

Poetry Series

**Colette Grosvenor**  
**- poems -**

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## Colette Grosvenor(6/5/1994)

Most of my poems are emotions I have had in my life, moslty from year 10 at school. I find if I am sad, and I write A poem about it, the sadness leaves me and is trapped in the poem.

# All Of My Dreams Are In Paper. (Song)

To dream you have to have your eyes open,  
But mine have been closed from the start.  
When I was young my friends dreamt of princesses and fairytales,  
Whereas I, I had no dreams,  
I was the dreamless little girl.

All of my dreams are in paper,  
I have no real one to live out.  
I know they will never come true,  
So why live in a fantasy?  
Just to be let down.

At least with paper you cannot be disappointed,  
Just put a pen to it, and write it all down.  
As time goes on, I hope to have dreams as i sleep,  
And have something to live for.  
But i doubt that time will come because...

All of my dreams are in paper,  
I have no real one to live out.  
I know they will never come true,  
So why live in a fantasy?  
Just to be let down.

I know I am different,  
from the rest of the world.  
While they sleep and dream,  
I sleep and die.  
I am dead to reality.

All of my dreams are in paper,  
I have no real one to live out.  
I know they will never come true,  
So why live in a fantasy?  
Just to be let down.

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I have no real one to live out.  
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So why live in a fantasy?  
Just to be let down.

Colette Grosvenor

# Alone

He leant over his half finished crossword.  
Burnt out cigarette in one hand,  
Pen, held loosely in the other.  
Most mornings he's like this,  
Troubling over his ash covered puzzle,  
And scratching his greying beard.  
What's the point, he snorts,  
But it's not the crossword he's talking about.  
Why am I here he questions,  
I want to die.  
But as he leans over his half finished puzzle,  
He realises.  
He knows as well as everyone.  
He's not scared of dying.  
He's scared of dying alone.

Colette Grosvenor

# Angel's Spotlight

When worst comes to worst I find myself running,  
And one day I discovered something really quite stunning.  
I stumbled upon an angel's spot light,  
Your spot light.  
My guardian angel, who will help me find my way.  
You make me feel golden, even when skies are grey.  
I used to cry myself to sleep each night,  
Thinking that nothing would ever be alright.  
Now I have you I think I could fly and be free,  
With you-my guardian angel watching over me.

Colette Grosvenor

# Beauty On Earth

Our world we live in is such a wonderful place,  
It is filled with beauty and grace.  
It is precious as the bird's song,  
and is so perfectly put together that nothing can go wrong.  
Our world is as beautiful as the sea is blue,  
But what makes it better is that the world has you.  
The world is so delicate, like a little flower,  
But what amazes me is it's great power.  
This world means everything to me,  
it makes me happy and fills me with glee!

Colette Grosvenor

# Being A Teen

Why is it when adults see me coming they walk another way?  
I've seen it happen everyday.  
Do they think I would cause them pain?  
Do they think im completly insane?  
Just for being a girl of sixteen,  
It's like nothing I have ever seen.  
Why should I get judged for how other kid's act,  
It's really not fair, and that's a fact!  
It happens everyday,  
When adults see me, and walk the other way

Colette Grosvenor



# Black Hole

It is as black as the sky,  
without any stars for guidance.  
But no matter how black it is,  
Light can overcome it,  
for the bully that it is.  
Light is the victor of darkness,  
and can shine even in shadows.  
No matter how dark it was,  
The light of love will shine,  
In the darkness that is the hole in your heart.

Colette Grosvenor

# Blood Streaked Sky

Bombs fell from the blood streaked sky,  
I remember waiting in my dug-out, waiting to die.  
Waiting for the next bomb to fall,  
Not knowing if it was going to fall at all.  
All I could do was shake and shake,  
Hoping that any moment from a dream I would wake.  
But never did I awake from that nightmare,  
I sat there terrified, more than I would like to declare.  
Every night I wail like a ghost,  
Yet I'm the one who has coped the most.  
What I have seen, It's all world wide.  
It's frightening enough to make men run and hide.  
Things that can make grown men cry,  
Such as the bombs falling from the blood streaked sky.

