

Poetry Series

Kailynd McGregor
- poems -

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Kailynd McGregor(May 27,1989)

My name is Kailynd L. McGregor, and I love poetry. I cannot go anywhere without my journal and a pen. I am 18 years old and I would love to have my works published. My mother, grandfather, great grandmother, are all published authors, so you could say its in my blood.I'm a senior in high school, and I live at the gateway to Glacier National Park, one of the most beautiful places on earth.

A Little Bit Of Happiness

Photographs capture memories
Good and bad alike
Sad times and happy times
They capture the emotion

Mom, leaning into Dad
Smiling, with presents in her hands
Her bright-red hair, blending with Dad's
As she sits in her Pooh Bear sweatshirt

Dad sits there, smiling,
In my favorite plaid, green shirt,
Reading the newspaper
It's Christmas Eve down in the basement

They sit on the blue-striped sofa,
Sitting close together
They smile as I take the photo
The last little bit of happiness

Mom and Dad were happy then,
But they're not anymore
They don't talk, smile, or even hug
They hardly show emotion

It takes its toll on my family
Last night Dad called me, crying
I love my mom and I love my dad,
But I don't think I can choose

I'll always have this photo, though,
To remind me of back then-
Back when they were happy
When I had that camera in my hand.

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Daddy Why Don'T You Love Me?

Daddy
Why do you love her, and not me?
You said I was your little girl,
Then you said I wasn't even your daughter.
Daddy this is so confusing,

You love my sister,
But you don't love me.
Daddy I look just like you,
Why don't you love me?

It hurts to think of what I can do
I can't make you love me,
And I can't make you want me.
Daddy you said you'd love me forever.

Why did that change?
Are you embarrassed of me?
Am I not good enough?
I want to make you love me,
But I can't.

I shouldn't love you,
But I do because you were my hero,
And you walked away.

Do you love Alexandra?
Why not me, why was I
Less deserving of a father

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I Still Love You

You told me that you'd love me forever,
I guess you lied,
You said that you wanted me
And that you cared.
But I guess that changed when you met her.
Her, that perfect girl for you
The one you'll give your heart to, instead of me.
I gave you my everything, but that wasn't good enough.
I gave you my heart, and you walked on it.
I told you my hopes and dreams, that included you
And yet, you still don't care.
I was just a game to you, just a pawn to move around.
You ripped my heart out,
You didn't even tell me we were through.
That you found somebody new.
I try to hate you, but its not working.
I still love you!

Kailynd McGregor

In The Rain

i've always wanted to make love in the rain.
bodies on fire,
the rain like little kisses to every part of the body,
everything slick and wet.
sending shivers down my spine,
the taste of sweet rain on lips.
thunder in the distance, covering soft moans.

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Listen To Their Stories

Take some time to listen
To their stories of long ago
You just might learn something
You didn't already know

Grandmas and Grandpas,
Aunts and uncles, too
They talk of their lives and loves
And of their best friends, too

Grandma talks of her boyfriends,
Of her and grandpa's blind date
She said it was love at first sight,
But that her older sister made them wait

Her sister said, 'Wait till your twenty-
Then you can decide,
If you want to spend your life with him
And then I'll stand by your side.'

So on March 9th, 1963,
Just four days after her 20th birthday,
They said their vows
And thought nothing could go wrong.

But only eleven years after that happy day,
Their marriage came to an end-
Grandma lost her husband
And one of her very best friends.

Grandpa died when he was thirty-three,
While making his daily rounds.
His helicopter hit the telephone lines
And came tumbling to the ground.

Today, thirty-three long years later,
Grandma still cries almost everyday-
She thinks about him all the time,
But knows she'll see him again someday.

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Love

Love,
Heart-wrenching, emotional,
Wanting, waiting, dreaming,
It is blind, and unrequited-
Pain

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Once

Once I was,
A weeping tree,
Standing tall, and willowy.
Dancing in the wind,
Tendrils flowing at my shins
But now I am,
An autumn tree
Losing all my golden leaves.

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Overwhelming Hatred

Bloody, and pungent
Salty streams of tears.
Piercing screams,
In the midst of silence.
Breathtaking,
Overwhelming,
Sucking you in.
Frustration building pressure.
Like a Volcano,
Bubbling, gurgling,
Just waiting to get out.

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Poetry Class Poem

The sun like,
Millions of golden raindrops,
Are falling on the land.
The moon like,
An island, constantly floating,
In an ocean of darkness.
The sun like,
A lion stands
Bright and ferocious.
High above its kingdom,
Gleaming down upon its followers,
The moon like a fish,
Swimming, in a sea of despair,
Iridescent, gloomy, always frowning.

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True Meaning Of Love

Walking along, all by myself
Strolling through the woods, dark and wet
The towering trees slightly bending
The wind whistling through my hair

As I keep walking I suddenly hear
A still small voice telling me, come closer
Listening to the voice leading me on
I feel that it's the Holy Ghost,
Telling me someone needs me

I stumbled upon a little girl
Standing alone in a meadow
She stoops as tears fall from her face
It makes me so sad, so I ask what's wrong

Ever so slowly she tilts her head
Tears streaming from her big brown eyes
She shows me her hand
Closed tightly around a little locket

She starts to shudder and I take her hand
She tells me her father has just died
And I cry along with her and hug her tight
I tell her it's ok and that she'll be alright

She tells me he gave it to her
The little heart shaped trinket
Given to her Just a few months before
He left for war.

She says she's alone, with no one to turn to
She says she's scared with her father gone
I try to comfort her as I walk her home
Walking hand in hand as we reach the gate

She says thank you to me as I turn to leave
She says that she'll be all right
She knows that God is with her

For his tears are the rain
And he's crying because she's sad

So on my way home, I stopped in a grove
I sat there and pondered
Whether or not I had helped her
Or if she really helped me

To understand the true meaning of love
Her father gave her a locket as God gives us rain
The locket for when he was gone
The rain for his sadness when we cry

I shall keep this memory with me in my heart
For as I reached my home the sun came out
And I knew it was a new day
To show the meaning of love

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War

WAR
SHAKEN HEROES
WANTING TO LIVE
BUT WAITING TO DIE
SUFFERING

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