

Poetry Series

Kellsey Hartmann

- poems -

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Kellsey Hartmann(5-21-1994)

Not all of them come from my personal experiences, but a good bit do. I just get so into my writing. I enjoy writing because it's a great way for me to escape reality. I love poetry with meaning and feeling, poetry you can see and form a picture for even after you're done reading it. Please let me know how I can improve upon my poetry.

Beautiful Winter

The warmth still surrounds me as I open the door
one step out and I feel the cold rush around me
I can't take my eyes off the beauty
just look at all the trees

Icicles hang from their branches
bending and bowing under the snowy weight
a world blanketed and pure
creating such a beautiful sight

Snow falls down around me as I take a few steps forward
lazily drifting flakes wet my nose
they slow but continue to fall
I see a pure, clean world, momentarily froze

The falling snow stops its decent
but it leaves beauty behind
pure and untouched by all indoors
underneath, who knows what you'll find!

The sun peaks out from the grayish clouds above
instantly the world starts to glitter
I see a bright cardinal stir nearby
I hear its wings begin to flutter

The stark beauty is breathtaking
of this cardinal's red and the snow's white
I take one last look and head for warmth indoors
thinking only of the beauty as I lay awake that night

Kellsey Hartmann

Beauty Of Spring

it starts with the grass
slowly, blade by blade
growing, sprouting, covering
while more beauty is made

the green of the grass
then the green of the trees
slowly, but early showing
the small but budding leaves

the early flowers
pouring color and beauty
a still bland land
but now with color to see

the birds coming back
with their squawks and their tweets
the ground growing warm
beneath my bare feet

the bunnies and the squirrels
the turtles and the snakes
the fish swimming free
in the thawing lakes

the beauty of Spring
with new life all around!
the coming of pure beauty
with the thawing ground

Kellsey Hartmann

Caught At Sea

High winds and waves
have place in this storm
raging so violently at sea
so out of the norm

The boat rocking
to-and-fro
caught in this storm
nowhere to go

A wave crashes down
splashing across the deck
a few aboard give in
exposing, offering their neck

'Have me now! '
no hope they've kept
except to be drug
down to the depths

The boat rocks violently
no standing on feet
all sailors knocked down
accepting defeat

They all cry for home
crying love to far off people
a few praying, wishing
they'd been under the steeple

Slowly, the rocking less violent
the storm rains slow at last
they realize the storm
is beginning to pass

Hope is restored
a few sailors shout
letting loose their relief
letting thankfulness ring out

The storm has passed
and all goes on as norm
not much is said
of that frightening storm

When all seemed hopeless
all gave up the fight
yet hope rang out
with the sun's warm light

So close to disaster
yet what was learned
'what afterlife' the wondered
'have I earned? '

All think of life more
and who they ought to be
their lives forever changed
that horrible day at sea

Kellsey Hartmann

For Myself

The recognition
That little whisper
When the world seems to notice
That one thing you did right

The colors
The setting sun
When the day and night meet
With fading and final light

The love
That happy contentedness
When you look at some one
And realize they're worth the fight

I won't give up
I won't give in
I won't fail this time
I won't let this win

I'll conquer my cowardice
I'll forget self-regret
I'll forget my doubts
I'll give them something not to forget

I'm not like them
I am me
I'm not big or bold
though I know I can be

It's my fight
I fight for these
I love this life
In MYSELF I believe

...Even when no one else will

Kellsey Hartmann

Friends

I have found in you
The truest of true
No one could be
A better friend than you

You're always there
When I need to chat
Though conversations are random
Mostly this and that

There is never a dull moment
When you are around
And there is no better friend
To be found

You make me smile
When my days turns gray
And turn my mood
From sad to gay

You are the truest friend
And no one could take that
I'm grateful for our friendship
And that's a fact

Kellsey Hartmann

From Season To Season

A young tree sprouts
And grows each year
Beneath sits a girl
Who's shed a few tears

In the heat of summer
The tree grows fast
With lush green leaves
A shadow is cast

Time ticks on
And knowledge will grow
But some stay ignorant
Refusing to know

She walks down the street
Her eyes cast down
She feels their scalding glances
And begins to frown

It is now fall
And the leaves are falling
No more flowers
No more birds calling

She didn't tell anyone
Not for a long time
She knew they'd all scorn
They'd see it as a crime

They call her such names!
And they avoid meaningful contact
They think they'll catch it
And they make their own facts

They call themselves Christians
But they can't be really
They don't follow their beliefs
Well not entirely

She sits down to reflect
As daylight grows dim
Lying is the same!
It is also a sin!