Colette Grosvenor

# Bus Freak

Today they tore down the shields to my happiness,  
Why they chose me is anyone's guess.  
I haven't done anything to them, so I just cannot see,  
Why they decided to torture me.  
Although the teacher's say I'm just unique,  
They point and laugh, calling me 'The Bus Freak'.  
I don't understand it, all I do is sit there,  
Trying to ignore them pulling at my hair.  
Maybe it will fade-their horrible streak,  
And then they won't call me 'The Bus Freak'.

Colette Grosvenor

# Captive Ood

A captive Ood brings tears to my eyes,  
Everytime I see one a part of me dies.  
To see them locked away,  
Never to see a sunny day.  
If you listen to their song of captivity,  
And listen so intently.  
Then I'm sure you would cry too,  
And something will die inside of you.  
It's heart-breaking to see them when they are not free,  
Infact it makes me angry to some degree!

Colette Grosvenor

# Change

(This is also more of a song)

Have you ever had one of those days,  
when you know your life must change?  
To stop being negative,  
and enjoy the good times you will have.

I've been waiting my whole life,  
for this day to pass me by.  
but as yet it hasn't come,  
and I really don't know why.

I'm scared of who I am,  
scared of what leaks out,  
onto the blank pages of my life.  
my life is built on fear.  
and that has got to change  
right now (right now)

I use smiles to hide my pain inside,  
I think this should change.  
I need to dump this negativity,  
and concentrate on what matters.

I'm scared of who i am,  
scared of what leaks out,  
onto the blank pages of my life.  
my life is built on fear.  
and that has got to change  
right now (right now)

You don't know anything about me,  
I am who I am,  
and who I will ever be.  
and I don't think I can change that.

I'm scared of who I am,  
I'm scared of what leaks out,  
onto the blank pages of my life,

but it is who I am.  
and that cannot be changed,  
never (Never)

Colette Grosvenor

# Devil Shadow

Everyday there is a glow of limitaion,  
And i am wondering what is this creation.  
Everytime is try to speak it get hushed,  
Feeling like my shadow hates me, im getting crushed.  
My shadow is the devil who wont let me be me,  
It won't let me talk and won't set me free.  
It's time to get rid of him,  
Because my life is looking very grim.  
My life would be better off with out this torment,  
And see an end to this silent event.

Colette Grosvenor

# Different

They say I'm different that's why they pick on me,  
But then again we are all different aren't we?  
We have different tastes in music and clothes,  
If we were all the same we would be boring I suppose.  
It's good to be different I hope you agree  
Then maybe you will stop picking on me.  
Do you pick on me because you have something to hide?  
Maybe you think that picking on me will make your feeling subside.  
If I were your friend I might be able to help you through,  
And maybe then you could help me out too.

Colette Grosvenor



# Do They Know?

The bus is empty- no one catches this bus.  
The driver gives me a sympathetic smile.  
He knows, I know he does.  
I sit in the middle,  
(Only the cool people sit at the back)  
I let my eyes gaze,  
Beyond the droplets running down the glass.  
The rain beats down,  
Filling the holes in the road.  
Lightning in the background tears through the sky,  
And black clouds dominate above the world.  
Yet everyday life carries on.  
Children sleepily walk to school,  
With sympathetic smiles on their faces.  
They know, I know they do.  
I stopped at the traffic lights,  
Staring at divers in their big cars.  
Sympathetic smile after another,  
They all know, I know they do.

Today I'm running away.

Colette Grosvenor

# Dreaming

Is there any point in dreaming?  
Hiding the real world to stop you from screaming.  
Living in a make believe bubble,  
But forgetting your old life is the trouble.  
Your new life in the bubble, you float away,  
Hoping your memories will quickly decay.  
The truth is, they will always be there,  
But to your new life they will never compare.  
Your new life is make believe,  
Which will not be well received.

Colette Grosvenor

# Fear Of The Darkness

Fear burns in all of us,  
It makes us do things we dont want to.  
It might make us forget who we care for,  
In order to save ourselves.  
That fear can turn into selfishness,  
And can make us loose the people who we really love.  
Fear can bring betrayal, and unforgiving  
Would you want that, just to save yourself from harm?  
Fear eats away at our souls,  
And there is no getting rid of it.  
We have to live with it day after day.  
And in the end all we fear is the darkness,  
The darkness of life.

Colette Grosvenor

# Flowers Of The Heart

The seeds have been sown,  
In the pit of my heart.  
The succulent droplets fall down,  
Encouraging life to emerge.

