

Poetry Series

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- poems -

Publication Date:
2009

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

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Tornados

Tornados,

You rip through house's and homes.

Destroy house as you spin along.

Kill so many of those inesent people, when they think they will be fine then you rip and suck up there shrine.

Leave house's and mess all over the place.

As on April the third 1956 over 400 tornado suck up the homes and left famlies and freinds with broken hearts and left hospitals filled with sad people with bad enjuries that left the, poor nurse's and Doctors work till daylight with out any power fo over 24 hours that ment that some people would die overs in criddicle conditions so remeber April the first is a very, sad day

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Why Me My Angel

My Angel has brought me great trouble.

In and out of Hospital I go.

With sadness and burns and soft tissue scars heartburn and dread as we leave
this mess with crying and screaming.

With Sorrow, sadness and death of sick sick people and horrible horrible feelings
that will, leave you screaming with great fear so think how lucky you are that
your not one of them but its a shame one of them is me.

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