

Poetry Series

Hannah La Gaire

- poems -



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Heart's Revelation

I tried to hide it, but couldn't hold back,
When he's near, my heart skips off-track.
It races like it's fleeing from a playful hound,
Pounding in my chest, a rhythmic sound.
Reminding me he's around.

Thoughts of him bring that grin, that blush so sweet,
I find myself staring, his presence a treat.
In his rearview mirror, my gaze lingers long,
His looks and charm, like a comforting song.

His smile, a beacon that catches my eye,
His face lights up, like the sun in the sky.
His eyes, a glow that draws me near,
I'll keep watching, no need to fear.

Love, they say, finds you in surprise,
Breaking down walls, reaching for the skies.
Can't pinpoint when it all began,
But in that time, I found my best man.
Grateful for the day we met,
A ride or die, a bond hard to forget.

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When Thoughts Becomes Reality

He calls me beautiful, says I'm pretty,
Loves my smile, my spirit, so witty.
In his golden brown eyes, warmth resides,
A caring heart, where love abides.

When I'm with him, I feel so safe,
Happy and known, in his embrace.
His gentle hugs take me away,
To a world where worries sway.

But then I sensed a shift in the night,
My heart raced, something wasn't right.
I hesitated, my fingers poised,
Afraid to speak, my heart was noise.

"What happened to us?" I dared to ask,
His answer came, a painful task.
With tears falling, I felt the ache,
Thoughts of love, now a heart that breaks.

No more hugs, no soft kisses,
Just echoes of dreams, lost in wishes.
I thought I was foolish for loving so deep,
Now reality's weight feels heavy to keep.

Plans for our future, now fading away,
The thoughts swirl around, in disarray.
I thought it was over, the love we knew,
But now I see, my thoughts are true.

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Fleeting Promises

It's hard for me to open up
I mean yeah you're here
For now at least
But... but I don't think you understand
People always leave me
When I need them the most
But you're different from the rest of them right?
You'll stick around right?
You wont.. you wont leave right?
Yeah that's what I thought

That's what they all do ok
They act like they love you
They act like they'll be there forever
And then one day
They'll pack up all their stuff
Move away
And take all their love with them

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Life

Life

What is life?

Life is a precious thing we have

Life is the best gift we have which was given by the most high God

It's a gift that will be taken from us but we do not know when

We live each day, each moment, each hour, each minute and each second not knowing what would happen in the other one

The next second could be our last breathe

In the next minute we can meet in a serious accident

Probably we can get a really bad sickness and didn't see that coming

We live each day hoping we will see tomorrow, hoping we will see the next few years maybe to travel maybe to get married have children or any thing you want to do but we just do not know.

But amongst the things of this world there is this marvelous thing call an eternal life.

God is mightier than anything that stands in your way!

In John 10: 28, Jesus says, 'I give them eternal life, and they will never perish.

No one can snatch them away from me' (NLT) . When you remain in Him, Jesus safeguards His promise to you. His promises never fail!

If we give our lives to christ

And continue to serve him till we die

We would get rid of this flesh and serve him in spirit forever and this is the life we should look forward to

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Behind The Mask

You always ask me how are you

And I will either reply

I'm ok

I'm fine

or I'm good

But I'm not, I just choose a different word everyday so you won't question me
with my repeated words

But this time I will tell you the truth

I am not ok

I am not fine

And I am not even good

Because I am tired of everything

I am lonely

I am tired of hiding to cry

I'm tired of faking a smile

But there is no one I can really talk to

I can't trust anyone anymore

Because I have trusted so many and they all betrayed me

So I just act as this happy kid

But I am not, deep down I am crying for help

Sometimes I want to tell you the whole truth but I can't.

I'm fine

I AM FINE! ! !

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Sensory Reflections

I see the ocean before I go to bed
I hear the whispers all around me
I smell the odors of everyone surrounding me
I touch the carvings on my dresser and wonder why
I taste the tears running down my face
I feel like I do not belong here

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A Letter To Myself

The voices in your head are all a fraud,
Look into the mirror and tell yourself you are beautiful.
After each accomplishment you make, give yourself an applaud.
Don't feel sad, make your days joyful,
Find something entertaining to do,
Climb the high and low mountains.
Take in the fresh air too.
Your life will once again be attractive just like fountains.
Start to love yourself again,
And you will see that you have much to gain.

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I'm Afraid

I'm afraid of being in large crowds, nobody understands what it feels like. It's like I'm in a space that's too tight.

But they told me, "Go interact with people, make some friends, that won't hurt you right?"

Just being around at least five people that I do not know makes me coward,

I want to move pass this stage, I really want to move forward,

But it doesn't matter anymore because to most people, I'm out of sight.

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Alone

Alone,
Isolated,
Hope doesn't want to grow,
I sigh, cry, scream but I'm still
Lonely.

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Nobody Likes Me

With so many people around me
I can't stop wondering what they are thinking about me,
And how they are probably making fun of me.
I know it's only in my head,
But each time I pass, someone is always laughing or staring at me.
I wonder if people notice me because,
I sometimes say hi and don't get one back.
When I am in a group with people, they hardly talk,
But when I leave, they have the world to say.
Are they talking about me?
Sigh
I really wish I could see me as how people see me
And then I will really know.

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Voices

The voices are always in my head
They haunt me everyday
Even when I lay in my bed
I do not want to do anything day by day
Those voices make me lazy
They tell me I'm fat, ugly, good for nothing and much more
They make me go crazy
I sometimes cry and lean against the door
Wishing everything could stop
Knowing that there will be a better tomorrow

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Withered Plant

I may look happy
But deep down inside
I am a withered plant crying for help
But once you act the right way and say the right things everyone thinks you're
ok
But no!
I am not
I am broken
I am weak
I am afraid
I am sad
I am depressed
But no one realizes,
So I close my eyes,
Cry myself to sleep
Feel no pain
I'm all awake
And it's the same cycle again.

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