Fresh little shoots rise up.  
Petals opening as if to welcome.  
The flowers in my heart.

But there is always that one person,  
Someone, who without thinking,  
Plucks the fresh growth from it's base.  
Tearing each petal from it's soul.  
Watching it die right in front of them,  
And yet they feel no remorse,  
After leaving one less flower in my heart.

Colette Grosvenor

# Footprints In The Snow

The moment I feel happy with my life,  
Dark storm clouds rush in,  
To trample on everything I have.  
There is someone out there,  
Who hates to see me happy,  
So they strip away the happiness from me,  
leaving just my footprints in the snow.

For as long as I can remember,  
I have been like this,  
Feeling depressed and negative.  
Because of that person,  
Who engulfed my ability to be happy.  
Now I am negative,  
And just a pair of footprints in the quickly fading snow.

Colette Grosvenor

# Freedom Wings

my spirit is a dove,  
I am free to fly.  
I go where I like, I fly so high,  
flying through trees and far above.  
where I go I spread the word,  
That I am a peaceful freedom bird  
Where I go, with me comes love.  
typical of a free flight dove....

my soul is a butterfly,  
I am small and sweet,  
But don't get me wrong I don't give in to defeat.  
I dart around bringing colour to the sky,  
And brighten up your day, but only for a while.  
I'm sorry I have to make other people smile.  
I won't have time to say goodbye,  
I am the happiness bringing butterfly.

Colette Grosvenor

# Friendship

A memory of a friend saying goodbye,  
Stays with you forever and never does it die.  
It's happened to me in the past, but i hope it won't anymore,  
Because those lost friends come back knocking at my door.  
When I answer it should I let them in?  
Or should I turn my back on them for their friendship sin?  
The meaning of ture friendship is hard to understand,  
But I do know they shouldn't have to come on demand.  
With my friends you can tell that they are true,  
Because they are always there, and stuck to me like glue.  
Never do I want to let them go,  
To never hear the sound of their sweet hello.  
Now I know what makes a true friend,  
The fact that they stay with you until the very end.

Colette Grosvenor

## Gold And Ice

A girl with a heart of gold,  
Sees the beauty even in the old.  
I find it hard to see the beauty in life,  
Does this mean I have a heart of ice?  
Am I really heartless,  
that I cannot express,  
The sentiment other people may express?  
Does it make me bitter,  
Because my life is not coated in glitter?  
My heart is not plated with cold,  
Yet I do not have a heart of gold.

Colette Grosvenor



# Grudge

Why am I still holding a grudge?  
This feeling inside me just won't budge.  
Why won't it go?  
It's making me feel so low.  
I'm not as angry as I used to be,  
Yet, still I am not free,  
Of the grudge I have against you.  
There's just nothing I can do,  
To be rid of this grudge,  
That from my mind, won't budge.

Colette Grosvenor

# Hate

Hate is a very strong word,  
And people tend to misuse it.  
But not you,  
you mean it.

This frantic tornadoe of hate,  
Through no fault of my own,  
Has dragged me into this poison well,  
That is slowly devouring me.

I have no idea how this hate began,  
But I'm sure my suffering will end,  
Once the poison has taken it's full effect,  
And engulfed the last remaining piece of me that was working,  
My slowly beating heart.

Colette Grosvenor

# I Am Not An Emo (Song)

I'm not an emo, I'm just always sad,  
but at least im happy this way.  
It's everyone around me who has the problem,  
Not me, I'm happy,  
The way I am.

Who has the right,  
To tell me what I am?  
Who should have that power,  
Apart from me?

How can you be something,  
That you don't think you are?  
Is it possible?  
I do not think so.

I'm not an emo, I'm just always sad,  
but at least im happy this way.  
It's everyone around me who has the problem,  
Not me, I'm happy,  
The way I am.

Times are hard enough,  
Without people accusing you,  
Of being something you're not.  
Why can't they just keep to their own lives?

At least I am content with my life,  
Even though they call me 'Emo'  
I'm not an emo, I am me!

I'm not an emo, I'm just always sad,  
but at least im happy this way.  
It's everyone around me who has the problem,  
Not me, I'm happy,  
The way I am.