It is now winter
There are no more leaves
Everything is white
And snow covers the trees

She just doesn't understand
So she sits and thinks
And nothing makes sense
Tears are on the brink

"Yeah 'happy' describes this hate"

But just like a tree
Emotions have seasons
Soon enough she'll see
Happiness defies reason

Kellsey Hartmann

He Was Strong

a little boy
just five years old
doesn't understand
what he's been told

never knew his daddy
but mommy's there
he begins to get it
as sheds a tear

mommy holds him
she holds him tight
they both cried
cried all night

another visit today
visiting the doctor's office
days like this
sadly become commonplace

he grows weaker
as the days go by
but for mommy
he has to try

he prays each night
'Please God, make me right.'
mommy sits by his bed
scared to leave him each night

the doctors know
he's only got a while
mommy cursing God
'He's just a Child! ! '

the cancer is winning
and somehow
he knows it
he's calling for mommy now

mommy's never left
been by his bedside
he takes her hand
'It's all right.'

he looks up at her
'We all have some time
and then we go to God;
I'll be fine.'

she looks and smiles
and strokes his head
for those last hours
she never left that bed

they quietly said goodbye
now she knows she was wrong
she thought he was growing weak
but he was growing strong

Kellsey Hartmann

Holocaust Train Cars

I wonder how...
How many days,
Since we ate, drank...
Have seen the sun's rays

I wonder
How much longer
'til we're free,
And don't have to stand here

How long?
How much
'til I have
Any food, water, and such?

Each day we stand,
Each day that passes,
More people die,
Lying in masses

Each day that passes
There is more room to sit,
Then lay, on the bodies...
Their hearts all quit

Finally! They open the doors
And those left unload
"faster! Faster! FASTER!"
They all goad

Shortly after
We all lay where we were sent....
The gas chamber...
Where our lives end

Kellsey Hartmann

I'M On My Own Now

I'm on my own now
away from family
making new friends
slowly but surely

I'm on my own now
my future is mine
I take care of me
and manage my own time

I'm on my own now
no one to care for me
this is the time
where I determine who I'll be

I'm on my own now
no one to tell me what to do
no one to hold me close
with a caring 'I love you'

I'm on my own now
no one to cry to
no one to blame
or tell me what to do

I'm on my own now
with freedom before me
and responsibility entirely
so now I'm starting to see

I'm on my own now
I can do it
I know I can
I know I have it

I'm on my own now
it's a breath of fresh air
a wake up call
now I have to care

I'm on my own
and I know I can make it...

Kellsey Hartmann

Importance Of Beauty

I put on my make up,
and paint on my face.
Cover all marks,
covered without a trace.

I squeeze in my clothes,
and adjust for the size.
I hate to sit down
'cuz they'll squeeze my thighs

I plaster a smile
on my painted on face
and responed to the jerks
with elegant grace

I am beautiful
in the eyes of all.
I'm not too big
and I'm not too small

My fake face
and uncomfortable clothes
make me so beautiful,
for everyone knows...

In today's hectic world
what's important is beauty,
who cares about what's real!
Just paint on your identity!

Kellsey Hartmann

It's A Curious Thing

it's a curious thing
how the birds know
where to fly and when

it's a curious thing
how there was created
both women and men

it's a curious thing
but who do you think
created it all?

it's a curious thing
but He created everything
with it's own specialized physique

it's a curious thing...
but He made it all

Kellsey Hartmann

Mama Bird

a mama bird sits in her nest
her tiny eggs nestled beneath her feathers
whether rain, wind, or snow
she keeps them safe through all weather

she cares for them each day
keeping them both warm and cool,
both dry and safe
rotating them on cue

she nurtures and they grow
loves like mamas do
she waits for the day
that they can love her too

one day they'll hatch
and she'll still love like mothers do
protect and nurture them
they'll love her too

Kellsey Hartmann

My Guardian Angel

so long ago,
yet so vivid in my memory,
those tiny eyes,
those lashless lids,

the sterile smell,
the smell of medicine,
the lights turned dim,
protecting their fragile eyes.

you were so tiny,
so fragile and frail,
born unprepared and too early,
yet already an old man.

the special diapers,
made smaller,
yet still too big,
hanging off your premature body,

lying there.
alone at night,
with all those wires and tubes.
all the other 'sick' babies.

you're heart never got good enough,
and we knew you were losing,
and somehow,
you seemed to know too.

fifteen days,
that's all we were given,
all you were given,
to live on this earth,

now you're laid to rest,
but never forgotten,
especially not today,
it's your birthday.

you would be a teen,
my third of five siblings,
probably bratty,
probably hormonal,

you'd be a young man,
strong and healthy,
another friend,
someone I'd love always.

now I know I can imagine,
but I'll never know,
we weren't given enough time.
you weren't given enough time.

but you look down now,
watching us all,
keeping us safe,
watching us grow.

you're my angel,
now,
and forever,
I love you my Guardian Angel.

