

Poetry Series

Anne Unknown
- poems -

Publication Date:
2009

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

Anne Unknown(15-09-1995)

I'm fourteen but I love to write poems, read english (and only english) books and listen to music. I have lived in England for 3 years and also in America for the same amount of time. I will move back to America in June.

Acceptance

If there is one thing I have learned,
It is that you have to accept things in life,
I accept I have a hard time now,
The nightmares and the awful emotions,
The hellish thoughts that cloud my mind,
The bleeding I have done myself,
I accepted all of this.

I accept I am healing,
I don't have non-stop dark thoughts,
I don't have newly made scars on my arms,
I can grin now, so others don't worry,
But I accept also that I might never heal completely.

I accept my dreams,
And when I have nightmares of my demise,
I accept that that moment might be my death,
So I survive the night of acceptance.

I accept my situation that I am in,
And yet I can't stop hoping a better setting,
A brighter future on the horizon,
I accept my hope.

I would not have survived this dark age of mine,
If not for the acceptance within me.

Anne Unknown

Anger

The anger in me drives me crazy,
The anger is deep within me,
The anger makes me want to scream,
The anger takes control,
And makes me hate,
But the anger is better than the pain.

Anne Unknown

Bella And Edward: Predator And Prey

There you stand as a predator,
Watching my every move,
Although you are a monster,
I cannot deny how graceful you are,
Silently slipping closer in the dark night,
I cannot feel sad that I may be looking death in the eyes,
For your beauty and my love for you takes all worries away.

You are not attacking yet now you are close enough,
You are in control, for now,
I do not know what goes on in your mind,
Nor do you know what goes on in mine,
I do not know how long you stood there,
So close to me,
Was it seconds or hours?
It felt like forever.

You give me one last look and turn,
I run after you,
Unwise as that may be,
You have already vanished though,
But this was not the last time I will see you,
For we can not be apart for long,
Dangerous as our love may be.

Anne Unknown

Breathless Awakenings

I fall asleep after a while.
Then the normal routine happens....
My everyday nightmare returns...

When I awaken I don't remember exactly what I dreamt of,
but I remember demons, lurking in the shadows,
Werewolves and other monsters attacking me when I stand defenseless,
Vampires feeding off my blood,
And falling in black bliss.

I awake within the nightmare itself,
I awake breathless and sweaty,
I look around and I see only hell,
Fire all around, burning the doomed souls,
And then I change,
I become one of the monsters which I have feared so passionately.
I attack and feed off other defenseless people,
And watch them awaken as monsters, too.

I awaken in my bed, breathless,
And I inhale deeply,
I remember the Other breathless awakening,
And shiver.....

Anne Unknown

Confused Love

Do I love thee?
I respect thy purely, but love?
That is questionable.
I trust thee with my life.
But do I trust thee with my heart and soul?
I do not know.

Anne Unknown

Cruel, Sweet Love

I thought I had an empty heart,
no love that pumps through my veins at every heartbeat.

I thought I was hollow,
condemned to feel only pain,
or contain no emotions at all.

I was wrong,
I know the truth,
I feel it.

I can love,
love every inch of you,
and crave your touch.

I was wrong,
now, I feel love,
but without purpose.

The time I have to spend near you is numbered,
I see the moving boxes getting filled,
and my room becoming empty,
and know, that I won't be able to make you love me,
in such a short time.

Oh, I wish it false,
but the airplane tickets are booked,
and soon I will be thousands of miles away,
no hope left for this love.

I am also glad,
glad that in the short period of time I knew you,
I got to spend so close.

Love is, as always, as hurtful as it is beautiful.

Anne Unknown

Dark Room

My life is like a dark room,
For I do not see the light,
My pupils are wide though the light is on,
I feel alone almost always,
I feel alone even when others are near,
Only so often do I feel free of the darkness,
But who will save me when I am stuck in the dark room?
Who will be my savior?
Who will I show gratitude for as long as I may live?
I am still not sure if that person truly exists.