Colette Grosvenor

# Inside The Storm

This cold and suffocating dome,  
Is only existent in my muddle-up mind.  
It holds me hostage from life,  
The lie I was once able to live.  
But I am safe inside my little glass cell,  
The darkness cannot leak in.  
Inside it is isolating,  
Yet comforting.  
The pain drills into my head.  
I hate it here,  
But I love it here,  
The snow globe inside my mind.

Colette Grosvenor

## Is Life A Dream?

Life is a dream, or maybe worse a nightmare,  
we cling to this world as if it is so real.  
But is it what we think it is?  
Our minds sail through what we think is reality,  
But honestly we are dreaming.  
None of it was real, none of it at all.  
we cease to be, but were we there in the first place?  
All we have ever known was a fantasy,  
A long play at a theatre.  
But now that play is coming to an end.  
And then the curtain will fall on our never existing life.  
All dreams have an end,  
And this is the end to ours.  
Life is a dream, or maybe even worse a nightmare.

Colette Grosvenor

# I want You To Be There

I want you to be there because you want to,  
Not because there is no one else.  
Not because just your sad or blue,  
Not through pity because I'm sat there all by myself.  
Why can't you like me for who I am?  
Don't use me as a last resort.  
Is this your evil scam?  
To you is this just a cruel sport?  
Are you just using me?  
Or are you abusing me?  
I want you to be there because you want to.  
Not because you have to.

Colette Grosvenor

# Jealousy

Jealousy is the sting that hurts us all,  
It can kill your soul from what I can recall.  
Hatred that peirces the heart and turns our blood to ice.  
It's not at all good, and it comes at a price.  
Not only does it destroy you, but the people you care for,  
Your family and friends, the people that you adore.  
I can't blame you, it's hard to throw away,  
Hard to live your life day after day.  
But once its warn off, you are finaly free,  
Able to live your life, and spend it with me.  
You wont feel that sting anymore,  
Now your strong, it's something you can ignore.  
Focus on more important things,  
Just think of what our future brings.  
Now we can live our lives in peace.  
Knowing that jealousy will release.

Colette Grosvenor

# Life

Life can be like a big monster,  
waiting to swallow you up and spit you back out again.  
It can be like a deadly whirlpool, in a never ending spiral.  
Where you are flung, around and around and around.  
Some people say life is here to touch us,  
To make us angry and sad.  
We cry tears of hatred and fear,  
fearing what will happen next.

Life is the devil, I have heard some people say,  
we burn in our own anger and freeze in our sorrow.  
Some people say that there is no such thing as peace,  
That everyday is a war with the entire universe.

But like I said 'some people'.  
My life is not at all full of these things,  
my life is like the fluttering of butterfly wings,  
in the month of June.  
My life is the angelic song of the birds in July,  
why look on the negative side of life?  
when the positive side is so much better?  
Don't waste time with arguments,  
Don't waste time with hatred.  
Fill your soul with these words,  
and spend your time wisely,  
because it won't last forever.

Colette Grosvenor



# Lord Of Time

His planet was protected by a snow-globe dome,  
The man who has no proper home.  
His sonic devise can open all sorts of locks,  
He travels around the universe in his blue box.  
He is the last one of his kind,  
And he never stops to look behind.  
To all of those people he loved, he had to say farewell,  
That's why they call him the 'Lonely Angel.'  
He wonders around looking for something new,  
Moving through time in his box of blue.  
If only he wasn't on his own,  
Searching through space for the unknown.  
If only he had Rose,  
Because she's the only one who knows,  
How to make him dazzle and shine,  
That lonely lord of time.

Colette Grosvenor

# Lost And Alone

I always seem to feel lost,  
In the madness of this world.  
I do not belong here,  
I have been smudged into the background.  
My voice has become a whisper,  
In the ever howling wind of a long winter's night.  
Imagine yourself constantly falling,  
Where no one can hear your cry for help.  
Imagine it, and think of me.

The single tear that trickles down my cheek,  
Proves how truly lost I am.  
No gushes of tears flooding from my eyes,  
just one solo droplet.  
As it rolls down my cheek,  
I look up towards the light of the sky,  
But only see darkness.  
This world does not want me,  
So now I walk lost,  
And alone.

