

Poetry Series

chrisy olsen
- poems -

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chrisy olsen(october 26th 1981)

i was born and raised in grayling michigan. I have 1 sister and a dad in which i love so much. my mother died 2 years ago january 15th. took a major toll on me. my family consits of myself and my 2 boys. I suffer from bipolar disorder for over ten years, when I have my down days i write poetry. i hope u enjoy my poetry cause it all comes from my heart. my life has its ups and downs but my kids are my life. i like to sing and play guitar also.

Death Of Mom

Mom I miss you so much.
I wish you could keep in touch.
I miss it when you would say things that were dumb.
I miss you and I sitting here drinking rum.
I miss us playing guitar with one another.
I miss sharing our secrets together.

If only I could have told you good-bye,
I might not feel like I could die.
In my heart forever you will be.
In my memories I will be able to see,
us playing the guitars and singing.
Laughing, smoking, and drinking.

Its been so hard since you died.
For the past two years I have cried.
We shared so many memories together.
I know that your spirit will live on forever.

I hope I will be as good as a mom as you.
I hope I don't let my children feel so down and blue.
Brett is seven and thomas is three.
I will raise my boys the best that they can be.

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Mad

You say things that hurt people so bad.
Oh! Now you feel sad.

Tell me you hate me that is ok.
I guess you really have nothing nice to say.

Drink that vodka and orange juice,
Just remember my temper is on a short fuse.

Go lay down and go to bed.
Some of this shit you are going to wish you never said.

You want to leave me then go right ahead.
Maybe you are right, Maybe it would be better if I was dead.

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My Love

We fight and I cry, my soul begins to die.
Sometimes I wonder why I even try.

My love is so deep, so pure, and so true.
I just wish I could stop feeling so blue.

My love will always last,
just hope this depression will pass.

One day at a time i guess, at least thats what I was told,
I just know my love for you is so strong and bold.

When you hurt, I hurt too.
When you are down and out, I feel blue.

When you get scared, I will comfort your fears.
When you fell down I will chase those tears.

My love for you will never pass.
If anyone stands in the way, well I will kick their ass.

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What To Do

I am not right,
all I seem to do is fight.
I see this bald man,
I feel as if I can not stand.

Trembling in my body does not want to stop,
my heart feels like it is going to pop.
All of these voices are screaming,
or is it that I am only dreaming?

I have this ache in my chest,
I need to be out to rest.
Fire is all around me,
but this man's face I can not see.

I feel as if I am dead,
this life I am living is such a dread.
Seeing things that are not really there.
Is this really the life you want to share?

I seem to get angry for no reason at all,
then I began to let my tears fall.
Thinking about ending my life right here,
all I really need is for you to be near.

Sleepless nights are really taking a toll on my body,
but all I can seem to be is mean and snotty.
I feel like a lonesome soul that is waiting to be released,
yet I feel as if I am deceased.

What is wrong with me?
Why can these voices not let me be?
I talk to you but I treat you like dirt,
I cry so hard I soak my shirt.

I do not know what is going on with all of this,
I wonder if I were dead if I would be missed.
I can not apologize enough for what I put you through,
and if you were to tell me goodbye, I will still love you.

I understand that you do not need all of my problems spilled onto you,
I really just do not know what else I should do.

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