

Poetry Series

Regan Meade
- poems -

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Regan Meade(03/18/1992-present)

Regan Meade is a young adult who is aspiring to be an artist in many aspects. She was born fifty miles from the border of Mexico in a small town of Las Cruces, New Mexico. She often spends her time reading many different books from fantasy-fiction to biographical non-fiction. In times of stress (or major cases of writer's block) she draws paints or even takes a walk to get inspiration for her poems, stories, and art work.

A Relative I've Never Met

He died from cancer,
The relative I've never met.
He was gone before his wife,
This relative I've never met.
He was gone before my time.
That relative I've never met.
Now I shall never meet,
The relative I've never met.

Regan Meade

Abortion

A woman's body is her temple,
She should have the right to do with it as she pleases,
No man should tell a woman that she should give up a life she wants to keep.

Abortion.

The termination of a life not yet considered living.
A result of an intercourse with a man and woman,
Willingly or not.

If not she is able to give up her 'child'
For she might end up resenting them.
It is NOT birth control!

No woman should use abortions as a way to ride her self
of a burden she never wanted.

If she did not want it she should have been aware of the consequences
of intercourse.

(note: this is my opinion on the matter and you dont have to agree with it ^~)

Regan Meade

Alone

Alone is what I will be
I'm always alone never being able to see the light of life.
Never to see the light of day again.
I'll always be alone
For no one will care, no one will see how truly alone,
I am in the big world.
All I see is darkness where ever I go,
no happiness to brighten my day.
For you see I am always alone, cause no one is willing
to help me out of the darkness that will soon consume
my bestilled soul.
So alas, you now see that I am truly alone.
So forever may I be.

Regan Meade

Ants

A bloody battle.
So many casualties.
Rage against the other color.
One a born bred fighter, the other a peacemaker with a split personality.
Both can help eachother but they care not.
In nature they thrive together yet apart.
Harmonious they are not.
Us humans should take notes.
These little warriors show us our mistakes.
They are misunderstood yet they hold so much knowledge.
And for that i am grateful.

Regan Meade

Bear

Strong and wise is the mother bear.
She cares for her young without a mate.
Time spent away from her young is spent on the hunt.
She is a fierce and dangerous protector.
She is a predator with a gentleness about her that most do not see.
She is the embodiment of Yin and Yang.

Regan Meade

Confusion

Everything used to make perfect sense.

Not anymore.

She used to feel so in control.

Not anymore.

He used to make sense.

Not anymore.

They were once very happy.

She messed up.

The line that wasn't supposed to be crossed is blurred.

She is lost.

Her heart is lost in the maze of despair.

He isn't affected.

His heart is made of stone and ice.

She's changing.

He doesn't care.

She's dying.

He could care less.

She's gone

He's moved on.

No one realizes that she is lost to them forever

Regan Meade

D. S. L. W. I

Don't look at me like I'm nothing.
Don't say that you actually love me.
Don't touch me like a lover.

Leave my mind and body to me.
Leave me to move on.
Let go of all your false emotions.

See how you affected me?
See how broken I am?
See how hard it was to let go?

Walk away.
Walk out for a while.
Wake up to your true emotions.

I'll be waiting for you, till you do.

Regan Meade

Dawn's Moon

Dawn's moon slowly slips
Across the sky.
The purple glow contrasting
Greatly against the dark blue
Of residual night.
Dawns's moon in the Amethyst of
The Twilight sky.

Regan Meade

December

A freezing chill sweeps though the air;
Powdered sugar is wept from the clouds,
Piling up high untouched by man
It is the first of many at this time;
Trees and animals have fallen asleep
Children play in their yards all bundled up,
Sugar sticking to their mittens, as balls
Fly through the air.
Celebrations are near,
The gathering of close friends and family bring joy
This is the time of sleep and celebration.

Regan Meade

Giver

Blue rippling waves drift down the,
curvature of her back.

A woman of natural beauty that

Can change nature's strongest and stubborn hearts to those of
Of caring individuals;

She, the woman of water, has many moods.

Her anger a hurricane of great magnitudes,

Her happiness a calming vision of the calm waters of a lake;

She is the one who has taken many lives, a coffin to the brave men who
Sail her vast surface, but

This woman, this un-earthly entity is also the giver of life among the human
realm.

Regan Meade

Hall Of Mirrors

A hall of mirrors
So haunting
So many Memories trapped with.

A hall of mirrors
Trapped in Cathedral walls
Protected by Gargoyles.

A hall of mirrors
Is decieving.
Who else has secrets
 In the Cathedral walls.

