# **Poetry Series**

# **Marina DiAngelo**

- poems -

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#### A Scream

There is this lady, who slowly breaks me.

I want to scream, but I'll lose everything then.

And she lives across the street from me, and is the mother of my friend.

I'm too young to hate, and I don't want to hate, but it's so dang hard.

I just want to scream what's in me, but I'm afraid what other people will say, especially her.

I don't understand, why I'm scared to know what she thinks of me, I shouldn't care at all, but I do.

#### **Chains**

Breath of fresh air try to lift my heavy heart it ain't working.
Wanting to let go, be free but I can't figure it out, how to cut the bonds nor have the bravery to do it.

Please, take this weight off my shoulders. I'm too young to be chained by despair and anger.

I am to weak to stand alone, or to stand with others.

I'm caught between a rock and a hard place, struggling to breath.

I'm sinking under the surface, battling to stay afloat. For I am one alone.

I may find someone out there who can break my shell and free me from my chains.

I stand on a high mountain, my arms trembling, my knees weak a rock perched in my hands threatening to crush me and I abide I wait hoping someone will come before it comes crashing down on me.

## Don't Feel the Pain (lyrics to a song)

You don't see the hurt, the anger I've been feeling. I just want to leave it on the curb, don't bring it to my home. I wanna feel love again to burn away the ice that grips my heart.

So leave that pain and anger, throw it away and let's enjoy a brand new day.

See, and believe, oh don't you see you bring it all back to me Don't you see? I wanted to be the girl you been waiting for But you can't seem to resist If I run away tonight, will you come back for me? Will you ever bring me back Away from the anger, the sorrow You planted here.

## Hurting

Some people when they're hurting, scream it way out loud, some get help and let it out honestly, I don't know how. Some people turn to the darkness others go to the light Which hides their pain away. But me, I keep it all inside and let it fill me up. Slowly, slowly sometimes bubbling up and overflowing while smiling through the pain For I am afraid of jumping high or low Also afraid to trust for those trust me, but not me them. And I am afraid of depending, one to hold on to. No one, not even myself knows exactly who I am. I hide behind a positive shell always smiling, laughing giggling while holding on and losing my grip Falling in to the river. But no one knows but myself. And I'm losing wasting. Becoming lost in hurt.

# **Only in Writing**

Only in writing, do I start to understand myself and who I am.

## Supernatural

Many came there that night, upoń loners way of creaturesof night and day mostly all afraid The humans came Torches, Stakes And we, unknowing I turned away, as a fight broke out vampire upon werewolf I could not stop it. As we stood our heads to the sky The ghosts swooping down, the moon high in the sky, We didn't see the smoke that dark gray smoke Come to kill us

They came in hoards, blood pouring human and supernatural Supernatural We are natural they are the ones unnatural

Night broke to dawn only few alive Neither victors I a survivor Though I wish I were dead

The supernatural
The humans
One night of violence
of misunderstanding

#### The Guest

Every heart has a guest, and every guest has a card Every card has a way to be destroyed in time.

The guest sneaks in, the heart pangs the card is hidden from the heart.

From the card, the guest deciphers to be or not to be the choice is made and the guest goes mad

The heart was told to stop the guest but 'twas too late.
But the heart disagrees.

Fighting the guest was hard and the heart failed repeatedly. The heart became weaker black overcoming white

The card still safe, the guest settled down Ready to change history. With the heart frozen, the guest killed many and screams echoed in the deep heart.

Shadows crept in, along with hate. And years passed.

Finally, the heart broke free; and found the card. But how to wreck it, he could not see.

The guest chuckled. You see she held the key to ending the card, to ending the pain it had caused.

But with a secret weapon and a scuffle, and silent screams the card blew up the red embers sweeping away, the guest departing. Life never was the same,

	for the guest will blow on.	
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#### The Shell

Whenever I take a breath, I feel the heaviness inside. Maybe a deep breath lightens it a bit, but never leaves me free.

My laughs are held back My smiles strained My whole body screaming to be free.

How does no one notice the shell I have been caught in?

They sneer and jeer and I pretend not to notice, but I do and it hurts.

This shell has done more harm then good, yet I can't shed it, anymore than a turtle leaves his shell.

## Yelling at You

People don't get it!
We're making the same mistakes!
But this time, we'll be lost and shattered, and there will be no respite!
No recovery!
Just lost life!
And those left will fight to the death, like the pig-headed idiots we all are.
And none will be left.
Grass will- might- grow and trees could grow or maybe because of us they won't.

Maybe the world will be barren and ugly.
Or covered in water and ruled by the fish.
Or, covered in fire from volcanoes or caught in eternal storm.

And it may be to late, but if we try we can lessen the effects and maybe still live.

We can end world hunger we have enough food to do it twice over, yet we squabble like toddlers and do not share.

Nearly a million are starving 30,000 children die from it everyday. While we eat super-sized meals that are three times what we need.

Both obesity and starvation are on the rise, but do we focus on the hungry?

#### No!

We focus on those who can do it themselves when those who really need help are the ones who can't get to food.

Droughts, storms, earthquakes, fire; murder, terrorists, suicide, disease. Some are preventable all are very dark and dangerous.

All are lethal.

So stop the needless squabbling and DO something... because while you were squabbling about what to do... I started it.