Colette Grosvenor

# Misunderstood

You say that you know me,  
What you know is your best guess.  
You don't have true awareness of me,  
You have only what I confess.  
You misunderstand there is no guarantee,  
That what I tell you is more than you see.  
Do you take pride in killing my immortality?  
And truly are you willing to seek the true essence of me?

Colette Grosvenor

# My Werid Conversation

I'm going to tell you about a conversation,  
Which has no proper explanation.  
I was talking to my friend jess,  
But our conversation ended in a right mess.  
We started talking about candyfloss and sheep,  
The animal that suposidly helps you to go to sleep.  
It was weird and a little bit confusing,  
But don't get me wrong it was very amusing.  
I could talk about sheep all day long,  
And even make our conversation into a song.  
I love sheep they could rule the universe,  
I really couldn't think of anything worse.

Colette Grosvenor

## Not A Friend Of Mine

Your say to my face that I am your good friend,  
If I'm getting hurt you say you will be there to defend.  
But deep down inside I know you wont help me.  
You don't know this and I am sure you cannot see,  
That truly you don't really have any concern.  
You wouldn't care which way in life that I turn.  
You would never be there if I was on my death bed,  
I'm sure you will be with your other friends instead.  
Can't you do one thing, and promise me this,  
You should make sure my life is complete bliss,  
By never hurting me and telling a lie,  
And leaving me forever without saying goodbye.  
You have to be a real friend,  
Not ever to fake it, and never to pretend!  
But I can tell that your not a friend of mine,  
because it was you that was the one to decline.

Colette Grosvenor

# Our Frightful Rein

The world is not such a perfect place,  
Infact sometimes I think it is a complete disgrace!  
From floods and storms, to global warming,  
Our once perfect world is now transforming,  
To something beyond our belief,  
Filling us with sadness, horror and grief.  
We have ruined our world and made it so terrible,  
It's a wonder that people consider it bearable.  
We need to make it tolerable in which to live,  
And hope that our great world will forgive,  
Our frightful rein apon this land.  
I hope you come with me and make a stand.  
The world needs our help and dedication,  
for the sake of this world and it's entire nation.

Colette Grosvenor

# Rainbow Tears

A cursed life of a clown,  
Tears on their white skin, run down.  
It gets too much for them, so they break down and cry.  
Some of them may even want to die.  
Rainbows and butterflies streaming down their face,  
Scared of what they have become-a disgrace.  
Drowning in a cursed life of being feared,  
A face that is now rainbow smeared.

Colette Grosvenor

# Rare Sighting

It's a rarity to see,  
A smile apon my face.  
So consider yourself lucky,  
To spot even a trace.  
I don't just give it away,  
it remains hidden.  
It is lost from display,  
lost and forbidden.  
so when you see even a little smile,  
think yourself one in a million,  
because it wont be seen again for a while.

Colette Grosvenor



# Reality

Every moment of my life is filled with pain,  
Longing for freedom, to run free again.  
A Feeling of being trapped in a mirror,  
The way i feel is becoming clearer and clearer.  
The emotions I have are now worse than ever,  
I am just praying that they won't last forever.  
What I need is someone to set me free,  
Someone to make me feel happy and full of glee.  
What that person has to understand,  
That they should always be there to give me a helping hand.  
To never leave me alone in the rain,  
And then drown me, in all of that pain.

Colette Grosvenor

# Remember Me

From my life many people are lost and found,  
No matter how tightly we were bound.  
But if you go please don't forget I ever existed,  
Pretend that I never mattered.  
Please don't forget,  
Making me just a silhouette.  
If you get lost please don't forget me,  
Hear my plea.  
I never want to lose you,  
But if I do, I hope you remember me too.

Colette Grosvenor

# Running With Vampires

All of the people I have ever known,  
Eventually leave me in the end.  
Forcing me to keep running alone.  
But now I know I can depend,  
On the dwellers of night.  
Now I am running with vampires.  
You should see them when they take flight,  
With eyes like sapphires,  
And skin so cold.  
They cared for me, as if I fitted in.  
You wouldn't believe it, but they have a heart of gold.  
Now I can see their kindness within.  
Now I'm running with vampires,  
And I wouldn't have it any other way.  
They're the ones I really admire,  
The wonderful sleepers of day.