A hall of mirrors.

Regan Meade

Hearts

A bleeding heart can not cry.
A solid heart can not smile.
A love-struck hear is blind.
A blind heart is foolish.
A love-filled heart is broken.
A broken heart is shattered.
A heart isnt as strong as it once was.

Regan Meade

Hidden

Swirling ominous circles dance around feet of many,
Its very presence scares those afraid of the unknown,
And towers over those unafraid of what lies within.

Flashes of light could be dimly seen from the widows of ransacked homes;
Young ones cover their ears in fright as the screams haunt the shadows of their
dreams.

It grows darker, but none knew the meaning; for it was always dark.
No one knew the warmth of the sun, for they have been in war for far too long.
They have forgotten what the blue sky looks like, for it has been dark for so long.

The sky weeps for the fallen and the earth has been stained red with the life
force of many.

They loved and loathed the low grey clouds; the ones that hid on-looking eyes
from seeing the blood of their fathers,
Spilled over a petty thing called greed and malice.

Regan Meade

Hidden Sorrow Of An Unknown Teen

I smile as the blood runs down my arm.

The blood is a mixture of mine and those who have,

betrayed my trust and heart.

I don't care if i die for my crimes,
to me it was all worth it in the end.

Now i know that no one will betray me again,

but if they do i will kill myself instead of them.
Maybe, just maybe, I'll rest in peace with no fear of

ever getting hurt again, but I know that's not true,

you never get peace.

There is no such thing in any life now i know

why i'm here...

I'm one of those few poeple born into this world,

that are priveleged to be hurt, stabbed in the back,

betrayed, and most of all...unloved.

That day I ran out of tears, so now I smile.
I truly have no reason to.

But since my tears are forever dry.

I smile for its the only thing i can do.

Regan Meade

I Am...

I am the quiet sigh of the wind
I am the temper of the flickering flame,
I am a lioness fierce and strong
I am a child of our mother Earth.
I am a student of the craft who is so misunderstood
I am the guardian of secrets
I am a girl of selected words;
I am the author of my own journey
I am a dolphin playful and intelligent.
I am my own worst enemy,
I am the sister of my sister
I am the calmness of a stream,
I am a bird, soaring high towards my goals.
I am a friend.
I am the hunter of knowledge
I am the seeker of hidden treasure.
I am the cool touch of silk.
I am a mother in my own right.
I am the jewel in my father's eye,
I am the dreamer,
I am a daughter
I am my own shadow
I am the shadow of my goddess.
I am me.

You see I'm alive; I am alive
I stand in good relation to my goddess
I stand in good relation to the Earth.
I stand in good relation to my true friends
I stand in good relation to myself.
You see I'm alive; I am alive.

Regan Meade

Icy Protectress

Harsh and dangerous is the mistress
Her fury can take lives,
But her frozen tears bring joy.
Nature Freezes in time with her stare,
She brings a deadly beauty to the Earth,
But those asleep are protected in her cold embrace.

Regan Meade

Jack Hammer

He is my light,
He is my darkness,
He is both my friend and enemy.
He is both my lover and darkest fear.
I cant face him, in fear of the rejection I will face.
I've had a broken heart for so long that i cant remeber it not being broken
Many say take a chance.
I messed up.
I can't take the chance of getting my already broken heart jack hammered into
dust and swept under the door mat.
I just cant break the fear that is in my heart.
I just can't take that chance.

Regan Meade

Koorime

A woman of the snow.

Yuki, her name, brings snow to the mountain peaks.

She sits in the snow filled glade, her icy colored hair

fell around her in ribbons.

Her eyes as white as clouds,

A navy yukata littered with the fallen flakes.

There she sat frozen, her body preserved for eternity.

The now blank eyes show all an inner peace.

Her statue had stayed there for many years

never disturbed.

'She is the woman we have trusted since the dawn of time

for yule, and for the snow that has fallen.' The woman said

'Why, ' the children asked.

'She is the ice maiden of snow, Yuki the Koorime.'

Regan Meade

Mother

So strong and fun,
She's always been there for me even,
If I messed up, even when I was in major trouble.
The one who is my legal guardian,
The woman who gave me life, the one who is always there.
She is one of my best friends.
Stern and caring, yet hot tempered and impatient,
That is how she is with the incompetence of some.
She is the one I see every day.
She is my mother,
And I love her very much.
She is my rock, and she is the one I trust the most.

