

Poetry Series

poeticgirl 100993
- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

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

poeticgirl 100993(october 9,1993)

-i am a bachelor of science in secondary education student(major in english) ,17 years of age and a resident of orani, bataan(philippines) ..at your first glance, you will say that i am a girl with serious and snobbish-like face..but it's a big no no! .i am simple, talkative, reliable, funny, and of course, i really love writing and that's one way of expressing myself..and i've already proved it to anyone. :)

Countdown(Part 1)

Ten..

more than ten times I used to cry,
because of him and them and I still try,
to be good and yet, they let my heart fry,
and do not care if my tears run dry.
Less than ten times I strike a real smile,
it feels good, though it's only for a while,
my heart and mind, their distance is a mile,
and they are always stuck in a seperate isle.
Exactly ten times I always show a plain reaction,
though I feel like dying because of my heart's expansion,
I have nothing to show them but smile and compassion,
but having something in return is only a part of my imagination.

Nine..

9th of October when my mother started me to lay,
as a child, I saw life beautiful as the sunset at the bay,
I thought, the journey was enjoyable but a zigzag one-way,
and all things can make you happy in just one day.
nine used to become part of our memories,
but now, it is nothing but your so-called monthsary,
it was only your name that was written in my long-kept diaries,
and now, it was fading in my mind like drowning water lilies.
but i am proud owning that lucky number nine,
everytime i celebrate, i always feel fine,
blessed years passing, i become more matured that some things cannot be mine,

then one day, i felt that i was killed by a strong vine.

Eight..

previously, eight in the morning when we start our class in english,
thanks to that subject for it made me flourished,
my confidence gained, and all my doubts were diminished,
but it won't be a reason to forget everything and become snobbish.
eight in the evening when i used to reflect,
all the things i need, so hard to detect,
maybe, i just need someone who protect,
and never let me feel everytime that i am dissected.

Seven..

i listed 7 things as one of my favorite songs before,
shouting while singing 'cause i always feel sore,
i expected for some impossibilities no more,
for i always feel pain running down into my core.
Seven scars left in my body,
remembering childhood, slipping so badly,
but my parents just kissed my scars and told me a story,
to never feel the pain, and for it to heal easily.

Six..

five trusted friends plus me equals six in a group,
i feel buoyant and all my fears were coped,
i breath so well and my neck was free from a rope,
and all i see in this new world is hope.
also five trusted friends plus me equals six in a group during my younger years,
when my mind is unclear and doubtful because of fear,
but a beautiful music, because of them, is suddenly hear,
until nothing fell from my eyes even a single tear.

*continuation of 5 down to 1-COUNTDOWN PART 2

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Countdown(Part 2)

Five..

5 times a day i always ask my mother,
if i have that kind of gift like any other,
she used to say i'm fair until she has no more words to utter,
i just look myself in a large glass filled with water.
5-sided polygon as i view my challenging life,
5 times i weep and my tears wants someone for it to wipe,
always got teary-eyed, almost i lose my sight,
and ceaselessly, i seek for a bright light.

Four..

4 times my hair has been repaired as i remember,
and cut it only at the level of my shoulder,
thinking that time that i was ugly, but i saw myself prettier,
funny, that some thought i was a stranger.
4 times i'm changing my clothes everyday,
and see myself changes, but in some other way,
my character, i always think, no one could play,
everytime others try, my sight used to turn grey.

Three..

me, together with my two pals consistently attend the anticipated mass,
we do not forget HIM and it is one of our tasks,
in that holy place, we become true persons and we remove our mask,
until we are forgiven and see myself as a beautiful, sinless lass.
GOD, the omniscient one in three personas,
eternally helps in all my fears for me to pass,
truly, His love will never last,
and i'll be pardoned though my heart is full of rust.

Two..

yes, it is true that two is better than one,
i still believe, though, he left me like an empty can,
before i thought, that love is just for fun,
but alas! after all, it shot me like a firegun.
only two of us are currently fighting,
me and my soul, aside from us, nothing,
it is now just my body that is hardly sabre-rattling,
for my soul, because of despair, is almost dying.

TEN, NINE, EIGHT, SEVEN, SIX, FIVE, FOUR, THREE, TWO.....

ONE..

Since, i am the only one who still believe,
that someday in my life, i will happily live,
i'll extend my hands to share and give,
all the love i never ever received.

Who is the only one who fight?

-ME

To whom should i seek help?

-TO MY GROUP

Who will show me a real support?

-MY FAMILY

And to whom should i believe and call?

-TO GOD

STOP THIS COUNTDOWN!

for this broken me has still a chance to be repaired,
and never feel again so cold, alone, and despaired.

