

Poetry Series

**Hannah Heins**  
**- poems -**

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## Hannah Heins(12 - 9 -93)

If you want to know about me, ask. I don't want to type alot.

# He's All Grown Up

Tiny hands lift  
He cries out for mother  
She picks him up and holds him close  
And rocks in back to sleep

Small hands grab  
The dirt feels good in his hands  
He looks up at his sister  
She picks some up too

Rough hands hold tight  
The suit case rolls along the floor  
He sits in his seat  
And looks out the window

Pale hands pick up a controller  
Button's press and c sticks move  
His eyes fixed on a screen  
He barely moves

Big hands type  
Bulletins, poems, and stories  
He writes all night  
He amazes his mother

Smaller hands move a mouse  
His sister finds his poems  
She wonders how he grew up so fast  
She realizes he's all grown up

Hannah Heins

# I Need You In My Life

I stand  
I hear  
I wonder  
I cry

You care  
You love  
You hold  
You smile

We cling  
We need  
We'd die  
For each other

I need you in my life

Hannah Heins

# Your Haunting Eyes

Green blue and brown  
They love me  
I see them all the time  
They haunt me

I look into the deep  
The window of your soul  
It closes then opens  
I'm staring in amazement

When I sleep they're in my mind  
When I wake I see them shut  
Everyday I look and stare  
I can see your haunting eyes

Hannah Heins