

Poetry Series

Tiffany floyd

- poems -

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I can be a deep person from time to time, but let's face it. Who's like that all of the time? I know I can say that I'm not.

I have moved more than 39 times in my life, and I am only 16 years old. I fight as an occupation, in a fight club, that is just for those that are under 18. I like what I do, and I plan to join the Marines.

Works:

I've had a lot of poems published, but I don't have any books. I assure you my first book will be about my great uncle Ronny.

Twenty Years

For my great uncle Ronny who took part in Vietnam. I am always here for you.

Alone I have lived here for twenty years. Lost in my thoughts, and at night, I drown in tears, remembering things that bring back fears. No one sees the pain in my eyes. No one has heard those perishing cries. No one has had to say twenty-five last good byes in one day, and be the last to survive, and be expected to be the same. No one sees what I see. No one wants to try to understand me. Though I have fought to keep you safe and, though I lost my mind, and now I'm insane, so you all could live the same. You look down on me, you hate me too. But you don't know what I've been through. I have seen death, and I have seen life. I have seen the dark, when others see light. I have seen hate, when I have missed love. I have seen the devil, but didn't see God up above. I have seen blood, and I have seen bombs. I have even seen Nonrandom. Though a glorious site, I can't take it in. Because when I am happy, my haunting past begins.

My past is my present, because I see it day to day, and all you can see is that I'm insane. You don't ask why, and you don't care. For twenty years you've left me here. You've waited for me to die, and you've waited for me to rot. Only so you can get your gummy hands on the little that I have got. You fake to love me, thinking I can't tell. You say God has blessed me, then dam me to hell.

You talk about me being brave. You talk about how many people I have saved. But you talk more of how many people I have sent to their graves. You don't ask what I've seen, because you think I will have a flash back, and become deadly and mean. You don't ask if I want to vent, because you think it won't help one bit. You don't tell me you love me, or that you care. For twenty years you have left me here.

I have sat in this hell, seeing doctors come and doctors go. Some things they've done to me, you will never know. I have a little food, and couldn't think of you, because all the drugs that come through. I am one step from blacking out, just so they can quiet my lonely shouts. I don't know what I've become and why. I just know I'm left to cry. I can only remember those years in that war. Then to lose, and then it's back to fighting some more. What was the point? What can I do? You won't listen, because I am only insane to you.

That war I fought, I haven't forgot. The faces I've seen, running from death, the murderous queen. She's the only love I know. She was what I was taught to show. She was my love when nothing else came. She was what made me insane. She is my liquor or my beer, but you don't understand because you left me here for twenty years.

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