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Girl Of Two

being stuck in the middle of nowhere,
she just can't help but wonder,
for he, is nothing, but a barrier,
to feel the extreme guilt to the other.

she feels protected for the one she truly loves,
he takes care of her like on earth, she is the last dove,
but when she saw the other that causes her to become a sinner,
something strikes her mind that she doesn't deserve to be cared.

he's so far from her but tries to come nearer,
for him not to lose in her sight and always be her crying shoulder,
she doesn't want him to leave and someday will dare,
to prove that among the rest, she is still the rare.

the words of him make her smile,
though she hears his voice just for a while,
she wishes she can close her sinful eyes,
every time the other, by her side, used to pass by.

wanting to tell the faithful man about her guilt,
but afraid to fade his eternal love as smooth as silk,
she is ready to take any hardships and risks,
for he is her remedy to find solution for her disease.

she wants to change and tell him 'i'm sorry',
her massive mistakes, she doesn't have the strength to carry,
for loving someone she truly wanted is so easy,
but wanting another someone that takes you to sin is another story.

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Heart's Grave

in this grave where her heart is laid,
so much disappointed for not having him as her shade,
the abstract image that was drawn on the tombstone fades,
for her heart, when still alive, was never ever given any, even a little grace.

she doesn't know why they have to let their memories fade,
though before, their love was strong as jade,
the promises that they once made,
cuts her bleeding heart like a sharp blade.

she remembers when her heart used to live happily,
it always wakes up so in love, inspired, and lively,
she listens to love songs and writes a happy ending love stories,
for her heart believes that its other half won't let her go in a lone prairie.

despite the slaps that hit the heart's face,
it still continued to win the race,
until it lost, and all it only felt was daze,
and decided to enjoy life in different phase.

her heart, when still loving him, accepted many criticisms,
it just smiled, and used a lot of defense mechanisms,
though, it was already full of anger and sarcasm,
it used to loved still, like light reflects on a prism.

the heart let itself go and enjoyed the thrills in its life,
but suddenly, their memories came, and struck it with a knife,
it felt down little by little, with tears her heart wished he would wipe,
until it lost its breath, and left it in its own blood that was ripe.

now that her heart was dead,
there's so many things that will be forever left unsaid,
for its one simple wish was not granted,
and that was the feeling of being comforted.

please, do make some comments or suggestions how to make this poem improved..i wrote this a week ago..thank you.

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If Only I Could

if only i could tell how much you mean to me
there's no reason for me to suffer from this misery
if only i have the strength to fight my stupidity
this body can resist to fall against your gravity.

if only i could tell that you are my second love
who cut this tired heart of mine into bleeding halves
and there it comes our so-called gaps
that tell us that at this time, we should take our endless naps.

if only this hurt, i could loudly scream
'cause this broken me really feels so much grieve
if only i could hit every corner's rim
to lessen the pain running through my limbs.

if only i could cry in front of you
for making me feel worthless like others do
but i realized that i was struck by a cruel glue
that i responded to you, now that it's already too overdue.

if only i could speak how painful is this
for choosing her and the bitterness doesn't ease
if only this feelings can be gone by just whispering at the breeze
there's no need to worry for all i feel is bliss.

if only i could stop my stubborn pen in writing
there are no sensitivities that should be 'worth' remembering
if only i could control my hand and these absurd feelings
it is not you, nor me..I'm indignantly blaming.: (

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If Only I Could..(Part 1) A Victim's Confusion

if only i could explain why I'm doing these things to you
if only i could tell that you're the reason why I'm blue
i am sorry if i have a different point of view
everything won't work out fine if i allow you to continue.

if only i could ask you to look me in the eyes
for you to realize that those uttered words are just lies
if only i could convince you for a one last try
there's no reason for us to easily bid our goodbyes.

if only i could tell you all the surprising factuality
that we have the same feelings and that's a reality
but there SHE comes and put a twist in our story
and here you are, always misinterpreting my curiosity.

if only i could interrogate if you still feel the same
but if you answered, 'no', should i throw to myself all the blame?
there's nothing i want to scream and call, but only your name
cause this feelings of mine get stronger as balmy as flame.

if only i could trust those people around me
there's no reason for you to think that I'm crazy
if only i could ask you to help me with this problem directly
then, there's no reason for me to respond so disbelievingly.

now at this time, you really have to choose
and it doesn't matter if i fail and lose
if only i could whisper to you all the clues
that it's me, i want you to predestine..if only i could.

