

Poetry Series

Rachael Lee
- poems -

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Rachael Lee(11/20/90)

I'm a high school student just wanting to get my thoughts out of my mind before I lose them. Sometimes my poetry is dark and sad, but hey it's just what comes to me.

Death Thoughts

Death is getting closer.

He has just collapsed my cover,
broken my boundaries and
destroyed my defenses.
There's nothing between him and me now.

Only air.
Oxygen needed for life.

But it doesn't matter anymore.
I cannot see, smell, hear, or touch him.
I can only feel that he is here.
My sense of presence is all that I feel now.
Being so far away from mankind.

Every year that has gone by,
Something has been taken from me.
First memory,
Then, sense of taste and smell.
When the year came that I lost control,
I begged him to take me.

Now, after years of losing things,
I have finally gained one:
Death.

Rachael Lee

Half Asleep

Half asleep in a world of gray
The vision is fading and blurry
Drifting to black

The silence of the night
In the middle of the day
And I'm half asleep in a world of gray

Rachael Lee

How Can I?

How can I write when my hands are broken?
How can I think when my thoughts are scrambled?
How can I hear when my ears are deaf?
How can I see when my eyes are blind?
How can I smile when my lips are frozen?
How can I speak when my throat is closed?
How can I breathe when my lungs won't move?
How can I cry when the tears won't come?
How can I love when you're nowhere near?

Rachael Lee

I Dropped The Note

Say yes
Tell me you care
Say yes
Tell me you'll be there
Say yes
Tell me I can sleep tonight
Say yes
Tell me that you love me
Say yes
That you'll make me the happiest person
But if you say no
Don't cry
Don't worry if I'll live or die
And that's when

Rachael Lee

Never Done

Something that I want to do and have never done before
Would be to fall in love.

And be loved back.

The pain of being away from someone for 5 minutes
Would be lovely.

Rachael Lee

Pops On A Rage /Co-Written By Harley Roth

Pepsi stole my Sunkist,
Sierra Mist went dry;
So I Did The Dew,
And Coke went in my eye!

There's no sugar in the Vault,
Dr. Pepper won't help me;
Shasta's falling behind,
I pray the Sugar Gods don't lash me.

Root Beer is after me,
Dad's isn't far behind;
I hope I'm not imagined,
A figure of your mind.

Rachael Lee

Snowflakes

They touch and no one cares,
They melt and no one cries
They beg and beg in misery,
Praying for their lives.

Same size in their eyes,
Different in their minds.

Together they are beautiful,
Different, yet same.
Why do they do this,
Discrimination's the name.

Rachael Lee

The Race

I'm the pure definition of anxiety and nervousness
enclosed in a body of true uncertainty.
Every time I see a black shirt, I tremble.
My legs shake and my throat dries up and closes.
My heart races to beat my quivering lips to safety out of his view.
My legs stop shaking as I sink into the chair in my next class.
I hear his laugh in the room to the left of me and
my stomach churns dreading the bell in 43 minutes
when the process starts all over.

Rachael Lee

Untitled

In love, maybe love-struck.
A boy with a lingering personality
And a teenage touch.

Rachael Lee

Writing

Writing is when your thoughts are finalized

When ink meets paper.

It's an escape to another dimension on an 8 ½ by 11 inch

Vortex of white.

Rachael Lee