

Poetry Series

Marie Melodie
- poems -

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Marie Melodie()

My name is Marie, im 15. I have a passion for music and writing. I write books, lyrics and poems. I express myself and feelings through lyrics and poems and share my crazy imagination in my books.

You can find my books at

Broken Toy

Its not wonder i cant sleep at night,
Who would be able to, when you have this much pain inside?
I cant forget my past,
I try to move forward...
But the memories are haunting..
These mistakes ive made...
Its my fault....
I made myself a toy...
I let people play with me..
I let them break off my arm...
My leg..
My head....
I simple just glued them back on...
Taped them back...
I let them do it over
and over
and over again
Its no wonder
Why i fall apart all the time
You cant fix what has been broken
You can only simple
repair it, so its some what better
But it will never be the same
Something will always be missing
and the more things that break
the more parts are missing
Eventually you become nothing
but a bunch of lost pieces

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Cryp To Love

Sunset, I close my eyes.
I pretend every things alright.
Drowning in anger,
From all these lies.
I cant pretend everything's alright.
Please dont let me fall forever,
Can you tell me its over?
There's a hate inside of me like some kind of monster.
I tried to save you,
but i cant find the awnser to.
Im holding onto you,
Ill never let go.
I need you with me,
As i enter the shadows.

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Inner Addict

I encourage people to stop.
I support the cause.
I wear the lines
I wear the words
I wear the ribbon
But still i do the deed
I stress the addiction
Without saying im the addict
I call it the past
Even though its the present
I threw away the tool
Now i have barely designs
Instead of full ones
Part of me wants to stop
But part of me doesnt.
Part of me loves this release
The sight of it
Then theres the part of me
That hates the sight
The scars
The part that's smart
That knows im doing wrong
And when i think im done
When i think i've beat this addiction
That i am no more an addict
It doesnt take long till im back to the begining
Then i go to that same ending
And it replays
Over and over
And i loose my mind
Over and over
Nothing seems to work
But am i trying hard enough?
Because...
Tears wont even drop from my eyes,
While i do these designs on my thigh.
This is kind of like my art,
Even though its not smart.

Mother Doll

You make up lies,
As he dies,
You let out your cries,
With big swollen eyes,
You wish that he will rise,
But he has already reached the sky.

Years later, you have a broken doll,
15 years old and very small,
She hides behind the wall,
Hoping you wont hear her bawl,
You give her a call,
But your only response is the sound of her fall.

She is trying to rebuild her life,
The life of a widowed wife,
Her and her doll always in a strife,
Almost like they had both been stabbed my a knife.

The doll gets ready to leave,
Its been a few days since New Years Eve,
She now wears her past on her sleeve,
The constent reminder always making her grieve,
She tries so hard to believe,
But she is always being deceived,
All because she is so very naive.

She watches as her doll walks away,
Wishing so badly she would stay,
But she knows she pushed the doll to go this way,
She feels so astray,
Like the world as suddenly turned gray,
She shuts her eyes and pray's,
Praying to god to save her from her sins that day,
A day to late that now she has to pay,
For her doll may never return this way.

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Warrior

There weak.
Every single one.
They let fear, make them weak.
That is so very wrong.
I, who am constantly living fear.
Am stronger than them.
For they have fear of each other,
while i only fear for what is to come.

They wont forget the past,
there still living in it.
I, who refuses to live in it with them,
instead goes on with the past following.
They put on a mask, of a tiger.
Thinking there the warrior.
There not, because i am.
I dont need a mask, for i am the tiger.

While they think, before the act.
I act without a thought.
While they come up with a game plan.
I sit back and watch.
For i dont need a plan,
All i need is my hope and my thoughts.
My honesty most of all.
Something they have all forgot.

While others sit back and pick a side.
I refuse to pick a side other than my own.
Because i dont believe in either.
I believe in myself and whats right.
What they're doing is wrong,
and leaves us nothing but pain.
I will be the one to end the pain.

I will be the warrior. The tiger. The savior.

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