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Mile By Mile..

as my pen forces me to write
it's funny that i feel so stupefied
in this blizzard of loneliness, i don't wanna ride
for i was abandoned by my unreal, playful guide.

as my favorite loud and ear-splitting music plays
it's you i remember and unintentionally think all day
forgetting not you, but the pain, i used to pray
'cause being with you, i run out of meaningless words to say.

i wish you didn't force me to reveal
these wrong feelings that are better to be sealed
it's now skeleton in the cupboard in myself that i have built
but doing such secret mistakes of yours, you do not feel any guilt.

telling you my sensations is out of my mind
but because of your curiosity, this tongue suddenly unwind
what i've done, i were the one who were nowhere to find
and cannot breathe for i am suffering from your killer vine.

i were the one who bravely and emotionally sacrifice
but cruel fate suddenly interrupted as i was rolling the dice
in spite of all, i'm now who still suffer from the sweetest prize
with this heart and soul mourns and barely cries.

as these tears keep falling down from my eyes
as these lips unceasingly strike a fake and pretending smile
as i continue to show that i'm happily living alone in this bright less isle
you will see me clearly walking away from you...mile by mile.

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Revelation..Much Better To Be Left Unsaid..

'i will write a poem for you again..if we will reconcile and live happily ever after..' this was the last emotional sentence of the poem i wrote for you 7 months ago, the revelation i told you, i thought, could help me to let these feelings go, this heart of mine, when you're here, goes slow mo.

now, i cannot look directly into your eyes,
when we meet coincidentally and you pass by,
all the things i acted before, you've already known, they were all lies,
with the way you look at me now, behind my back, i used to response with a sigh.

i'm happy to see you glad and smile,
though i know, our distance is now a mile,
i used to dreamed before we were walking on the church's aisle,
but it's enough that you loved me for a while.

you asked forgiveness for unintentionally hurting me,
though i have already accepted that we're not meant to be,
it is the happiness in you in your new love that i see,
though inside me, i cry until i'm down on my knees.

i had seen you secretly looked at me when we were together with our new ones,
i forced myself not to give any meaning to the way you looked at me,
your paramour hit you on your face and asked you where were you looking at,
and mine, i didn't know but he felt somebody was breaking my heart.

i wished, you did not explain everything to me 'cause it's very clear,
you are showing me the painful reality everytime you come near,
but don't worry, as long as she doesn't hurt you, i won't act like a daredevil,
every memory, every heartache, every tear, for me is a souvenir.

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Simply Rejected

catching a glimpse of the others
something triggers my mind to wonder
most choose a world they more prefer
yet, they still can't find what makes them happier.

in that most existing group, you want to fraternize
but showing you, they are more modernized
you do not belong, a thing you'll realize
in spite of that, you're still the one to apologize.

your puzzled and baffled mind, you try to deepen
concerns for them, can't be paid by trillion cents
in every actions, you attempt not to be negligent
for them not to judge you as a fatuity nonexistent.

trying to speak just a simple phrase
but they simple take you out of place
you have just proved that people have different taste
perchance, they just cannot appreciate your natural haste.

contented having your infrequent peers
who consistently open your closed ears
that from others' simple reaction, they just reveal
they cannot be friends who are genuine and real.

SIMPLY REJECTED..that's what you are
but never ever feel so ill-starred
in their life, someday you'll play a part
remember that you are more blessed for having a GOOD HEART.

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Simply Rock

criticizing me causes them so much delight
hearing their judgments, i lose my appetite
sometimes i wonder if i have to fight or flight
but i do not care! I SIMPLY HAVE POSITIVE INSIGHTS. :)

puzzled and narrow minds wonder why i'm stuck in solitude
and always want to know every measurement of my life's longitude
my detailed actions and uttered words, they badly intrude
but who cares? I SIMPLY HAVE A GOOD AND ACCEPTABLE ATTITUDE. :)

i know they keep asking themselves why i am standing still
even they attempt hard to bring me down until i kneel
who are they to give me deep wounds so hard to heal?
but i'm not like them! I SIMPLY DO NOT TORTURE AND KILL. :)

in every failure, i'm hearing evil sniggers
and throbbing insolence of all my haters
so funny when they try to be an undefeatable barrier
'cause unlike them, I AM SIMPLY NOT AN INSECURED LOSER. :)

all my faithful friends understand me eternally
and ready to join me in every life's extremity
most of the ones who try to win my heart love me so truly
because undeniably speaking, I AM SIMPLY ME. :)

even those losers make fun of me behind my back
though they aim my mind to be cemented in the middle of the dark
in spite of doing their best to give my heart an unbearable crack
i really don't care...because I SIMPLY ROCK. :)))

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Sorry For You, Girl

i feel sorry for you girl,
for choosing him to be loved by you,
you still don't know what he does to you secretly,
yet, you are continuing to love him gently.

his smile, are you sure you are only the one who make him smile?
his sweet text messages, how sure are you that you are only the one whom he
texts like that?

