

Poetry Series

Melissa Elisabeth Alana
- poems -

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Slow, Calm Whistle

Slow, calm whistle
A slow calm whistle,
Of the wind through the trees.
The chirping and buzzing,
Of the birds and the bees

Standing on the path,
Knowing not which way to turn.
Maybe in the future,
There will be a lesson to learn.

A gentle breeze on my face,
As tears slide smoothly down.
Once there was a smile,
But now a permanent frown.

The slow calm whistle,
Has ceased at last.
The light has all gone,
Darkness has been cast.

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Your Face, His Face

I see your face a thousand times a day,
Every time I turn my head away.
I cannot escape that image in my mind,
Your smile: twisted, cruel and so unkind.

Though you're far away from me,
My life I cannot lead so happily.
Your face it haunts me day to day,
And still the pain won't go away.

A memory locked and hidden tight,
A memory of an endless fight.
A childhood cruelly snatched away,
And still you're there every day.

Though you're far away from me,
My life I cannot lead so happily.
His face it haunts me day to day,
And still the pain won't go away

A secret from a troubled past,
A pain I know will always last.
Two faces I wish to disappear,
An end to sorrow and a lasting tear.

Though you're far away from me,
My life I cannot lead so happily.
Your face it haunts me day to day,
And still the pain won't go away

I dream of an end to this pitiful sight,
The one that haunts me every night.
A life of pain because of you,
And not forgetting, your husband too.

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