

Poetry Series

Margaret Smith
- poems -

Publication Date:
2006

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Margaret Smith(November 8,1990)

Margaret Smith was born in Fayetteville, North Carolina, and lived there until she was 10, when her parents became missionaries and moved the family to Russia. She has lived there for 6 years now, and attends Hinkson Christian Academy. Margaret Smith has two sisters, one older and one younger, and a cat and dog.

Brown

For me, brown is the color of music-
My guitar, my piano.
It is the color of caffeine-
Coffee, tea, Coke-the necessities of life.
My teddy bear sitting on my bed,
Watching my every move.
My dog, Snickers, watches me, too.
She knows when I get her brown leather leash that she's going outside.
Wet sand in the tidepools, as I'm walking along the beach,
And the brown leather cover of my favorite book, as I open it every
night.

Margaret Smith

Fences

I've jumped fences, I've climbed walls
I've had helping hands and hands that let me fall,
And through it all,
I've heard your voice calling my name.
You say the same thing over and over again:
"Just look away."
I've felt your hand on my shoulder,
Guiding me, leading me,
Always keeping me facing straight.

Margaret Smith

Habakkuk's Song

Based on the book of Habakkuk, in the Bible.

How long, my Lord, how long?
Do you not see
What they are doing to me?
Why must I carry this load,
Why must I travel this road?
Why me?
'Violence! ' I cry.
Are you even trying to hear me?
I'm surrounded, and this time I know
My fears aren't unfounded,
Answer me.

Do you really want to know?
Do you really want to hear what I have to tell you?
Do you really want to travel this road, carry their load,
Do you really want this extra weight?
They will destroy you (There, are you satisfied?)
They will destroy you (Are you happy now?)
I will raise them up,
They will bring you down.

Why us, my Lord? Not me...
We shall be free
They are no match for me and you,
Why are you doing this?
We didn't mean it like this-
Why us?
'It's not fair, ' I cry, 'You're not even trying to hear us! '
You're killing us, and I don't know why,
Although we're worthless we are yours,
Answer me!

Are you sure you want to know?
Are you sure you want to hear what I have to tell you?
Are you sure you want to travel this road, carry their load,
Do you really want this extra weight?
Write it all down, so that all may see,

Write it all down, so the blind can read,
The arrogant will fall,
Their pride will bring them down.

Margaret Smith

Prologue (A Haiku)

He did mighty things
But never got the glory-
This is his story

Margaret Smith

The Other Side

Come sit for a while
Come put a smile back on my face,
Because I just can't keep up with this pace.
Come hold me close
Show me the will to go on
And I will carry on, carry on with a hope renewed.
Right now, all I see is the wall of rocks that's fallen and blocks my path.
And so I need you to show me the road around this stumbling block, to get me
back on track.
So come and hold my hand
Laugh with me while I feel myself mending,
In spite of it all, I will rise above it,
I will do whatever it takes, until I see the other side.

Margaret Smith

The Soldier

Living on a silver planet,
Dreaming in greens and blues,
Sprawling on a violet pillow,
His black and white world is gone, vanished in the myriad of hues.
In his mind, he sees the red of the battlefield,
The white of his comrade's face,
The forest green of his nation's tattered flag,
The orange of the sun setting behind the base.
Yes, this soldier's world is no longer black and white-
Now the grey gravestone reads, 'A hero in his own right.'

Margaret Smith

The Tank (A Haiku)

Dirty tires roll on
Stopping every now and then,
Never stay for long

Margaret Smith

Where Are You Tonight?

It's a cloudy night
Pure darkness, no light
Nobody in sight
What am I to do?

I can't hear a thing
I'm trying to sing
But my voice just won't ring
What am I to do?

I cry out to you, but I hear no reply
I cry out to you, but though I try, so hard
I just can't make myself believe
That you're still with me

Margaret Smith