Regan Meade

No Air

Clutching thy throat.
Trying to regain the air you once had.
Ice cuts the skin.
Tearing is slowly away leaving you bear.
Your struggle to catch a breath.
Fighting to reach the surface.
Its a losing battle.
Your muscles begin to fail and you begin to go numb.
The breath you hold is slowly leaving.
Your body loses the will to fight.
A face looks upon you but you cant make out what the expression is.
your reach out.
They're gone.
The light you held fades.
The bubbles are gone.
You've fallen victim to Fates hands.
And as you descend into darkness you feel the warm embrace of an old love.
Now you are reborn.

Regan Meade

Open Windows

The window is open letting the cold air nip at the person's face.
Who is that person?
Who is it that leaves the window open at night?
And for whom do they open it for?

I have opened my window at night.
I am the person that hides in the shadows of society.
I am the person who leaves it open letting the chill take over.
I leave the window open for my maker to take me back.

He has opened his window at night.
He is the one that is known by everyone.
He is the one who leaves it open in hopes that someone will see.
He leaves the window open so that his true self will come home.

She has opened her window at night.
She is the one that is considered an outcast.
She is the one who leaves it open just to let the breeze come in.
She leaves the window open so that she may stay cool on summer nights.

Regan Meade

Perfect Killers

The perfect killer,
Incredible speen and strength.
Extraordinary senses.
An un-yielding thirst,
Only sated by the hunt.
Un earthyly beauty that draws the prey in.
Eyes darken with temptation.
They are killers.
Unbeknownst to many.
Be aware that some legends are VERY true.

Regan Meade

Prophecy

A child protector of something
Precious.
Asleep for time.

A mother frozen in stone
Awaiting the day
That she will be awakened.
She sheds ice crystals for her
Sleeping child.

Alone they are weak
But together they're strong.
A woman in stone awaits a
Lovers spirit.
A child sleeps waiting for the
Day its parents unite.
For now they must wait till the
Chosen one has come.
As written in time of old.

Regan Meade

Silver

Not your typical woman,
With her clashing elegance
And fiery eyes.

Amber inferno of Brilliance,
Captivating upbeat energy,
She's not your typical anything,
That wonderful woman of Silver.

Regan Meade

Spring

The snow has melted,
New life is here again; so
Rejoice the New Year.

Regan Meade

Stare

Those who hear my terror filled screams
Do nothin but stare into space
Never breathing, nor speaking, or blinking.
I wish that they would help me

The ones who stare won't help those who have had
hard just stare like nothing
is happenin around them. But alas they dont.
All they do is stare into space.

Regan Meade

Straight Jacket

Soft walls.
Pure in color.
Feathery Softness.
Only one way in and one way out.
One person all alone.
Arms wrapped around.
They hear voices.
They have nightmares.
Locked away from the world.
Emotions left in that pure room.
So stoic and lost.
A living ice statue.
A single room to blame.
One white jacket.
One last emotion.

Regan Meade

Tears In Carnage

It was everywhere.

The liquid life,
The screams,
The crying.

A single child,
Among the gore.
The hiccups
The tears.

A silver blade,
Clutched in hand.
Broken heart.
The sobs.

A young woman,
On the sidelines,
The souless eyes,
A newborn.

No one noticed
A child among the gore
A daughter among the dead
A tear.

The only thing
They noticed were
The salty tears of
Lonley spirits past.

Regan Meade

The Elements

The wind whispers secrets in our ears,
Water brings us peace,
Earth brings us stability,
Fire gives us strength.

Water brings life to the earth,
Fire brings freedom,
The wind is the messenger,
The earth is our mother.

Balance is what the elements bring to our lives,
We could live without them but life would be boring,
Earth is our stability,
Water brings in life,
Wind spreads news, and
Fire brings passion to all the things we do.

Regan Meade

The Fairytale?

Lips sear the ski.
Hands slid leavig heated trails.
Whispers of nothing echo in the air.
Clasped hands.
Silk bushing against silk.

A mocking laughter.
Dried tear stains.
Painful heartaches.
A single fool.

A nightmare,
That's what it was.
A past memory.

A fairytale.
A fictional story

Many a person dont get that fairytale happy ending.

Regan Meade

Their Pain And Confusion

How can he do this?

This crime so heinous that it makes

Even the strongest of hearts cringe.

How can one be so cruel?

To have taken a bond and crush

It into a millions pieces with every action.

Why, why must he throw that mistake at me?

A mistake he willingly took part in.

How can one have no tears left to shed?

No tears of anger, sorrow, jubilee,

Or frustration,

How must I deal with this?

