

Poetry Series

Heather A. Inman
- poems -

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Heather A. Inman(1997-? ? ? ?)

I am twelve years old, my favorite poet is Edgar Allan Poe. I love to read and help people with their poetry, as well as receiving criticism and complimenting others.

Faults

Why is it that when trying to do something nice it blows up in my face? Yes, it's my fault, not just that, but everything in the world. It seems that every problem is caused by something i did. From the polar ice caps melting to someone loosing their lunch money. Sure I am at fault for somethings, but why is everything blamed on me? For what reason am i at fault? What did I do to upset the universe? I have grown to know that people like the blame others for their mistakes and i have learned to not care what people do, unless i personally effects you. And even then careless than u normally would.

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Love

Love, it hurts, it only winds up breaking your heart and leaving the pieces scattered across the floor. It starts by making your life seem flawless and ends leaving only pain and depression. He breaks your heart and tears stream down your face as the pain begins to sink in. You try to control them so he wont see, but he does, looks at you and thinks nothing of the pain and how it effects you. He thinks he's doing you a favor since you hardly know him. I thought we were meant to be, we like the same things, but i guess i was wrong. I still love you but i doesn't matter anymore. The music heals these wounds for a while till yuo realize, the only cure for love is love it's self.

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Music

it flows throught me with the contajuous rythme that makes me want to yell
it creeps under my skin and makes me stronger
it pounds in my ears releasing all prior thoughts
it erases all feelings other than happyness
it grabs me and pulls me in
it turns off the surrounding world
it relaxes me
it numbs the pain people give me

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Shes Gone

on a boat in the middle of the atlantic
we get a call that makes me frantic
shes dead, to myself i think
it hurt so bad im on the brink
of breaking down and going insane
because i know that i cant rephrane
from this feeling of loss

i sit on the floor tears streaing down my face
barley able to see any trace
of fear on my parents facade
i wish i could trade
this feeling for anything else
but i know i must try
i just cant lie
to myself that im over it
cause i know this feeling wont quit

so im left with this pain
its so heavy i would need a crane
to pull it off of me
so i can finally be free
and have a gaurentee
so i can see
that life isnt always what it meant to be

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The Pain

He said we're over as tears stream down my face, slowly falling to the floor with a splash. I feel as if someone cut out my heart with a dagger and threw it on the ground. As I sit here writing this tears fill my eyes and begin to spill over the edge and I violently wipe them away as if to leave no trace of them. But by the redness of my eyes you can tell I've been crying. The darkness of this room surrounds me as the pounding of the music drowns out everything except for the enclosing feeling of loneliness. The only one who cared left and now I'm debating if he really did care. I can't stop thinking about him and if he really loved me. As the blade sinks deeper into my wrist I imagine how it feels to love someone that would love you back in a perfect world where no one lied, cheated, or stole. And to have someone that you can trust with your heart and know they won't break it.

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