My life is like a dark room,
Thus I cannot find the lock,
I am held captive in the darkness,
Time does not exist for me,
It feels like I am falling,
falling in a bliss,
Whom will catch me when it feels like I am lost forever?
Who has the key to the lock?
Is it thou?
Arst thy my savior?
Who ever it is,
Rescue me, if you please.

Anne Unknown

Friendship

My friends are important to me,
but sometimes I cannot help myself but wonder how it is for them,
Most of the time I feel hollow, and I can almost see myself in her body and she in mine.

I look at my friend, but all what she does is stare back.
I speak to her, but only when I ask a question, she gives answer.
I try to cheer her up, she smiles.
Than her face looks pained and the smile vanishes as if it never was.
It is as if she is hollow, my friend is a zombie.

They tell me it's not so bad, I'm fun to be around,
but I can't see how, I guess my face hides more than I thought.

Anne Unknown

Gracious Predator

There's something in the night,
Lurking in the shadows,
His eyes glowing a magnificent yellow.

There's something here, beside me,
An animal with such grace,
A monster with such beauty.

There's something ready to attack,
The fur stands up on his back,
His fangs showing their sharp points.

There was something here,
but now it is gone,
He left me here, bleeding.

There is something watching me,
As I change shape,
And follow my Alpha wolf.

Anne Unknown

Grandpa Where Are You?

There he sat, in his chair,
smiling at two of his granddaughters,
they love him with all their young hearts,
and he loves them with his old heart.

There he lay, in a hospital bed,
he weakens and this time,
although he may love his family with all his might,
he shall not get better again.

There he sat, taking shallow breaths,
the doctors say he is stable,
but he knows his heartbeats are numbered.

There he lay, in the coffin,
when most of his family are grieving at his funeral,
mourning there loss of grandpa, father, husband or brother.

They know he is at peace,
but the pain does not lessen,
They still miss his feeble laugh...

Here I sit, thinking about my grandpa,
tears rolling down my cheek,
although it may sound odd,
I feel him near me,
and it frightens me.

Here I lay, in my bed,
without sleep,
Where are you Grandpa?
the question rings in my ears,
although I do not know the answer,
I know he is safe and at peace.

Anne Unknown

Grin

Life is unfair,
You have difficulties, time and time again,
While you feel sad, grin.
Do not let them see you defeated, grin.
You can beam a lot easier when your happier,
But although you are in your darkest hour, grin.
Others will be jealous.
Others will want to smirk as easily as you,
And they will not look further than the grin on your face.

Anne Unknown

How To Feel, How To Act.

How do you have to act?

They tell you who acts right and who does wrong.

Can you control your act when you feel so bad yourself?

Where can you go?

Who will listen to your problems?

Who wants to help?

Who can you trust?

How do you have to feel?

They call you anti-social.

They call you depressed.

Sometimes they don't even see.

What to do when you feel so bad?

When you have tried so many ways to feel better?

I have found a way.

I walk on a wrong path and can't find my way back.

Now I have to place my broken parts of myself to a person

And hope that she has the glue to put me back together again.

I hope I can take that step.

Don't you?

Anne Unknown

I'M Here

I say the words many have said before me,
I am always there for you,
but this time,
this time, it is actually meant.

I will soothe you when you're sad,
and make you laugh when you're happy,
I will catch you when you fall,
and never dropp you.

I will take you in my arms,
if you need the warmth,
and I'll lighten the mood,
when you're angry.

I will look into your eyes,
and say the words again,
I will be right beside you,
forever.

I am feebly equipped with speech,
but I will soothe you with the words that I have,
When words are difficult to find,
I will sing you to sleep,
if the nightmares are holding you back at night.

So come to me when you need help,
or a distraction if necessary,
and I will be there,
for you,
forever.

Anne Unknown

Job Description For The Future

The teachers ask me,
'What do you want to be? '
what kind of job do I want to do?
But to be honest, I don't have a clue.

I like singing,
should I become a singer.
I like writing poems,
does that make me a poet?
I am working on my own book,
does that let me become a writer later?
The last one I hope.

Yet I cannot give the teachers answers,
For that is a free verse.

Anne Unknown

Leaving

Leaving them behind,
was as if I left part of myself behind.
The confidence they gave me,
dissappeared and left me shaking with fear for the unknown,
They made me into a new me,
a better me.
I hope to stay that way,
but I fear the worst.

