Poetry Series

Lillianna Martin

- poems -

Publication Date:

April 2009

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

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Cinderella

My name's not Cinderella,
I don't need to be saved.
I don't have a wicked step mom,
My father's not away.

I don't sleep in the attic
I don't clean the fire place.
My name's not Cinderella
Now get out of my face!

I don't cook all the dinners
the breakfast, or the lunch
if I get in a fight, it's safe to assume
that I threw the first punch.

I'm not your Cinderella.
I don't need to be set free.
But if i did, I hope you'd play
The prince who rescued me! ♥

Lillianna Martin

Darkness

Darkness is bliss
so soft and so sweet.
the light makes you see
what lies at your feet.

Light can be blinding
and binding as well
the lighter the heaven,
the darker the hell.

So please say goodnight now
for me never to rise,
and allow me to claim
an eternal night's prize.

For darkness is bliss
so sweet and so soft
so please say goodnight now
and then turn the lights off.

Lillianna Martin

Directions Please

There's little in taking or giving,
There's little in water or wine;
This living, this living, this living
Was never a project of mine.
Oh, hard is the struggle, and sparse is
The gain of the one at the top,
And art is a form of catharsis,
And love is a permanent flop.
Work is the province of cattle,
And rest's for a clam in a shell.
I'm thinking of throwing the battle -
Would you kindly direct me to hell?

Lillianna Martin

My Reason

Razors pain you;
Rivers are damp;
Acids stain you,
and drugs cause you cramp;
Guns aren't lawful;
Nooses give;
Gass smells awfull;
You might as well live!

this is the reason
i would rather not light
in the dark there's no trouble
in the dark there's no fight
only peace;
only night!

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