Colette Grosvenor

# Saving Me From You

Happiness cannot always hide my sorrow,  
Hoping it will be made better tomorrow.  
Sometimes it's too obvious to see,  
Everyone can spot that there's something bothering me.  
There's just something I need to know,  
That one day, years and years ago.  
I saved your life many times.  
But now I think sometimes,  
That you never saved me.  
The only thing you could do was to flee.  
You weren't there when I needed you the most,  
If you were only close,  
That was all I ever needed,  
If you wanted to hurt me then I think you exceeded.  
Now I know you can't be trusted with my life,  
Which will save me from all of this strife.  
It will save me like you didn't do.  
It will be saving me from you.

Colette Grosvenor

## Second Look

You look deep into my life,  
But as soon as I glance at you,  
You feel guilty,  
You turn, and cast your shadow onto my soul.  
I shouldn't expect you to care,  
You are just a passer,  
Like the swarm that passes me each day,  
without a second look.  
My life is so lonely,  
Although there are so many people in this world.  
Why is it some people have so much to live for in their lives;  
Family and friends,  
and they do not care for them,  
any of them.  
They treat them as they would treat me.  
A ragged child, curled up in the corner of a busy street,  
Unknown to the world.

Colette Grosvenor

# Shattered Child

Breathlessly, I allow myself to look up  
Fists clenched and eyes streaming,  
I hate what I see.  
The broken girl stares back at me,  
She stares hard, boering into my soul,  
Glaring from behind her shattered life,  
Hating me for my freedom.  
I punch the cracked wall of her cell,  
Recoiling in pain.  
Yet she still stared through clueless, glazed eyes.  
I hate her!  
Shes shattered but I wish I was her,  
That shattered girl in my mirror.

Colette Grosvenor

# Shattered Dreams

Have you ever been smudged into the background?  
No, of course you haven't,  
You're the one who blotted me out.  
My voice is now a whisper,  
In the ever howling wind, of a long winter's night.  
But not in your conscience,  
you can hear my screams, as I fall into an abyss of darkness,  
while you try to sleep at night.  
Your dreams shattered by my constant shrieks for help.  
well, Sleep well my 'friend', sleep well

Colette Grosvenor

# Show Me Your True Face

Show me your true face,  
I don't want any illusions.  
Unmask what is true,  
To show me the puzzlebox inside.  
It's confusing enough with the imitation.  
Reveal the person deep down.  
Help me discover the real you,  
And show me your true face.

Colette Grosvenor



# Stalker

You quickly turn your head,  
To see if I'm still there.  
You do it fast  
Just in case I see you.  
But I do see you,  
I'm watching your every move.  
My eyes never wander from your figure,  
As you walk a distance in front of me.  
I see the fear in your flickering eyes,  
As I make my way towards you.  
You've got it all wrong,  
You think it's all about you,  
But I'm just trying to get home.

Colette Grosvenor

# Stay By My Side

When ever I cry you come to my side,  
But when I stop you just go like the tide.  
Why can't you like me all of the time?  
Being friends with me isn't such a crime.  
I want you to be there what ever the weather,  
So we can stay friends, and stay together.  
Is it too much to ask for you to be there?  
Because friends like that are very rare.  
Friends like that don't stay for long,  
Thats why through life, I have to stay strong.  
Walking alone, without turning around,  
Staying silent, not making a sound.  
If I were to go run and hide,  
Woud you come running back to my side?

Colette Grosvenor

## Suicide Note

I am only me when I am around you,  
But now that your gone I am no one.  
Inside I am completely dead through and through,  
And this war against loneliness will never be won.  
When your not here, it's like I fade away,  
As if I am totally meaningless.  
I am to stay like this everyday,  
Dying with sorrow and distress.  
Knowing that you will never be back,  
Breaks the last remaining piece of my heart.  
Death by friendship and love, which I truly lack.  
So now you can see- I really am no one when we are apart.

Colette Grosvenor

# Tear Stained Cheeks

I saw her.  
She sat there,  
With tear stained cheeks.  
Ignoring the world as it passed her.  
The world wasn't necessary,  
Not to her.

The clock ticks back,  
And I saw her,  
Sat on the side lines of life.  
Laughter and jokes erupted from her body,  
But, even from a distance,  
I was the only one who noticed,  
The mask that veiled her pretty face.  
Her hidden eyes blinked out a message,  
That the swarm failed to detect.  
It was a message of loneliness.