Kellsey Hartmann

My Reflection

I look in the pond,
he stars twinkling above,
the moon shining bright,
hidden in the grove.

This small open field,
where fireflies light,
where all is peaceful,
on this pleasant night.

Yet my heart aches.
I am not content.
I stare at my reflection,
needing a way to vent.

I think about my life,
all those wasted hours,
all those precious moments,
that i should have devoured.

I think of the love,
the kindness I've known,
the people I've met,
how my views have grown.

Yet I sit on the sidelines,
along for the ride,
but now in my life,
it's the receding tide.

I feel my loss,
at the things left undone.
True it's been good,
but I could have done.

I've never gone out,
and initiated a thing.
I thought I was great,
but this has been humbling.

I look toward the pond,
and look at my reflection.
Now I wonder more.
I have a single question.

Can I go out?
Can I be great?
For once in my life,
can I initiate?

I look at the pond,
and I see a new me.
It's never too late,
to be who you want to be.

Kellsey Hartmann

Mystery Of Night

I sit and stare
out into the cool night air
a cool breeze blows by
nights like these, cause my natural high

I look up high
into the endless sky
I see so many stars
could that be Mars?

the trees sway
as another breeze makes its way
the rustling of the trees
the flutter of the leaves

somewhere close by
an owl's cry
I must say
it is a wonderful night for May

the moon no longer shines bright
no longer at such a high height
the sky is purple and pink
this is predawn I think

such a wonderful night
so many beautiful sights
the light is coming bright
and ending the mystery of night

Kellsey Hartmann

Our Little Red Boat

our little red boat
we set afloat
with all those patches
to cover deep scratches

we row down rivver
a cold breeze, I shiver
you watm me through
with your blanket blue

you've hurt me bad
and made me sad
butthen I realize
there's truth when you apologize

we spend all day
having so much to say
but in the end
we'll always be friends

you are my best friend
and where the river bends
you ask a question
my face shows joyful relection

now every day
we always may
be happy and joyful
this moment is wonderful

'cuz on our little red boat
we set afloat
with all those patches
to cover deep scratches...

Kellsey Hartmann

Right Beneath The Willow

As I look through the branches
Dangling with elegant grace
I let my mind wander freely
Though it is still a race

A race of these thoughts and those
And which confuse me most

I lay beneath the willow
And admire her beauty
Then my thoughts slow
And I forget what is to be

I forget the stress
I forget the rest

I lay beneath the willow
Her beauty and grace amaze me
For a few precious moments
All I think is of her beauty

I am at ease
As the wind rattles her leaves

It's beneath the willow
All is for once right
Just ease and pleasure
As through the leaves I see new light

Kellsey Hartmann

Snowed In

The slanting sleet
pounds against my window
it's not to long
'til the sleet turns to snow

I light the fire
keeping warm and content
I'll just keep waiting
for the weather to relent

The snow keeps falling
by now piling up high
the comfort of a good book
as the day is drawing nigh

rapped in my blanket
that I, myself, made
I look outside
and see how much has laid

the fire, now coals
I stir the orange embers
I sit on the couch
to just sit and remember

now it's off to bed
where I'll be warm and content
maybe as I sleep
the weather will relent

Kellsey Hartmann

Spring

The frost is melting
the snows all gone
the green is going
it's waited so long

the soft white petals
the fresh sweet dew
the broad green leaves
the rainbow's hue

the birds are singing
the bunny's, hopping
the deer are running
and girls are shopping

the babies born
the plants alive
the streams are teaming
so much new life!

this is Spring
a time of renew
nature is blossoming
right on cue

Kellsey Hartmann

Sunny Spring Days

The days grow long
As the sun peaks out
The birds are returning
On their yearly route

The ground soon thaws
With help from sunny days
And warmth and joy
From sunny rays

The sun on my skin
Feeling warm and content
So grateful it's Spring
With cold weather's relent

I'm warm and I'm happy
For the sun's shining rays
Oh! how I cherish
These sunny Spring days!