Pain hit me like fist to my chest,
it made it hard for me to breathe,
and suddenly I felt a small, feeble child,
left abandoned by her mother in the huge world,
having to fend for herself.

Tears ran down my face at the moment of departure,
and I felt angry because of the weakness I showed.
But I couldn't help it,
Friends I saw as my siblings,
stayed behind.
My sister whom I'm so close to,
stayed behind.
I felt alone.

It seemed almost unimaginable,
that I've known most of my friends only for the duration of 7 months,
it seemed much too short.
Five years, maybe even as much as seven,
seemed much more accurate.

But the end was inevitable.
Our airplane tickets were booked,
our house already rented out,
and our new home already found.

We never spoke a word of my departure,
because it made the end feel more real,
now there is a thousand miles between the people I care about and me.

I miss them gravely already,
not a week after my leaving,
and I already miss their hugs,
their excitement of calling my name,
as they spotted me across the hall.

When I began to realise that my sister,
who had been by my side my whole life,
wasn't coming with us,
tears ran down my face,
before I could stop them.

My parents and I walked on,
towards the gate,
where our entrance wasn't allowed to come.
I couldn't loosen my fingers on the book,
that I had just gotten from my sister,
with photos and comments.

I guess I haven't realised yet,
that my friends aren't here with me.
That I won't see them everyday at school,
and do fun stuff with them in the weekend.
I can only hope that I'll keep contact...

Anne Unknown

Letter To My Graduated Sister

There comes a time in life,
when people have to leave the path they had followed.
They have to leave what they have known all their life,
and go out into the wide world.

When school is finished,
graduation passed,
you go on with your life,
and go to college.

You work for your future,
to get the best job you can get.
You've dreamt of the that job all your life,
or chose your study at the last minute.

None of that matters,
as long as you keep moving forward,
and keep your eyes on the prize,
your dream job,
and I'll know you'll succeed.

Anne Unknown

Loneliness

I feel lonely in days,
I feel lonely in so many ways,
Lonely am I and cursed without you,
Only at night do I feel free of loneliness,
Thus do I wish it was always night, dark but free.

Anne Unknown

Love

Love,
love is different for everyone,
so I dig down deep,
to the bottom of my soul,
so I tell you what MY love is like.

Love,
for me,
is beautiful,
it gives me passion,
it gives me peace.

Love,
it makes me feel happy,
makes me feel good about myself,
and face all the obstacles life has for me.

Love,
it gives me fire,
a warmth in my heart,
although it makes me blush easily,
I don't mind at all.

Love,
it can destroy me,
it can make me hate my stupid actions,
and it can make me think 'what if'....
it could be my downfall.

Love,
though it momentarily is out of reach,
will light my soul again.

Anne Unknown

Magic Overwhelms/ Cruel Magic

I see a woman,
dressed in a dark cloak,
there is something peculiar about her,
but I cannot name the difference.

The mysterious woman lifts up her hands,
I do not know what the gesture was,
for I had not seen it before.

I feel power rising in the air,
though I do not know where it comes from,
it frightens me a little,
whatever she is doing,
it is dangerous.

A flash of green leaves her fingers,
and before I can even stare at the cloud in awe,
it turns to me.

The air felt awkward,
not quite uncomfortable,
but still awkward,
the green cloud collided against my chest.

I felt pain and heat in my chest,
it overwhelmed me,
as if there were weight on my shoulders,
I sank to my knees.

My eyesight gloomed before me,
I looked up at the queer woman who had put this curse on me,
she lifted up her hood and I saw that she was a mage,
and the last thing I saw before I dropped to the ground and left this world,
was that she was smiling down at me.

Anne Unknown

My World

Reality is fiction to me,
In my world I understand,
In my world there are creatures,
Werewolves and vampires,
Ghouls and ghosts,
Mages and hobs.

Reality is fiction to me,
I do not understand it,
I cover myself like a cloak,
With my world as fabric,
I am safe here,
Safe here from the unknown world you live in.

Reality is fiction to me,
But I escape in books,
I escape in dreams,
I escape in poems and music.

