

Poetry Series

ashleigh english
- poems -

Publication Date:

2010

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

ashleigh english()

Homeless

No more than a picture in the deserted room, a picture of hate, a picture so distorted beyond repair. The lonely house...

I close my eyes and listen to the sounds that surrounded me, the creaking door that hasn't been open for months the windows that are opening and shutting. The train that travels behind the house is getting old and worn as it honks its horn...

My imagination kicks in i here voices laughing see their faces smiling...

I try and speak out but no one can hear me...I raise my voice but nothing comes out.i realise that this is just a dream, i try and wake myself up..

I open my eyes looking up to the sky, it's so blue i realise that I'm laying on the side walk. So thirsty and dry i get up and realise this is my home wondering the streets and trying to find a place to sleep under bridges and in cardboard boxes. I listen to the sounds that surround me, happy faces, not a care in the world i feel a tear run down my face i put my head down and start walking don't know were I'm going to go, or were I'm going to end up but I'll make this right i am determined

ashleigh english

Nightmare

The hurt, the loneliness, the forgiveness, but not the forgettable...it's easy to forgive, but its not easy to forget, the screaming, the scaredeness, the desperation, is all a part of life.

The nightmares you can't control them you try and get out of it but it's like your trapped in a cage you can scream and scream but no one here's you. Your all alone in total blackness with memories that you can touch and here you try and look away and block your ears and cover your eyes but your frozen, it's like u see it in slow motion tear by tear hit by hit word by word, the way you felt in that moment comes crashing on to you like a tidal wave..I then ask myself why, why didn't I do anything to stop it why didn't i stand up for myself and fight back I then give in to the nightmare giving up, with tears running down my face i close my eyes, curl up in a ball and give into the nightmare, the images burned to the back of my eyelids.

My world is spinning. I open my eyes to find myself in my room wipe my eyes to find to scared to close my eyes again afraid of what i might see next..

ashleigh english