

**Poetry Series**

# **Autumn Hanna**

## **- poems -**

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## Autumn Hanna(February 10th)

My life, despite the morbid poetry I write, was-and is- good. I'm currently trying to finish up school and one day hope to become a writer of the fantasy/fiction genre. In my downtime I write poetry, play soccer, paintball and tennis and LOVE to fish at Folly Beach every Sunday.

I've been asked a few questions that I feel obligated to answer. Firstly, no, I'm not crazy (okay maybe a little) and secondly I like to write such grim poetry because few do. Why stay on the light side when the dark side is so much more promising, not to mention it produces a more interesting variety of poetry.

## Beware...

What happens when darkness falls in this forsaken land?  
A time for rest? A time for peace? Perhaps for the unknowing and misfortune man.

No one knows what happens when the sun goes down,  
because no one living is around.

Such darkness is unnatural and that's saying the least,  
Words can't describe such beasts.

So enjoy your brief comfort while the light is still flowing in,  
Don't bother locking the doors, they're already within.

Creeping up the stairs, slinking down the hall,  
May the next to seek refuge here not ignore the writing on the walls.

Autumn Hanna

# Bloody Valentine

My love for you is like a disease, it tainted me from inside out,  
My sweet Caroline, won't you please come out of your house?

No? Well that's alright I'll invite myself in.  
I meant it when I said: 'I'll see you again.'

Lock all the doors and barricade the windows if you choose,  
But know nothing on this earth can keep me from you.

You promised me your heart, and I promise you this:  
'It WILL be mine even if I have to rip it from your chest.'

Yes, I'm coming for a visit, my dear Caroline,  
My love, my sweet, my Bloody Valentine.

Autumn Hanna

# Bunnies And How To Corrupt Them

They got tired of me writing poems about death, destruction and such,  
So I decided to do something with a less morbid touch,

My favorite season came to mind,  
Winter with its snow and then of course, Christmas time,

But then with the thought of presents and more,  
Came the idea of a Black Christmas, entrails and gore,

So I quickly turned to something else,  
And tried to put my grimness away on a high shelf.

Then I tried a moon lit night,  
And walking in the pale moonlight,

But then I remembered a little number I had read,  
About a blood moon and innocence dead,

So I tried one last time,  
To come up with something on the light side of the line.

I thought and thought and then I had it!  
How about a fluffy bunny rabbit? !

And here I thought I couldn't go wrong,  
But indeed it wasn't long,

Till that fluffy bunny grew vicious teeth  
And became un-fluffy and that was saying the least,

I quickly stopped before I added a ravenous blood lust to its red eyes,  
And let it turn into something that they would despise.

It was then that I gave up,  
My gift was not for writing about bunnies and happy stuff, but turning them and  
making them corrupt!

So I smiled and started with the bunny again,  
If they didn't like it then I guess the bunny will just have to eat them!

Autumn Hanna

# Fear

I am the seething darkness crouched at the foot of your bed,  
The grimdest of things thought up inside your head.

I am the thing that lurks at the end of every hall,  
My chance to strike at your defenses will come when darkness falls.

I know your strengths and every weakness too,  
I'll turn every last one of them against you.

I love morphing them and bending them to my will,  
Such is the way I cripple and kill.

I'll make you break and bring you to your knees,  
No creature on this earth can escape me.

You'll feel my icy grip whether I'm far or near,  
I'm the sadists favorite tool, I am Fear.

Autumn Hanna

# I Dare You...

I dare you to push me over the edge,  
Dare you to make me lose my head.

Dare you to take a peak inside,  
An insalubrious and malicious mind.

□

I sincerely want you to take that dare,  
To poke and prod till my lucidity begins to tear.

□

I dare you to torment the beast within,  
But I warn you, you'll fine yourself in a very unpleasant place my friend.

□

Summon the demon, evoke the monster,  
But know you'll need all the strength you can muster.

I dare you to risk your life,  
don't stop, don't think twice.

Once my mind is fully consumed by the dark,  
There's no telling how far I'll take the next part.

□

But there is one thing I can guarantee before you sink down into despair,  
You won't live long enough to regret taking that dare.

Autumn Hanna

# Numb

I can't feel your anger, your words don't even leave a scratch, I can't feel your icy glare even though it used to be a knife in my back.

I've fell into peaceful darkness, succumbed to this Bliss, I'm still quite alive, but feeling isn't something I miss.

The grief was too heavy and the hatred too much, love was overwhelming and happiness out of touch,

I abandoned your way of living somewhere along the line of light and dark, adjusting to not feeling and prying out my beating heart.

I cast it aside- the last thing holding me back- and filled its hardened void with thoughts cruel and black.

Into the Darkness I stride following its forsaken hum, there are so many new opportunities when you're completely numb.

Autumn Hanna

# Repetition

What will happen when history repeats?  
Is it deja-vu to the extreme?

Time stops and the records can't even tell,  
How it's going to turn out this time around.

Technology will alter the stream, cover it up conceal it,  
Make it all seem like a horrific dream,

Man will twist it, make it bend,  
We won't be able to tell right or wrong in the end.

Smoke will conceal the sky, merely a reflection of how we feel inside,  
Misled, mistreated and left in the dark, all products of men with blackened  
hearts.

Once the screaming starts only death can quell,  
This living nightmare, this self induced hell.

We'll pay for ours sins, our lies and deceit,  
This is what happens when history repeats.

Autumn Hanna

# Still Standing

The words were sharp and condescending, but I strode past them in leaping bounds,

They may have made me wince but they never knocked me down.

It was hard to get used to life carrying such a deadly secret,

The burden may have slowed me but it never knocked me down.

Beauty on the inside, but much, much different on the out,

It may have made me take a second look, but it never knocked me down.

The pain is always there, but I'll never let it show,

Because with such a lethal disease it's hard to keep up hope.

But I'll keep fighting, I won't let this Sickness bring me to the ground! !

As long as there's strength left in me it will NEVER knock me down! ! !

Autumn Hanna

# The Word Jig-Saw

Do you know who I am?  
Of course you don't, of course you won't, no one ever can.

Curious? Well I'll give you a hint,  
My passion is words, words well spent.

Time spent coming up with words,  
Words to make feelings heard.

Do you know what I do?  
I doubt you know because few do.

I do something like and unlike those similar to me,  
We all have different views and when you read our works that's what you'll see.

Words are not something I create,  
They're different sounds I mix up and translate.

No two of us mix them up the same way,  
Words that are written, and words that you say.

Sometimes you can relate to my word jig-saw,  
Other times you feel nothing and from your mind my translation you withdraw.

Every meaning is different that's why we leave it up to YOU the reader to decide,  
Because it's so interesting when two ideas collide.

Then we've created something new!  
You and me, me and you.

That's how we do it, that's why we write,  
To brighten this diverse world with further diverse insight.

Autumn Hanna

# Usmc (United States Marine Corps)

We're called many things, not all of them very kind, our bravery is renowned for fighting behind enemy lines,

We never give up, we never give in,  
We'll fight to the last whether we lose or win.

Our job may seem simple, but that's because we do it well,  
Our reputation growing with every threat we quell.

Our places in history marked- memories we will all keep,  
Our morals are honorable and our devotion to the Corps running deep.

Communism and rogue takeovers are things we cannot allow.  
As a unit we can do anything, so 'all together now! '

In combat we're dependable, our senses clear and keen,  
We're the few, the proud, the United States Marines!

Autumn Hanna