With integrity and grace, or

With cunning and deceit,

How can he do this?

We were once so close that we could be family,

But that time is gone because of one ignorant girl,

Who is insecure with the world?

How can they do this to a friend?

Regan Meade

Thoughts Of A Homo Sapien

Its times like these that I wish I was someone else.
Someone who could be themselves and just scream at the top of their lungs:
"I AM ALIVE! "
I wish that I could be the brave person everyone seems to think I am.

Its times like these that I wish I could hide my face.
Hide myself from the ever scrutinizing world that judges you on the cover alone:
"I am not what I seem on the outside! "
I wish that I could hide my face in embarrassment.

Its times like these that I wish I could scream.
Scream at those who take life for granted and play it like a game:
"I am not some toy that you can just throw away! "
I wish that I could scream at their stupidity.

Its times like these that I wish I had true love.
Love that is so pure and true that any who see it will know that I am happy:
"I am in love with the perfect person. He holds my heart."
I wish that I could have that pure unadulterated love.

Its times like these that I wish I would die.
Die an honorable death that would make the ancestors proud:
"I am going to die; whether it is by my enemies hand or by my friend's."
I wish that I would have that honorable death.

Its times like these that I am happy to be a human.

Regan Meade

Time Isn'T Everlasting

Time slows down,
A single moment lasts an eternity.
Time speeds up,
That moment is now centuries past.
Time is such a fleeting thing; so short yet so long.

Time is wasted,
Many don't realize that time has slipped by them.
Time is fast
Some are forever racing to get it back.
Time is never as long as it seems.

Time slows down,
A last breath is taken.
Time speeds up,
A new life has been born.
Time is a never ending circle just like the thing we call life.

Regan Meade

Unknown Time Of Tragedy And Despair

Icy-blue eyes hardened by betrayal and pain,
Eyes shed unseen tears.
A heart closed of from the world,
A heart mended by an amethyst light.
New lovers stand in arms against evil
A Charm Craze bent on mutations for greed,
A tragic moment.
Lovers share one last embrace.
The first and last kiss is given,
One last moment; one last breath
Lovers separated only by space and an
Unknown time of tragedy and despair.

Regan Meade

Un-Sated Lust

Obsidian eyes darken with a hungry desire.
A hunger un-seen in the eyes of man.
A lust that brings out the animalistic nature to the surface.
Heightened senses.
An adrenaline rush of the best kind of drug.
This is what they live for.
The hunger for power and total immortality.

Regan Meade

What Is...?

What is the meaning of hate?

Is it the dislike of someone different than you?

Or is it the loathing of something simple like broccoli?

What is the meaning of discrimination?

Is it the hatred of someone of a different background?

The hatred of skin color;

Or is it the bitter taste of being different from everyone else?

What is the meaning of uniqueness?

Is it the purpose of being odd and unusual?

The adaptation to your own life and style;

Or is it the stereotypical clan that society has put you?

What is the meaning of life?

Is it that time keeps moving; leaving us in the dust it leaves behind?

The endless stream of consciousness that everything has;

Or is it the meaningless and indefinable thing we give every day?

What is the meaning of death?

Is it that grim reaper knocking at your door?

The inky blackness of nothing;

Or is it something that can't be defined only experienced when it is time?

Many questions are asked everyday without even meaning to ask them.

They are hidden within the minds of those who are too afraid to speak out;

To let THEIR voices be heard.

So I ask you these questions in hope that you will ask them yourself;

To find the meaning of it for yourself and not what others say it is.

One final question is all I leave you with.

What is the meaning of everything that you thought you knew?

Regan Meade

Who Am I?

Who am I?

I am the one who is calm and serene, yet angry, and untamed.

I am the one who is loyal and kind yet deceiving, and cunning.

I am the one who befriends others, who are considered outcasts.

I am the one everyone looks over, because of the way I act.

Who am I? You ask again.

Well, I am the one you ask advice from.

The one you seek a strong comfort from.

I am the one you tend to neglect..

I am the one who you forget.

I can't change your opinion of who you think I am;

Because of my mask, but I can change what you think I can do.

Who am I? Well that's easy...

I am who I am;

No one else.

Just me!

Regan Meade

Yule's Eve

It was a night before Yule
And all through the forest,
No creature dare disturb.

The holly was hung
Over the forests Gate,
In hopes that
many won't be late.

The snow didn't damper
The Yule lor or fire,
Thus left the others
To sing quite a bit higher.

Santa could never
Hold a great Flame,
To what witches do
Those who blame.

Regan Meade