Kellsey Hartmann

Thank You Lord

When things seem harsh
I may fall or slip
or catch myself
after I give lip

I may make a mess
or say things mean
my sense of judgement
isn't always keen

sometimes
I think then speak
but sadly, it's reverse
I'm human and weak

I was given free will
and sometimes I'm severe
sometimes I say things
though my reasons aren't clear

but in the end
I always remember You
even if it takes a while
and I read a verse or two

then I know I was wrong
Then I see
I see my answers
not always written plainly

it just takes time
and a little prayer
but with each day
I'm getting there

Thank You Lord

Kellsey Hartmann

The Beach

I step on the warm sand
The tide is rising high
But soon the rising tide
Will be drawing nigh

The beach is at its smallest
With the water so close to the dunes
But the day is only half
As it is only noon

The seagulls fly above
Hoping to catch a snack
Warm water
It's all this beach may lack

The breeze is blowing
Gently cooling all
The waves are rolling in
Muffling the seagull's call

The sand, soft between my toes
As I relax in the noonday sun
The conversations rise
Sounds carry of the fun

The waves come crashing
Rolling to the shore
Boogey boarders miss a wave
But still there are more

They catch a wave
And the thrill begins
They ride it to the shore
Their faces show vibrant grins

Beach balls
Volley balls
Just catching ball
You may see it all

The games are played
And memories made
Cooling in the waves
For there is no tree shade

Sand castles built
And shells collected
These memories stored
To be happily recollected

A soft breeze blows
And lifts my hair
On this pleasant day
With weather fair

This is the beach
Where as each day ends
Happy thoughts and memories
For years my heart lends

Kellsey Hartmann

The Cat

Crystal clear
And blue as can be
No puffy white clouds
Drift above me

Pointed green blades
Cushion my feet
There goes a bird!
Oh! what a treat!

Off I go!
On my chase now
Got to stay quiet
Hold back my meow

Stalking the little birdie
Creeping ever nearer
At last, I pounce!
I missed I fear

Oh well!
I let out that meow
I find a sunny lap
Time for a nap now

This is the life
As i curl up close
On my master's lap
My tail tickling his nose

Kellsey Hartmann

The Chase

my breath in misty white puffs
escaping into the cool night air
the moon my only light
the wind whipping my hair

my skin grown cold long ago
dampened by panic'd sweat
running, trying to escape
they have to catch me yet

the blood has since dried
of my superficial scratches
the trees blocking moonlight
darkened to glow, coming in patches

I can hear them now
they're right on my tail
everything is fading fast
please strength! don't fail!

a cold bead of sweat drips down my chin
I feel my body starting to slow
I'm so thirsty and tired and, no, not scared
just please don't let it show!

I have to stay strong a little longer
I hear those horrid hounds begin to bay
I see them running toward me fast
please let me live another day!

Kellsey Hartmann

The Cherished One

protected, covered, safe
inside my little shell
what shall I be to the world?
I guess we'll have to wait to tell

gorged, full, nourished
my shell cracks a little
my tiny root, single, begins to grow
as the rain continues to dribble

i take hold, secure
my roots are firmly planted
my little shoot begins to grow
but am I wanted?

with roots planted, secure
my shoot grows on
I grow up a little and peek
to see the morning dawn

on I grow, flourish
while my roots are firm
I love the nutrients given
of this friendly worm

my leaves unravel, unfurl
but what will I be?
still so small, unimportant
the world will have to wait to see

I grow up taller, straight
more leaves will come
am I a flower? bush? tree?
oh! but I'm not done!

i grow big, strong
and little buds appear
the petals grow
to love, they are dear

my thorns may hurt
my smell so fragrant
it's worth the risk
I am what they want

a beautiful red!
as soft petals grow
I have petals perfect
and now I know

I'm wanted now
in this world so busy
there's some one out there
to cherish my beauty

they chop the trees
and bushes get flattened
yet, I am cherished
comfort, when something's happened

I am cherished

Kellsey Hartmann

The Daily Masquerade

We all walk
With our painted faces
Our masks are firmly placed
As we walk across the stage
Our masks are ever changing
Joy, excitement, sadness, rage
Our masks are always there
In this real-life masquerade

With mask firmly placed
We enter each day
And with each change of scene
We find new lines to say

It's only when we drop the mask
And quit this daily play
And be our true character
Without the masquerade
That's when life becomes fulfilling
And the best memories are made

Kellsey Hartmann

The Next Chapter

The excitement builds
I'm ecstatic to finish
But now excitement and fear
Are hard to distinguish

The end of a chapter
But not of the book
What lies ahead?
But I can't sneak a look

This is life
It's scary at times
But it's so worth it!
Is loving it a crime?

