

## Poetry Series

# Rachel Faye Elliott

- poems -

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### **Rachel Faye Elliott (July 13,1991)**

My name is Rachel and I absolutely love writing! Its all I do in my freetime, when I get back from school. I also like to draw and paint. My plans are to become a writer/Illustrator when I am older.

Works:

I am only 14, so I haven't published my books I have written yet but they're called:

the melfsword  
locked in with fear  
the lost key  
missing identity  
the attraction

**\*.\*movies\*.\***

they take you to an enchanted place  
a mystical world  
full of grace

they take you to a later year  
with light savers  
and a character with hate and fear

they take you to a scary scene  
its so gross  
you can't believe the movie screen

they take you to a special kiss  
its so romantic  
so full of bliss

Rachel Faye Elliott

## **Just the Way You Are**

I love your smile  
Won't you stay for awhile?  
Your face is twisted  
your hair is thin  
but all I see  
Is your beauty within

Rachel Faye Elliott

## **MUSIC**

sings through your mind like a gentle breeze  
wiping the thoughts away  
it reminds you of a better day

runs through your body  
can you feel the beat  
before you know it, your tappin' your feet

sitting in your room, no one knows  
get movin'  
you know you can't resist the grovin'

you go crazy jumping up and down  
the music is controlling you  
with its special sound

you look up  
your dad is watching  
the music is gone, but your face has a new red blotching.

Rachel Faye Elliott

## **Racing!**

Racing! racing! to the finish line!  
The trophy! the trophy! The trophy must be mine!  
Faster! faster! faster must I run  
So I can get ahead! ahead of everyone!  
I ran! I ran! across the finish line!  
But to my dissapointment..the trophy is not mine

Rachel Faye Elliott

## **Understand?**

You don't love me the way that you say you do  
I don't like you just leave me alone  
I just want to be friends  
Understand?

Rachel Faye Elliott

## **What if?**

What if birds couldn't fly on a warm summer day  
or the stars weren't there to show us the way?

What if the night was the day, and the day was the night  
and we snuggled in bed, while it was still light?

What if we were all silent, not a voice to be heard  
and we went on through life without saying a word

Rachel Faye Elliott