Reality is fiction to me,
Most anything is unimportant,
So I bid you farewell,
I turn on my heels,
and go to a world that I can understand,
I go to my world,
Will you accompany me?

Anne Unknown

Never My Lost Friends

I am now more than a thousand kilometres away from you,
I've never had such good friends.
It took me years to find you,
and only half a year to make me love you.

Now, I've packed my bags and gone again,
but I know that, this time, I'll keep my friends.
I won't fear that we've grown apart,
you're part of my family.

It seems just a week ago,
since I last saw you all,
but it has been three months,
and the clock's still ticking.

I don't know when I'll see you again,
it might be over a year,
it might be in seven months.
Oh, how I wish you could be here,
or that you were here,
all your arms ready to embrace me.

Time goes by,
and life continues.
but one thing's for sure,
I will never forget you all.

You took the old, quiet me,
and shook her up,
until she became like me.
You showed me a world of openness,
and friendship,
and love.

I've never felt so at home,
as I have in your group,
you took me in,
and didn't let me go.
it's only fair I don't do the same.

I won't forget....

Anne Unknown

New Moon

The eclipse has vanished,
And so the complete dark left with it,
A new light in the sky,
A new moon lighting the night.

The music which was so rough, so loud,
has turned into a sweet, sweet lullaby,
instead of the dark emotions which controlled me,
I feel abruptly relieved and light.

The nightmares which used to haunt my sleep,
have vanished and left behind dreamless nights and sweet dreams,
I sleep soundly once again,
and shudder as I remember the dark times,
A new moon has arrived.

Anne Unknown

Okay

People ask if I'm okay,
I smile and say 'I'm fine',
they ask if I'm sure so I rephrase,
'I will be okay',
they nod their heads and say 'Good'.

I walk with more confidence,
I don't cringe when someone speaks my name,
I don't shudder when a person hugs me,
I almost feel....okay.

I see a bit of life,
through the darkness,
I try to concentrate on that light,
And keep on walking,
around the hard obstacles that life throws at me,
I am okay.

Anne Unknown

Opposites

We are opposites of each other,
you are ying as I am yang,
you are light as I am darkness,
you are the sun as I am the moon,
you are heaven as I am hell.

We belong together,
for you are full of joy,
and are beautiful in a way only you can be.
You are mine.

We contrast like magnets,
for I am sad and lonely most of the time,
and need you for comfort.
I am yours.

We are each other's counterparts,
but we fit together,
belong together,
for always.

Anne Unknown

Red

Red is the color of roses,
Red is the passion,
Red is the lips, so soft and warm,
Red is the hate, which I feel,
Red is the blood, which runs in my veins,
Red is the war within me,
Red is the love, which I lack.

Anne Unknown

Run From Myself

This poem is inspired by two songs: snowpatrol- run and three days grace- get out alive. enjoy

-

I only have a few minutes more,
before I have to run for my life,
You're the only thing I don't regret in my life,
so please don't doubt yourself.

I need to leave,
to get away from this place,
otherwise I'll never be able to get to the other side.

I'm afraid,
I'm scared of myself,
I need to withdraw from here,
or I will never get out of this alive.

You've done your best,
but I can't stay anymore,
I have to vanish from sight,
in order to come back to you when everything's over.

So, at the end of my words, I take my leave,
I turn around and walk to the horizon,
and hope I'll see you again someday.

Anne Unknown

Saving Hug

It is a simple touch,
to hug someone.
It doesn't mean much,
for some people.
But if I say,
that because of my hugging friends,
I have found my sanity once again,
you probably wouldn't believe me.
It is true, though,
My mind was in a dark place,
until I found my friend in America again,
who understood me.
But it wasn't enough,
I could only talk to her on the phone,
or through emails.
The time I spent at school got darker,
and darker,
until I almost felt as if I lost my mind.
Then, from out of the blue,
a group of friends came to me,
and made me feel welcome.
They hug me everyday,
and for them the embrace probably means little,
but the warmth of their embrace,
helps me through the day.
The feel of someone's arms around me,
is like glue,
when it feels like I'm falling into pieces.
So, as I am given a hug from someone,
they make me feel better,
with one simple touch.

