

Poetry Series

erica green
- poems -

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3 Simple Words

3 simple words to explain you,
3 simple words to show you how I feel,
3 simple words that keep me alive for you.

I,
Stands for me,
Love,
Stands for what I can't live without,
You,
stands for what keeps me alive.

3 simple words,
Now you can see,
What we could be.

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A Letter To My Crush

I wished you would look at me the way you look at her,
never will she notice that when you're staring off into space you're thinking of
her,
She can't see you the way I do!

BABY let me want you! ! !

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Area 8 In Love.

Area 8,
the night I'll never forget,
the things I'll never regret.

Holding your hand made my night seem to never end,
when I was so scared for it to even begin.

You made me feel like anything was possible,
I thought it was impossible.

When I got near you i felt warmed,
i thought my heart had been misinformed.

How could this be so real,
everything i feel.

Area 8,
The night that i will never forget,
along with the things I will NEVER regret.

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Perfect

I'm sorry.

Who knows the real meaning of perfect,
When it's too late,
you can't go back,
never will you be able to go and change the things you say,
you won't be able to live but once,
So how do you know if your doing things perfectly?

I can't tell if things that I'm doing's right or wrong,
people disown me,
tell me I'm too fat to deserve to be alive,
say I'm ugly,
Are you suppose to be perfect to live a perfect life?

I don't write perfect poems,
I don't ride horses perfectly,
I don't look perfect,
I don't have perfect hair,
So am I leading a perfect life?

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'The Happeist Day' - Edgar A. Poe

The happiest day - the happiest hour

My sear'd and blighted heart hath known,
The highest hope of pride and power,
I feel hath flown.

Of power! said I? yes! such I ween;
But they have vanish'd long, alas!
The visions of my youth have been-
But let them pass.

And, pride, what have I now with thee?
Another brow may even inherit
The venom thou hast pour'd on me
Be still, my spirit!

The happiest day - the happiest hour
Mine eyes shall see - have ever seen,
The brightest glance of pride and power,
I feel- have been:

But were that hope of pride and power
Now offer'd with the pain
Even then I felt - that brightest hour
I would not live again:

For on its wing was dark alloy,
And, as it flutter'd - fell
An essence - powerful to destroy
A soul that knew it well.

- Edgar Allen Poe

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The Hate, The Viloence

The hate,
The Violence,
always here,
always fear,
the poor inocent,
sufering in darkness,
god has a purpose,
we arent all perfect,

The hate,
The Violence,
tears of silence,
as the hated walk the halls,
with guns in there hands,
seeking the unhated,
as they now say save me,
this is a dream,
as they are now starting to figure,
they are the hunted by the hated,
the one's whos life was ruined,
humiliated,
they remember,
they nights they cry alone,
not sleeping,
waiting for tomarrow to come,
today they were suppose to get jumped.

The hate,
The violence,
it's their fault.

They are ruining this world and great people

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