

Poetry Series

Ashlynn flure
- poems -

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no biogrophy

Abuser

Why am i standing here, alone?
When outside you knocking, knocking
I cannot com to you,
For my feet are glued to the floor.
For give me, but i fear you!
With that you could open the door,
but i have locked it!
Ah! What sorrow i have brought upon myself!
How you shout, how you plead for entrance
And how i want you to enter,
But you have not the strength to break the door down.
Well, come on then! Find another way in!

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The Killer

What I see will end my life,
For what I see will kill my family,
What I am about to do will effect me and my life forever,
As I climb to the top of the highest tower,
I open the door to the roof,
The man running close behind me.
As i look back, the door swing open,
He slowly steps out and into the star light,
The gun begins to glisten in the moonlight,
I run to the edge,
Then i think, to young to die,
I step up on to the ledge,
The gun is fired!
Striking me! I fall 80 floors to the ground,
Only 15 years old and i die,
People say i was mad and killed myself.
NO! i was murdered!
But how can a dead body say that?

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What Is Death!

Death is black,
It looks like the tears of loved ones
As your coffin is lowered into your grave,
Death feels like the lights of heaven or the fires of hell,
It tastes like the ashes in your mouth,
Death smells like the decaying of your own body,
It sounds silent as a black cat roaming the streets,
Death is the black of the night.

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What Is Life! ?

Life is all the colors from black to the hottest pink,
It looks like tears of sadness and tears of happiness,
Life feels like a new born baby laughing and crying,
It tastes like a cool glass of lemonade or a warm glass of sour milk,
Life smells like a cherry blossom tree or the smell of smock,
It sounds like children playing or gunshots through the air,
Life is dark clouds hanging over your head.

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