Anne Unknown

Seventeen Ducklings And A Unicorn

Five ducklings and a leprechaun had a picnic,
eating cake and other goodies.
Five more ducklings came,
accompanied by a mermaid.
They joined the picnic,
and had lots of fun.
A unicorn appeared,
ridden by a duckling,
and six other ducklings travelling with them.
They sat down with the others,
conversing with each other.
The air got cold,
and mist fogged up.
The 17 ducklings waited with the leprechaun, mermaid and unicorn.
They waited in fear.
A man in black robes came towards the frightened group,
and asked if he could join.
They nervously said yes, and the strange man sat down.
When it was time to prepare dinner,
the man proposed to gather wood for the fire,
if he was accompanied by the mermaid and leprechaun.
The mermaid and leprechaun didn't come back.
The man said they were gone,
and the seventeen ducklings and the unicorn became wary.
That night,
seventeen ducklings and a unicorn disappeared as well.

Anne Unknown

She Went Away

The girl in the corner,
she looks so sad,
she is so quiet.
Nobody notices,
how bad she feels.

She went away,
didn't say if she was returning,
tell her she's wanted,
tell her we love her.
Maybe she'll come back.

The girl listening to music there,
needs someone,
someone to care about her.

She went away,
she left all that she believed in,
tell her she's wanted,
tell her we love her,
just bring her home.

Look at the girl reading a book,
she feels vulnerable,
she feels as if every touch can destroy the control,
the control she's holding onto by her fingertips.

Please come home,
how does this story end?

Anne Unknown

Silver Lining

You stand there in the darkness,
people screaming everywhere,
although you want to,
you can't help them,
pain and hate overwhelm you,
and you sink deeper in the darkness...

you wake up and feel happy,
you look around and see only light,
light and happy people,
a light mood hangs above,
you look aside and see your savior,
you see your angel,
you see your silver lining.

Anne Unknown

Speaking Eyes

Eyes,
they help us see.
They come in many colors,
brown, blue, green, gray eyes.
Many people see them only as small bodyparts,
I do not.

Eyes,
I think they show personality,
someone's words sometimes cannot be trusted,
for they can lie,
but eyes are always truthful.

Eyes,
they show emotion to other people,
show others how someone feels,
They are irreplaceable.

Eyes,
They can look deep,
as if you can see into that person's soul,
and see how beautiful it is,
or they can look shallow,
to show that that person doesn't care.

The next time you see someone,
if you don't do it already,
you will look into that person's eyes,
and know what I'm talking about,
you will see how magnificent eyes are,
you will hear their voices.

Anne Unknown

Strange Girl Staring

I look at the girl in front of me,
the girl on the other side of the glass,
who just stares at me,
and is silent.

Her painted brown hair,
which is becoming lighter each day,
stays as unmoving as the rest of her body.

A mix of three colors,
gray, green and blue,
make up the color of her eyes.
Her pupils are wide,
because there hardly is light.

Her upperarms are rather wide for a girl,
and her fingers are long and gracious.
Her lips are full as many other girls' lips are.
Her nose is narrow until the end,
where it is a bit more round.

Her eyebrows, which are wide and unordered,
cover her long, thick eyelashes.
The girl has acne like any other teenager,
and she has a confused expression on her face.

Her mouth moves at the same time I want to speak,
so I let her speak,
but she doesn't say anything.
I raise my hand, and she lifts hers,
and we both touch the glass between us,
that is actually a mirror.
The girl standing before me, IS me.

Anne Unknown

Sweet Dreams

This is a translation of a love poem I wrote at school. It was a cultural day at school, and we had to make a over-the-top love-poem. first it is written in dutch, then in english.

In mijn dromen,
zijn wij samen, jij en ik,
ik kijk in jouw helder blauwe ogen,
en zie jouw ziel, zo mooi.

Ik buig mijn hoofd,
om dichterbij jou te zijn,
en kus jouw zachte lippen langzaam,
onze lippen smelten samen,
tot wij een zijn, zoals de zon en maan.

