Poetry Series

Sydne Morris

- poems -

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Sydne Morris

Hello! My name is Sydne and I love poetry. It makes me feel smart when I do some crazy things. Food, love, sorrow and music are big topics of mine! See Ya

Works:

I don't have a published book but I am writing one based on Anime.

confused

At the dance
we were Inseparable
but now you ignore
making me feel lonely
was it a bad choice to ask you out
or should I wait and let love take control
but I am not a girl of patience
you know that
I am so confused
show me the way
or I'll show you the door
don't listen to your mind
listen to your heart
I can teach you what you know
if you are willing to listen
please hear me for
nothing is clear
I am so confused

Sydne Morris

Do you think I like all these questions?

What up?
Yes, I am Black
No, I don’t like R&B, rap or hip hop
Yes, I am a woman
No, I am not a Mrs. or Miss
Yes, I like to be called Gary
No, I don’t want to be a guy
Yes, I love Football
Yes, I am a tomboy
No, I am not an athlete
Yes, I wear black
No, I am not gothic nor do I believe in Satan
Yes, I have my own slangs
No, I don’t care if everyone can’t stand them
Yes, I am English
Yes, I sort of have an accent
Yes, I rolled my eyes at you
No, I don’t care if you are offended
Yes, I am a street fighter
No, I am not a bully
Yes, I love Punk Rock
No, I don’t have tattoos
Yes, I am disabled
No, I am not weak
Yes I am a bookworm
No I am not a goody good

I am Just an American
who doesn’t like to be stereotype against so don’t even try.

Sydne Morris

High School

The halls are crowded with people yelling
Teachers falling over their bags fulled with useless infomation
you would think that it is better than home
but you would rather sit in your domain
watching buffy and eating gummy worms

Over to your right are the jocks flirting with the geeks
and to your left are the rejects asking out the Plastics
has my world left in its confusion path
Finally the annoying bell rings
calling us like animals
which we are no doubt

A couple hours later lunch comes and your fear comes true
there is no where to sit
but the wet grass
with ants biting at your skin
you'd wish the day would end
but your remember that this day just repeat it self
so you sit down on the grass
thinking: This is High School? ? ? ?

Sydne Morris

Hurting my mind

You would think we are just friends
but your hands keep touching mine
when will this confusion stop
while we still smile those fake expressions
you know how I feel
brushing you hair with my fingertips
Is their another one
who steals you from me
nothing can heal the scar
that has just opened
maybe one day you will hold me
and love me like you should
but untill then
every single thought
of your hair, skin, smell
and grey blusih eyes
is hurting my mind

Dedicated to Nathan Davison

Sydne Morris

I Come From.....

I come from Punk Rock
blasting in my ears
it is the music of my soul
but the beat of my heart

I come from a messy, yummy casserole
called Mac and Chesse
somehow it always hits the spot

I come from a table whose wood
is strong and firm
nothing can break it nor stain it

I come from yells and screams
that echo in my head at night because they are my own

I come from the top of a roof
where I find a friend eating her lunch
sometimes I fall and the tress
catch me

I come from a mother
who demands respect
but never gave it to anyone
except her cat

I come from cars big ones, small ones
ugly ones and ones you wish would break down so you wouldn't ever have to see again

I come from Blood Rayne
whose teeth are deadly
whose clothes aren't mom approved

I come from talks my grandmother
says even when they take 30 minutes for her to get to her point

I come form mustard sandwiches
that complete my sours cravings
they're easy to make and to eat

I come from a feeling of love that was never really there between Danny and I

I come from my cat name Callie

she teaches me how to be lazy

I come from a government which makes a crazy white rich man president
Now they wonder why they have problems

I come from mistakes in my past
haunting me ghostly never leaving me alone

I come from poems sucking me
in their words because
a word paints a picture
a sentence tells a story

Sydne Morris

sad but true

Sad but true

She hides behind her bed
Her throbbing head against the wall
Thinking about her family
They all died in a fire she started

Uncontrollable tears rolling down this girl’s face
What have I done
She thinks as screams and yells come from her brand new door in her brand new house

Every part of her wants to sleep the night away
But the sandman will enter her dreams
Taking her back to the day it happened
A place full of death and sorrow
That’s not her key out of the horror

Finally the teary eyed girl picks herself off the floor from behind her bed
She opens the door without another choice

The monsters outside attack this girl
Slamming hard to the ground
Blood dripping down on her body
From her face
The pain hits like knives oh so cold

Slowly she crawls to the bathroom
The mirror shows her terrifying image
Cut up permanently
The knife in the drawer is her only friend now

However she can’t face her family now
So she puts the knife back
Realizing she has to deal with life
All of the is sad but true

Sydne Morris

The American Dream: War

War smells like…..
Wet paint on a new car
Rotting flesh on mended bones
Dripping cold blood
Whiskey around the camp fire
Repulsive body odor
Wet musty sweat
Hot ham & turkey at home
Compost at Black Hills
5 finger discount Poison Perfume at Macy's

War looks like …..
Hell on earth
Death seeping from the ground
Impassive faces on the dead
Dismantling jail cells
Decaying medicine
Thin, clothes barely staying on those thin bodies
Little kids rolling in the mud

War taste like…..
Brittle oatmeal made from a broken oven
Hot homemade ant soup
Cookies& cream ice cream
A 20 year old snicker
A friend's evil step grandma's spinach ravioli
Rum burning on tongue

War sounds like….
Rain pounds on a roof
Mud squoozing through your toes
The tick and tocks of a clock
Poor men crying over no money
An angry god vanishing the world

War sounds like…(cont.)
Weather challenging the universe
The chalk screeching on the board

War starts because……
Idiots want to fight over their manly egos
Religion is so overrated
Americans can not accept differences
Anger is exploding from countries
Too much drama swept under the rug

Soldiers are……
Made form a lion's heart
The symbol of freedom
Everyday people fighting for a purpose

Our strength
Cowards of America

War is….
An excuse to shed blood
An unstoppable part of life
A graveyard of its own
The undertaker

Wars will end when……
Men learn to talk not battle out their problems
Guys are allowed to wear dresses to schools
Martha Stewart is actually liked
Natural disasters make the world into a ice age
Animals can control humans

Sydne Morris