

Poetry Series

**RushelleLyn
LombardiOrton
- poems -**

Publication Date:
2008

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

RushelleLyn LombardiOrton(November 9,1991)

Abused

I never will know

Just what you thought

When you throw

Me around brought

Me to wonder what

Went through your head

When you also took me to bed.

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Arosed From A Dream

I lay back into the grass hearing the birds chirping.

Seeing you in the blackness of my eyelid where the sun is shining.

I see you running with tears flowing down your cheeks.

I see you pausing and looking down at your feet.

I see one tear that dripped from your nose.

I followed that clear dropp to the ground.

What I saw threw me back,

It was I laying so soundless on the grass.

Then, if I was on the ground... where am I?

I look at my hands, Oh no!

They were gone... I must be dreaming.

Please wake me up... please!

I look up at you only to see your face filled with tears.

I wish I could get your attention for I was there.

You look up at the sky.

It is a lie!

I must be dreaming, please let me out!

You fall to your knees and grabbed my body,

With all your might... you shook me about.

This must be a dream. It cannot be true.

If it is, I want to tell you how much I love you.

I cannot die now, not just yet.

I close my eyes just wishing I was not there.

To a place where anything can be possible,

Counted to five and opened my eyes.

I was not sure what to make it for... I was in the grass.

I turn over to see a face. A young man's face.

A familiar face, at the moment could not put a name on.

But once the smile arose from the lips,

My heart took a few flips.

This was the young man from my dream.

He is the one with such a bright beam.

How much I wanted to tell you.

Something that is at most true,

I love you.

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Death Take Me

As the days grow
I've fallen so low.
So low... I cannot breathe.
I've fallen underneath.
I let Death take me.

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Free

You pushed me too far
Now you will regret it.
I hit the bar,
And fell a little bit.

To my death,
I was happy.
I wished this before my last breath.
I have been so droopy.

I was happy to have death upon me.
I did not want to flee.
As I felt free.

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Hate Of Adopted Parents

You may think you can control me
I am not a robot
You may think I might be.
I'll never be bought.

You may think I'll listen to you
I will never be your daughter!
I know it is true...
I am your adopted daughter.

I have grown to actually hate you.
You have no idea how much I want to leave.
I'd rather drown in the deep blue.
Not being able to breathe.

Look what you do to me
Making me feel like I am not free
Why don't you just leave me be.
I am just going to leave.

I hate you!
Everything about you!
Just like a random flu.
I want to get rid of you.

I will not be saying good-bye.
Nor a farewell...
You'll never hear a hi.
I rather you go to hell.

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Is It True?

I may not know what love really is,
But you, sir, attacked my heart with it.

Is it true?

I have fallen so hard for you?

I am not sure what to make of it.

I cannot say I have felt this way,

Not even a little bit.

This may not make any sense.

I just cannot think since,

I have fallen in love.

It is true.

It must be true!

Sir, I have fallen in love with you.

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Nightmare

I run and run from you.
I turn my head to look at what you drew.
You pull out something black.
Next I hear a crack.

I am on the ground.
With blood all around.
I must have been shot.
Because for this was a lot.

I get up and start running.
My wound starts hurting.
I seem to be falling.
I wake up from sleeping.

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Stopped Believing

In the bright blue cloudless sky,
A lie is told of a great old man
who watches us from that same sky.
I am serious, who believes such a thing?
You wouldn't really know if you die.
It is all just a big lie.
He will not save you from crashing.
He will not save you from burning.
He will not save you from drowning.
What kind of man does not save innocent people?
You know he will not save you from dying.
You are wasting your time believing.
So stop lying to yourself and start living.

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