i often see you happy and contented being with him,
but how can you assure him that he is contented having you?
is it only you, or there are some 'others' in his life?

i am not expressing these feelings to make you scared,
this is the truth i did not expect to know a few hours ago,
you do not know me,
but i know you very well,
i do not want you to cry like i used to do before,
i see in your actions how much you love that dork,
you are giving your whole trust because you think you know him much,
he's your classmate, a good friend of yours before, and now your cheater lover.

i cannot say this to you directly
though i really want to reveal his treachery,
that's why i used sublimation
as my defense mechanism..
i expressed my emotions in writing again..
you will never believe me for i know
how much you trust and love that stupid person,
no, not a person..an animal.

i loved him once,
i am not feeling bitter to you my dear,
i'm just expressing my concern, for you might cry someday,
happiness and a better luck i wish for you both.

i feel pity and sorry for you, girl..
for you are not the only one in his life,
you are not the only source of his light,
nor the reason why he has to fight..

his fight is not for you,
nor for the girls he's flirting with..
the battle he must win is only for himself,
on how will he able to win the battle between him and his conscience.

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Still Young

during our younger years, you decided to leave and surrender,
what you promised that you used to say it would be forever,
i was not hurt that time, for you, i didn't care,
and the game between the two of us, because of me, was unfair.

year by year, you came,
but i realized, you were already lame,
year by year, you embark,
and often, you used to left me in the dark.

then, as usual, someone broke your heart again,
and i, without idea, if you were left in pain,
your tired heart, i do not know, if it was already drained,
and so your puzzled mind, still thinking of how many times your beaus left you in
the rain.

this year has come and there you are,
coming back, and said that your journey wasn't that far,
remembering how many times you left, thinking you are a liar,
though, you're trying to approach, and becoming as sweet as sugar.

telling you loved them, but you love me more,
wanting to push you through that open door,
again, i do not want to feel any sore,
and experience that this whole body, once again, will be tore.

happy that you have proved that you will never leave,
your promises again, i'm wishing you will never weave,
'cause in this situation, i am not going to believe,
for every sweet words can easily deceive.

you were just the one i've met who face your fear,
and listened to their words so awkward to hear,
though, i saw in your eyes that you control your tear,
and the nervous feeling you just couldn't bear.

this is not the right time to be together,
for we are still young and there's so many things for us will dare,
waiting for me in couples and couples of years will be better,

and when we reached that moment, even you, i will not surrender. :)

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Unlocked

darkest part of this challenging life, i used to remember,
when i couldn't find an abode, even a crying shoulder,
i brayed for the pain that i couldn't easily bear,
for nobody has showed me, even a little care.

before, i didn't know where to find the chivalry to fight,
for i was willing to creep gradually to find a light,
they discouraged me that i couldn't reach the towering height,
and i would not be able to fly as high as a kite.

for every harrowing insult, they used abbreviation,
though, i had nothing to show them but smile and compassion,
often, there were brawls, but i used to keep my silence,
whether i speak or not, there's always be a lack of correspondence.

i wished that they gave it to me..just a few dabble of respect,
for every painful words, i showed a good aspect,
their evil laughters, smiles, and demeanors, i accepted,
though, i dourly cried for this whole body was being dissected.

i abhor those times..i want to revenge and never want to bring it back,
but a strong billowy of light crashed and enlightened to unlock,
this heart full of anger, bitterness, and sarcasm,
must be a heart that forgives, like light reflects on a prism.

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Zipped

'i love you'

if only i can tell you everyday

if only i can hug you instead of making a fray

saying sweet words instead of making you mad

everytime you do, i always feel bad.

if only i can close your eyes

so you cannot see those temptations passing by

before i didn't care, but now you can make me hardly cry

but please if you do, save this lost soul and don't let it to die.

'i love you'

magic words of yours that makes me well

and controlling myself to respond feels like hell

wishing that you'll be on my side forever

like the characters in fairy tales who live happily ever after.

everything you promised, i wish that you will do,

for i unintentionally expect too much from you

your sweet words, someday will kill

and leave wounds so hard to heal.

'i love you'

yes, i do..

and if you go

living my life is like picture without frame

a professional artist without fame

a successful man without aim

an achiever that still experiences all the shame

a suspect who throws to anyone all the blame

UNPROTECTED, UNAPPRECIATED..USELESS.

'i love you'

i'm sorry if i can't tell those words to you

for my mouth is still ZIPPED and undercontrol

you serve as my energy and strength

and my pen is my one and only armor.

but if you choose to leave someday

promise that i'll let you go and everyday i'll pray

for we are not still together

and never meant to be forever. #

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