

Poetry Series

Erin Hipp
- poems -

Publication Date:
2009

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

Erin Hipp()

I have been through many trials and tribulations in my young life. So for me writing is a way to express my feelings. I have never thought of a career in writing. Right now I go to school for computer science. When I'm done with my schooling I'll have an associates degree in computer science. I'm a very fair and understanding person, but that does not always mean I'm the nicest person, I tend to get sarcastic a lot of the time. But I guess that's why I stay to myself most of the time.

He Will Never Steer Me Wrong: He Will Never Steer Me Wrong

As I sit thinking about my life, I sigh, pick up my head, and keep walking through this path I created for myself/ As I walk, I see many OBSTACLES in my path, I start to turn to try and avoid them but it did not happen fast enough, so I stumble and fall in a bottomless pit of pure darkness, what seemed to be my faith is not; Because out of this dark pit a set of hands reached in and pulled me out and gave me a set of shoulders to lean upon/ As he lets me lean on his shoulder I start to get timid; Because I have never had anyone to lend me their shoulder before, And he did this with no questions asked/ When he ask no questions I went on and put my trust in him to help me to my feet the way I started o so many years ago/ Now that I did this I will always have someone as strong as a rock so that if I happen to fall again he is strong enough to help me back up/ As I sit thinking about my life, I sigh and call upon him to help me back up/ Who is he, He is My DADDY! ! ! ! ! !

Erin Hipp

Many Feelings No Fly Or Wall

As I lay, my chest Raises and rises again/
My mind is heavy, I feel it will bust open, The pain is so great, to cut open and
bleed out, I would never feel this, this pain would make me more sinnister/
My eyes dry and my heart hardens, My blood runs as cold as the Alantic on a
cold December Night/
My soul is as ugly as you and her/ And my conversation is as fake and shallow as
the Bi*ch you lookin at/
You hit that door and I go bacc to ME/
If you were a fly on any wall you would know it all/ or enough to let you know
your not a star in my eyes/
My life stands tall and still, reminding me of that switch tree my grandmama had
when I was a child/
Just when I think I 'm growin I hit the stump, like that tree accross the street
that bumps in to our tree/
The wind wispers, the sun blinds, food invites, and the sounds of nearby playing
children set my mode on chill/

And to all my readers this is something off the top of my mind and is unfinished.
And as always I appericate any love and comments from the world! ! !

Erin Hipp

My Sight For My Boo

My eyes leak to find what they seek/
When they lay sight on what they seek, They widen and dry out/
When I talk my words come out like the river I cried for many days/
Why did I want you home soo bad, is it the way we talk, laugh, play/
No I think it's the way we fight then make up,
You said you would be back soon enough, but that's too long/
When your gone it's like that big never ending cloud in the sky/
My heart burns to feel the love and warmth you give too me/
My body yearns for that soft and gental touch you give every time you get next
too me/
I put your picture on the wall, I know it was on a wall already but it was not close
enough, so I put it right on the wall above my head/
So when you get bacc I'm not gone let you go for a whole day, and after that I'll
be so stingy with my BOO

Erin Hipp

One Walk To Remember

The wind blows as the night sky tells a story full of stars,
we walk and listen to the blissful trees whisper their story of the many years it
has been around,
As the night mist lays ever so softly the mist invites us to come back as soon as
possible,
As you and I walk hand and hand the moon light subsides above our heads,
We realize how greatly we depend on one another,
As we continue our adventure the sun will shine bright letting us know just how
important we are to ourself,
Then we will watch the little as well as the big creatures wonder as if they have
no problems,
So every time I go to missin you I remember that one walk we shared.

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