

Poetry Series

Her Name Is Taylor
- poems -

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Her Name Is Taylor(1994)

COMMENT ON THE POEMS! ...THANKS :)

A Little Respect

You don't have to love me
You don't have to like me
You don't even have to shine a smile at me,
everytime that you see me.

You don't have to give a hug.
You don't have to 'show some love'

You don't have to smack my back,
like a flyswatter to a bug.

You don't have to pass me by.
You don't have to greet me w/ a cheery lie.

You just need to know one thing.
Remember it like nothing else:
THAT IM NOT LOOKING FOR YOUR BEST,
I JUST NEED YOU TO GIVE ME RESPECT!

Her Name Is Taylor

A Stereotype

On a wintry fall day
when leaves are a color of hay
Me, sitting here, waiting for a dream...
someone to give one to me?
someone to loathe and fill with disgust
because the dream they picked for me,
wasn't enough?
no, the dream that is my destiny,
this weird dream that no one likes,
why did you pick it out of this shady tree
and force upon my unpredicting sight
and tear my hidden dreams
with your cruel, blind hands
and slap a crayon into my face
and replace my name
and throw me in a box....

if I do say so myself, I do not like this dream
and I know I dont want to change this part of me
so may I please pick a dream for myself,
and, dont worry, if i need you, i'll ask for your help

Her Name Is Taylor

All American Soul

An american is something i am
with the white house as my courtyard
and broadway my showroom
my american soul is so brandnew, like a
speck of fire
in the souless, heartless world.....
proud to be an all american girl

Her Name Is Taylor

An Empathy Letter To The Wallflower

To my dear Wallflower,

I know you are encrusted with the curse of what your name means

You may smile, and
you may sing
You may be apart of an orchestra
of harmonies and wishful thinking....

you may be decorated with lavender
and periwinkle and a rosy pink
and have waterlillies surrounding
your beautiful being
and people may look and be completely in awe
that you are so lovely.....but you're stuck to a wall
and you may know that you were made to be beautiful, no matter
the change in season
but like your name, people stop, then turn before
they see the last part.....you are stuck to a white and tall wall
and your beauty is looked at, but you arent given a chance
to bloom completely off the wall, and you are afraid
of what will happen, if you forget to step off, and then fall

best regards, Wallflower, I see and hear you, too

Her Name Is Taylor

Beautiful

Starlets, suns, babies, and
niality

we all seem to seek to be a beautiful thing
A lovely little girl in a meadow of fresh green grass
and a sun to light up her moment

This is a beautiful thing...
but what is THE most beautiful thing?
Is it a face of red, white, and a hint of black,
a person who seems to love unconditinally
a boy who gives young women the utmost respect?
Is he the most beautiful thing?
Is it the girl with the smile after a dark, burning fire?
Is she the most beautiful thing?
What is it you seek the most...we all say happiness
but is the happiest person the most beautiful thing....
Is it crawling inside a fighting man with humility
is it shouting loud in a crowd with an edge to his tone
the girl that is so beautiful, and she doesnt even know?
What is it you seek, and if you say beauty....
what person would you change into
and who would they really be?
maybe its anyone.....since we ALL have the power of changing

Her Name Is Taylor

Blue Skies And Rainbows Are Faded Grey

The day is warm with a sweet sun
Yet, all I feel is his rejection
The sky is nice and the clouds are pretty pink
Yet, jealousy is the only feeling that sinks
The love from my friends and family are clear
But the only thing I see are my own selfish tears

His Love and Mercy is brightening the day
And I still can't feel anything, not today
And then a storm comes from above,
And I know they are raindrops of love
To wash away my tears, and take away my fears
But I still can't see, and I am slowly struggling
To ignore the Rainbow that comes after the rain
And I ignore God's Love, and feel my own pain

Her Name Is Taylor

Burned By Her Sunshine

Like the moon, ive seen the sun SHINE,
but now sometimes her rays would burn me blind....

but ive seen the sun,
when it was a pretty yellow,
and her attitude was sweet and mellow,
and she would warm me with her comforting life
and her sweetness would turn my gray tone bright
and I would just be in awe,
lettiing this little light of mine: shine
and letting her moment sink into my hollowness,
and be caressed by the mood, and want her attitude

but not now, her shine was given a new direction
and now she looks at me with a different perspective
& I have to look the other way,
looking directly at her would hurt my head anyway
Now, trust me, I know that the sun is a Star.....
and she should be crept into everyone's heart,
but I didn't know that her new universe, shunned me so much
and that the wonderful pair was going to be broken up
We WERE the Sun and the Moon,
but, so suddenly, the dish ran away with the spoon.....