The unknown
The unexpected
I'll learn to plow through
My happiness is easily detected

I know I'll make it

Kellsey Hartmann

The Old Man

his claw-like fingers
grip his well-worn Bible
his pipe lies by his bed
it always was a foible

the sunbaked skin
like leather by now
his distant, unseeing eyes
beginning to cloud

his memory started going
about the same as his body
his wife by his side
his good wife Dotty

his kids gather round
with their kids in tow
this means so much more
than they'll ever know

he looks at each face
as lost memories come forth
he can tell by their smiles
his life has had worth

he looks back on the good
his life that has past
he smiles one more time
as he breathes his last

Kellsey Hartmann

The Protector's Gone

The words are said
but do they ever hear?
not what was said
it was said so clear

they twisted the words
and vilified the Protector
they spat in their faces
taunted like a court jester

they took what they were given
but that's never enough
when they were threatened consequence
they called a bluff

not a slap on the wrist
not a punishment at all
but their rebellion
was the last straw

they got what they wanted
they are left alone now
they just up and left
the Protector's gone

now they're on their own
is it fun now?
do you see your bad reasoning?
do you see how?

Kellsey Hartmann

The Rainbow We Are

whether you're feeling
mad, sad, or even blue
or you're black, white, purple
or some other hue

whether you're a
black, blue, or a red head
if it's dyed
or if it's natural instead

whether your eyes are
blue, brown, or green
or maybe
some color inbetween

whether you're
tall, short or inbetween
and whether you're
average, big, or lean

whether you're
Goth, Punk, or Rock
or maybe even
prep with bright socks

Does it matter?
Are you different?
Do you fit in?
Are looks important?

I don't think so
'cause we're all the same
we're all human
we just give a look a name

LOOKS DON'T MATTER!
they just make us unique
we're all special
with our own special physique

What colors are you?

Kellsey Hartmann

The Ride

the smooth, cool scales
hard and durable
beneath my hands
the giddy feeling, laughable

I climbed aboard
safe between strong wings
and suddenly we're up
I have found belonging

our minds connect
and the rhythm starts
the light, joyful feeling
through clouds we dart

the wind whips past
we're going fast

my hair whipping back
my skin beginning to cool
the tingling, electric feeling
though some call me a fool

the wind whips past
we're going fast

a giddy giggle
a happy smile
I see the earth below
stretch on for miles

the joy overflows
no longer contained
my giddy giggle
I no longer refrain

the wind whips past
we're going fast

we swoop and soar
we dip and dive
we laugh aloud
our joy will thrive

we are one
she knows that way
the day is drawing nigh
as we head back for the day

Kellsey Hartmann

The Rose

velvety red petals
full and sweet
soft and light
arranged neat

beautiful symbol
of love, romantically
better symbol than thought
when thought logically

beautiful and sweet
it may be
but thorns and petals
both to see

thorns can cut deep
and hurt you
as you bleed
what to do?

beauty deceitful
handled improperly
blood and hurt
rising to see

a symbol of love
beautiful
handled improperly
hurtful

Kellsey Hartmann

The Tiger Lily

green reaching up
a long and elegant stem
the color of life
the rich ground it's reaching from

its leaves are long and slender
elegant blades reaching for the sky
but they will bend
as the days go by

at each top
the stem branches out
holding beautiful blossoms
beautiful without a doubt

orange petals
elegant and attractive
calling to many admirers
calling to those butterflies active

sweet scent
and a beautiful sight
yet only one day
before closing petals tight

they spread like wildfire
but beauty damaged easily
such quickly fading elegance
The Tiger Lily

Kellsey Hartmann

The Wall

A girl on a trip
with the rest of her class
to some, just another museum
to her, her family's past

Going through the exhibits
her face flushed with excitement
an odd connection to this wall
of those who ended their confinement

looking over the names
and her finger shoots out
her eyes fill with tears
too many emotions to count

there on this wall,
among the names of rescuers,
one simple man's name
no one powerful, not an adventurer

her great-grandfather's name
though he's ten years past
part of an amazing story
told at last!

pride fills her up
but she has nothing to say
this one simple thing...
she will never forget this day

Kellsey Hartmann

There Was A Monster In My Room!

