

Poetry Series

Sophia Scorza
- poems -

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Sophia Scorza(09.04.)

I was born in Heidelberg on the 09.04.1996. Though I'm still very young, I have always loved literature and writing and reading poems. Above all, I admire the two spanish writers Carlos Ruiz Zafón and Javier Marías. I also look up to William B. Yeats, Georg Trakl and Shakespeare's inimitable creations. What I write is inspired by all of them and many more, but my poems are quite dark sometimes. If you are interested, please read them. I would be very happy if you rate one of them or leave a comment, constructive criticism is always welcome, also because I am still that young and haven't got a lot of experience.

Affection

Is this going to be another love song,
Stuffed with more words, less feelings?
Is this going to be another cheezy poem
filled with more oaths, less meanings?

Another spring, another beginning
don't know how long it is meant to last
Though I've been through this before
I've learned nothing from the past.

Does such thing as love exist?
grows quickly, fades even faster
nobody can control that sweet disease
for affection has no master.

Shall I play that stupid game again?
In the end, it is not more than pain
hurt, being hurt, suffer, make suffer
shed tears and cry in vain.

You get nothing for free in this world
every smile costs thou a tear
and for every hour of happiness
you'll have to pay with an hour of fear.

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Rain

An empty embrace
the rain places the tears
in my eyes
and the wind sweeps away it all...

Of all those feelings
there is nothing left
but casualness
interstratified only by
a dropp of pain
and a pinch of self-hate...

The world, all that is around me
seems to fade
I only see the cold,
nothing but the cold.
Raindrops flow down
my glass-cheek
into the emptiness
beyond my feet
and once more
I am alone,
alone, forsaken.

No one is here
to share the deadness with me
In the end it is always the winter
the winter, it is all that rests
at last.

Feelings dissolve in the rain
I am too tired to stand up again
bury myself among the dust,
a grave of powder

I cry some shallow tears
watch how they flow
into the creasing of the marble ground
moistening a little blossom...

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