

## Poetry Series

# Miranda Will

- poems -

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### **Miranda Will (January,25,1994)**

My pen name comes from a nick name my uncle gave me when I was little. I am his favorite niece of 6, he is my one uncle that I do have contact with. My last name is my grandpa's last name and he has passed on.

I have a tendency to say what's on my mind before thinking of the consequences, and often hurt the person I try not to hurt. I have been separated by all my friends and most of my family by their choice or gods. I have one really good friend that does understand what I am going through, because he is too. I am thankful to this site for giving people like me a way to let out my feelings in poetry as well as read others that I can relate to.

I am going through some really tough times right now. I found out that I need to have surgery on both of my feet for a problem that will only get worse the longer I wait. My mom has me set up to get my surgery some time between April 2 - 11 2010. I will have so much free time that I will hopefully come up with some new poems. Until then, LOVE EVERYONE EVERYWHERE.

## **A Snowy Sunset**

Snow Snow on the ground  
Sun is sinking down down down  
Trees trees covered in Wight  
People gasp at the sight

Snow Snow on the ground  
Animals scurry all around  
Snow Snow in your hair  
Stiffness and cold in the air

Snow Snow on the ground  
People sledding down down down  
Hot Coco and coffee inside  
Why not go for another sled ride

Snow Snow on the ground  
The sun has set past the ground  
Lights light up the city bright  
People every where say what a sight

Miranda Will

## **Flowers**

By: Dominic B.  
For: Mirand (AKA) Randi Williamson

Flowers  
~Roses are Red  
~Violets are Blue  
~When I think of Flowers  
~I think of You

Miranda Will

## Love OR Not

When I was younger I was taught to love,  
To love anything and everything.  
As I get older I have learned that to be a lie.  
I had loved animals, people, teachers; everything,  
but it was always taken from me at some point or  
another by something unknown.

Animals by death or rules.  
People by god's will or theirs.  
Teachers when I moved grades or schools.  
Everything at some point or another.

Now I am afraid to love.  
I have loved before, and they were taken away,  
like every thing else.  
I had boys in my life before, and they were taken away.  
One's mom called me the Devil's child to my face.  
My mom took another by calling him, that was that.

My whole life has been about love.  
Recently I changed that.  
I loved a boy and he loved me back,  
but that wasn't enough.  
I pushed him away.

I was afraid to love again until some one showed me how.  
Not every one's the same, and I can always love again.

Miranda Will

## The Door

I have this feeling I've never felt before  
It's like the slamming of a door  
My heart ache's to be with him

He was the first guy I noticed  
In my freshman year  
He was in 2 out of my 8 classes

One day I found out about the dance  
All I wanted to do was go with him  
My "friends" all encouraged me, but in the end...  
He came to me

His exact words still run through my head...  
"Since your being such a chicken shit, will you go with me? "

Of course I said yes  
I just couldn't wait for him to show  
But something happened, he couldn't go

I went with the guy who would break my heart  
He was bad from the beginning  
Something I couldn't see  
Even when you tried to show me

I should have listened  
I wouldn't feel this pain  
I also wouldn't feel this comfort  
You had waiting for me when I came

You were always there for me  
Something I could never see  
We are alike in so many ways  
And different in more  
But I no longer felt the slamming of that door

One day you brought the door back  
And slammed it in my face

You said I was holding you back  
That you wanted to run with the pack  
I'll tell you something,  
I don't follow, I lead

School is tough  
Love is tougher  
But school heart breaks are the worst

I have found comfort in my friends  
The one's I know won't hurt me  
They explain that we were never right  
They helped me through an internal fight

I will always care  
Not the way I used to  
There are other people for me  
Something I can now finally see

Some one helped me open the door  
And once more I open myself up  
I don't really trust anyone anymore  
Because of what Boy's have done to me before

I hope to never be hurt again  
I know it will happen,  
That is why I don't let him in like I did

He is nice to me and truly loves me  
But I thought you did to,  
You proved to me that I can't trust everyone anymore

Miranda Will

## **The sad story**

By: A friend

For: Everyone in the world, this may come in handy when you are lost.

The sad story  
Every day I open my eyes  
I wonder if I will ever see  
The one whom I'm destined to be

My heart is slowly dying  
and for that I can't stop crying

With all the love in the world  
I can't find any,  
even though theirs one to many

You could say I'm just a fool  
that love hits me in the face  
and I just act cruel

But thats not true  
I have my reasons  
eather its fake or leads to a bad conclusion

There was once one love  
Who I thioght was forever  
but that name is gone, lost some where

Maybe in my future we will meet once again  
and my heart will be filled with all the love it can take

But for now I'm dead  
Until that one true kiss  
that will wake me up from this hell I'm in

And for that I'm sad but not for long  
just until I find one true love

Miranda Will

## **Where I am from**

I am from a small close knit family,  
From a place where stuffed animals are the best listeners  
I am from a house where tripping over milk cans are normal  
From a yard where UFF DA means S + hit

I am from blankets that keep me warm  
From, a bed, where my mom and I talk  
I am from a Kitchen where something is always cooking  
From a plate of lasagna I home made

I am from a family who values heritage  
From my grandpas lap and his stories  
I am from a shoe box where pictures are kept  
From a place where memories are never forgotten

I am from a neighbor hood full of trees  
From a yard where trees are obstacles  
I am from a back yard where my dogs run around  
From a hole that they placed exactly where I would trip

I am from a spaghetti dinner shared with the neighbors  
From the sweet smell of fresh cut tomatoes  
I am from a porch where an old wine barrel is a table  
From a bench where all my problems are solved

I am from a place where Mr. Big came  
From an Uncle, though no longer there still helps me  
I am from a place where Mr. Big is the best listener  
From a family who cares

Miranda Will