Mommy! Daddy!
There was a monster in my room!
Oh! but sadly,
He disappeared with a boom!

He had red glowing eyes!
and the heart of a shrew!
He told so many lies!
He said the sky was green, not blue!

His fur was all messy!
And his claws were all sharp!
But he Dressed all dressy!
And he Played me his harp!

He danced this way and that!
He went a-rattat-tat-SMACK!
Right on his big round belly
That jiggled like jelly!

He was horrible!
He was TERRIBLE!
But he only comes after nine,
and I'm sound asleep, every time!

Kellsey Hartmann

Time

the sands are slipping
falling away
getting fewer and fewer
every day

it slips and slides
and cannot be held on to
it flies by
when you least want it to

it escapes us all
from time to time
but is getting lost in the moment
really any crime?

Kellsey Hartmann

Time Left

Day after day
And week after week
We put everything off
And for pleasure we seek

We think we have years
Though none really say
But, truly, honestly
What if we only had ONE day?

Forget the songs
But remember this
If we only had one day
What would you miss?

With one day left
What would you say?
What would you give? Take?
Now is there a delay?

Would you give a little more
To those without?
Would you love a little more
And have less doubts?

Now, go and do
Push your will power
While you've been reading
A day's turned to hours.

Kellsey Hartmann

Trip To The Pool

The sun bakes the earth from above
Heat radiates from the pavement below
Why can't it be the cooling night?
This horrid sun replaced by the moon's glow?

I step out on the sidewalk
Sweating not two feet from my door
I burn my feet on the sidewalk
It's days like this I deplore

I go to the pool
Not two blocks away
But sweat drips down my back
On this sunny, so hot day

I throw down my towel
And jump right in
Cool enough, so I stay all day
Until the sun grows dim

The pool is crowded
The water is warm
I see a puddle of ice cream
Where the bees all swarm

I dry off and go home
My heated body cooled
What a relief on this day!
Was my trip to the pool

Kellsey Hartmann

Truth Or Lie

The Truth

a word of respect
a word of courage at times
hard to define, hard to detect

Showing love

compassion and care
to be honest and humble
to be just and fair

To be right

to be honest above all
to tell the Truth at last
to tell the Truth over all

...But to lie

to show deceit
to be dishonest
or to tel incomplete

To hurt or harm

with words untrue
to say wrong things
that you will rue

To be honest

to tell the Truth always
no shame, no deceit
to be honest always

Kellsey Hartmann

What Comes Next

What comes next?

We've done what was asked

We've behaved at the end

We've passed every class

Now what comes next?

Now the diploma's received

Now the excitement lessened

Now that moment was believed

So what comes next?

The whole summer ahead

College in the fall

Then more tests to dread

But for now what comes next?

The anticipation mounts

The wonder begins

Enough time for doubts

So now what's next?

Kellsey Hartmann

What Lies Ahead?

my life before me
my life behind me
it all seems so vast

the lists of things to do
the list of things all new
it's all going by so fast

what do i have to do?
where oh where are you?
what do i do now?

how do i do this right?
how do i do this on time?
no my question is how?

no i have nothing
just waiting patiently
what's next?

will it be complicated?
will it be difficult?
will it leave me perplexed?

i know it will all work out
i know it will all get done
i know i will be just fine

but until my life moves forward
until i start something new again
i'll be going out of my mind!

Kellsey Hartmann

Where Are The Voices?

my phone buzzes again
3 more texts to answer
the written words to hide behind
no one talks to each other

not like we used to
when 8 year olds didn't have 'unlimited'
we'd talk and call and...
oh but now talking is outdated

we sit at home
and text all day
we type p the words
we'd never say

we chat on computers
and message back and forth
we use our phones
what are voices worth?

as each day goes by
i feel it start to go
no more real face time
as we text to and fro

words are hollow
and faces stay hidden
it's like real communication
has become forbidden

no one goes for walks
no more pleasure runs
no more 3 hour conversations
no more outside for fun

we all stay inside
and chat our lives away
with a friend?
still texts to real convo outweigh

talking to one person
but texting another
if you ask me
technology is becoming a bother

i want to see you
when i talk to you
i want to hear you
like how i'm used to

but why even bother
when i can text a few words?
why actually get to know you?
this is becoming absurd

we sit at home
text words we'd never say
we sit at home
wasting the day away

Kellsey Hartmann