Onze liefde is voor altijd,
in mijn dromen,
kon ik maar voor eeuwig slapen,
om altijd bij jou te zijn en de liefde te bewaren.

In de realiteit, helaas, zie je mij niet staan,
en durf ik mijn liefde voor jou niet te laten zien,
dus droom ik over jou, tot,
jij eindelijk mijn liefde ziet.

In my dreams,
we are together, you and I,
I look into your magnificent blue eyes,
and see your soul, so beautiful.

I bend my head forward,
to be closer to you,
I kiss your soft lips slowly,
our lips fuse together,
and become one, like the sun and moon,
like ying and yang.

Our love is forever,
in my dreams, atleast,

I wish I could sleep forever,
to be with you and preserve our love.

In reality, unfortunately, you don't know I exist,
and I don't dare to show my love to you,
so I dream of you, until,
you finally see my love for you.

Anne Unknown

Tear

You cry when you're happy,
You cry when you're sad,
A tear is shed when delighted,
A tear is shed when in great despair,
Although you are ashamed when you weep,
When a tear spills, it is in dignity,
While you sob, lift your chin up,
And howl you're unhappiness until it is no more.

Anne Unknown

The Beauty Of...

The beauty of the dark,
is the beauty of no light.

The beauty of the silent,
is the beauty of no noise.

The beauty of the moon,
is the beauty of no sun.

The beauty of you,
is the beauty of everything.

Anne Unknown

The Girl You Know

The face of the girl you know,
is painted with sadness,
her thoughts are tainted with shadows.
you know how much each pain has
made a new hole in her chest,
seeming to dissolve her heart into a bliss.
you can see how the nightmares
have haunted her sleep.
in her eyes, you see the battering
that the soul has had.
Yet in her smile you see the hope she feels
to be free of the darkness once again.

Anne Unknown

The Mask

This is a poem I found on the internet and changed a few sentences of it. I hope u like it.

A mask of happiness often covers her sadness,
her beliefs hidden inside her,
she never completely shares herself with anyone but herself.
The feeling of invisible chains surrounds her.
When she dreams, she lets go of reality and is free of her heartache, she feels
lost, and falls on a difficult path of darkness.
Sometimes, the misery leaves her eyes,
but inside she always feels as if she's being ripped apart.
She plays roles of happiness or seriousness,
yet inside she feels the same despair.
The translucent veil she wears so ostensibly will fade,
her beliefs will be known,
her true self shown,
and the mask will not exist anymore.

Anne Unknown

The Moon

The moon, so high up in the sky.
So light in the darkness of night.
It is a beautiful sight.

The moon, so high up in the sky.
Is untouched by the clouds.
It hangs in the sky with such light,
that not even the darkness can defeat it.

The moon, so high up in the sky.
It covers you like a warm blanket.
Many do not see it often for they sleep,
but I can look at it forever.

Anne Unknown

The Understanding

This poem I did together with my best friend, Christina.

People say they know what you are going through
even though they actually have no clue
they will never understand until they experience it themselves
it's so hard to go through all this darkness
and when people do say that
you feel protected and understood
but that can't occur, you are alone.

if u don't like the changes keep it the way you had.

title it: understanding

or something like that anyway.

Anne Unknown

Things To Do

A book to read,
a poem to write,
a chapter to learn,
homework to do,
a book to finish writing,
what is it to be busy?
Is it that you have a lot to do?
You can always cancel or take your time.
Why haste then?
Why not take interest in life?
Do not waste your life,
you'll have time to finish your to do list.

Anne Unknown

This Dream

In this dream of mine,
I sleep again,
This dream....so nice.

In this dream of mine,
I find my peace,
This dream....so sweet.

In this dream of mine,
I feel so safe,
Let this dream last forever.

Anne Unknown

Turning Away

I have a nightmare.
I stand there, at the airport,
and say goodbye to the largest group of friends I have ever known,
in so little time, I've become so attached to them.
I turn around so they do not see it,
see the tears that run down my face.

I wish I could stop time,
or slow it down.
But that is impossible, I'm afraid.
Humans do not have the power to control time,
and we can only enjoy the times that are given to us.
So, even though I don't know when I'll see my friends again,
I hope it will be soon.

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