
Its some loudness  
A baby's first giggle  
What is he seeing?  
A baby's first smile  
No!  
However with pride he kept going on  
Now  
He was a bright shade of pink  
He triumphed  
For he had reached the loudness  
But  
What was this?  
Loudness?  
Happiness?  
Laughter?  
He was happy  
He wasn't silence any more  
No longer a black void  
The loudness became one  
They worked together  
They heard all of the giggles  
Cheering  
They saw all of the smiles  
Some big and toothy  
Some small and shy  
The silence had almost forgot about having been silent once  
But  
Happiness also hears the  
Weeping  
Sorrow  
Mean words  
Happiness also sees the  
Frowns  
Fighting

Mean looks  
The silence felt terrible  
His now bright pink void had once caused that  
His friend  
The other pink void  
Told him cheerful words  
They together made a plan  
To conquer the new darkness  
Together  
Silence  
Is silent no more

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## **Tears**

Wet  
Cold  
Sad  
Tears streaming down my face  
my friends say  
get drunk  
get high  
it makes everything alright  
but does it really  
getting drunk  
getting high  
relieves the moment  
but only makes it worse  
in the long run  
when the thrill disappears  
the tears reapper  
i hide my tears everyday  
in hope that someone will notice  
my pain and agony  
tears keep flowing down my face  
but no one seems to notice  
....to be continued

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## Whispers

I run  
Faster and faster  
The wind blowing  
It whispers things in my ears  
Faster...  
Faster...  
Go...  
Go...  
The wind  
He pushes me  
He forces me to go faster  
I run and run  
I see that yellow ribbon  
Wind, he sees it too  
He pushes me  
He whispers to me  
Now he's yelling at me  
Faster!  
Faster!  
Go!  
Go!  
He keeps pushing me  
Pushing me towards my goal  
Then I hit it!  
Wind hits it!  
I raise my hands in victory  
The wind and I hold up that yellow ribbon  
Wind whispers once again  
You did it  
We did it  
Hey there's another race next Saturday  
You in?

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