I saw her today,  
And I sat beside her.  
But before I could utter a single word,  
I found myself being smiled at,  
Beamed at in fact.

Maybe that was all she ever needed.

Colette Grosvenor

# Tears In The Rain

The droplets that fall down my cheek in the rain,  
Are actually tears, caused by your bitterness.  
The tears sting my eyes, yet that's where they will remain.  
I like to cry while it's raining, I must confess.  
For no one can tell that I'm crying.  
You really destroyed me that night  
For it was you who was constantly lying.  
I never wanted us to fight,  
But I guess it was meant to be this way,  
I'm sure that you don't realise,  
That I think about you everyday.  
But everytime I do, a part of me dies.  
I wish I could be with you once more,  
I just want to hold you in my arms, and not let go,  
To go back to the way we were before.  
But there is just one thing I have to know,  
How could you ruin what we had?  
You filled me with so much pain.  
How could you make me feel so sad?  
That leaves me crying in the rain.

Colette Grosvenor

# Thank You

Friends complete the jigsaw of my life,  
Now, there are no missing pieces.  
I dont worry about all of that strife.  
Just watch as my confidence increases.  
They love me for who I am,  
I may be wild and crazy,  
But they dont give a damn!  
I hope that one day maybe,  
Other people will see it too.  
To my friends I would just like to say thank you!

Colette Grosvenor

# The Best I Can Ever Be

I'm lucky to be me, although I might not know it yet,  
Wasted my life feeling sad, another thing that I really regret.  
I used to think that the whole world was against me,  
Thinking that I would never be free.  
I remember feeling so alone,  
Crying everyday on the way back home.  
I wasn't aware of my friends waiting by my side,  
Making me fall apart deep down inside.  
But now I have seen the light,  
And never did I think it was so bright.  
What ever happens I will still be me,  
Which is the best I can ever be.

Colette Grosvenor

# The Darkness Of Night

Lonely as a shadow, is the loneliest you can be.  
Hoping people will spot you in the darkness, but they just can't see.  
Being a shadow means getting pushed into the dark,  
Just hoping for that one little spark.  
Longing to be in the light,  
and not fearing the darkness of night.

Colette Grosvenor



# The Snow Globe In My Mind

This cold and suffocating dome,  
Is only existent in my muddled-up mind.  
It holds me hostage from the life outside,  
The lie i was once able to live.  
I am trapped inside my own head,  
Trapped, lost, and alone.  
But i am safe inside my little dome,  
The darkness cannot leak in.  
I hate it here,  
But I love it here,  
The snow globe in my mind.

Colette Grosvenor

# Torn

I am emotionally torn in two,  
On one side, slowly my heart will beat,  
Each throb sorrowful but true.  
On the other side lies my mind, wanting to retreat,  
To memories that are fading too quick.  
Will I ever be put back together,  
From the effects of this disastrous magic trick?

Colette Grosvenor

# Words Of A Broken-Hearted Angel

How can they be totally oblivious?  
Forgetting me until it is too late.  
I'm preparing for my isolated fate.  
Now I'm nothing but an empty shell.  
These are words from a broken-hearted angel.  
My feelings have been hurt so many times, there's nothing there.  
Now my heart is in need for great repair.  
My soul is torn and falling apart,  
I am the angel with the broken heart!

Colette Grosvenor

# You Know The Story But Not Like This

O, he looked at me,  
He looked at me with such love in his eyes.  
But I felt the fire build up inside me.  
Though it was a beautiful september afternoon,  
All I could think about was how he'd mislead my belief in him.

Did his fake charm and unattractive way with girls  
Send me over the edge?  
I felt it,  
I felt the green eyed monster wrap it's claws around me.  
Stealing me away, and molding me into something hideous.

We got to the top of the hill,  
And there it was that I knew,  
He would never love me,  
And I would never be his.  
Then the feeling grew stronger and took hold of me.  
I was trapped in the talons of hate,  
And it was that one push,  
That did send him falling.

The regret in his eyes,  
Thrilled me the most.  
As he twisted and tumbled down the rocky hill,  
I half laughed, half cried in sorrow,  
Under the pathetic sun of the September afternoon.

What did I do?  
How could I do such a thing?  
Now I am alone,  
Now my life is broken.  
It's broken just like the crown on jacks head

Colette Grosvenor