(losing a friend, to Popularity)

Her Name Is Taylor

Chuch Boy Out Of Church

You came from this place.....
I thought only angels could be from
But how blind I was,
to see what you have now become

How unfortunate the truth,
of the rebelious preacher's boy
wanting people to see, your mouth and
not your heart....
Pulling from the minds of the hated,
and only tearing yours apart

What would it be like...
to see Jesus in your head,
and not danginlg from your neck,
and you giving him the true level of respect
What would it be like, to see yourself for who you are
and not caring if the others, try to leave a scar.....

The Church Boy out of church, if only he could not
be him AND The Chuch Boy....
wouldn't it be better to just be you,
and not have to be split in two

Her Name Is Taylor

Colorful

I'll sit back and enjoy my view,
even though I know it comes in more
pictures than me and you

You grin and I can't move
You paint portraits in my mind
more colorful than the prettiest blue

You may shade a few hues
but that'll never stop you..
from wanting to do more for everyone

you may not be the fairest of them all
but inside you seem to be....
more bright and 'picture-perfect' than anything

Her Name Is Taylor

Confidence (A Haiku)

Believe in yourself

Like the world depends on it

Be like a flower in bloom

Her Name Is Taylor

Cupid Aimed, But Missed

The love bug is going around
Everyone is flirty and
chocolates are sold out in town

Everyone is getting smacked, punched, surprised, and
hit w/ Cupid's Arrow & inevitably they get sick....

and have to stay home, unable to work
they are in love, and must be with the One
who got this disease w/ them.

Ladies and Men wait a year for the disease to come out and break
but there is something that they missed from this case of
Yearly internal Bliss

There is a vaccine out there, and it seems to be my blood.

Because I can't seem to get it, no matter how hard I try.

I thought I should mingle w/ the ones who had it

Open my mouth w/ a smile to see if it could find me.

I even put my heart out in the open, leaving it naked, bare, vulnerable and cold..
but no matter how hard I try, I can't seem to get it

Is there a malfunction in my brain, some lack of girly charm that I didn't get?

Or is it that Cupid tried to get me, but missed?

Her Name Is Taylor

Dont Need To Apologize

He Hit Her
She Hugged Him Back

He put a knuckle to her cheek
She kissed him back

He cursed and fussed
She caressed him with a sweet melody.

She showed him what a true man could be.

He went to jail, and something in him changed
He looked at her in a completely new way

As he left his old mind, so did she
She packed her sweet song, and soon a man's kiss
replaced his angry hand

He came back from jail, and searched for her so much he cried.

She heard his sad tears
and said with a sigh
' you are ok, you don't need to apologize'

then she left without saying Goodbye.

Her Name Is Taylor

Fixing Problems

i could see you through your happiest days

then i will still be around, to make sure you're ok

i would help you through every break up

and watch as you too, again makeup

i could go around in circles, fixing problems
when you need me

and i could glue the pieces together,

taking you out of your misery

but i just dont know

how to fix these problems of my own

the ones where the answers, are supposed
to come within

and i think and think, and get headaches as my mind spins

so when your ready.. and my mind is steady

my problems cant be fixed, without a friend to help it

Her Name Is Taylor

Home

after the storm, she discovered a road...
it was yellow, brick, straight and narrow
there was nothing that said to Be Careful
so she took out her heart and reached
this bright road allowed her to see
The storm took everything,
she needed something to live for, something
to hold, a direction, or a place to call home
she knew this yellow brick road was the place to go

she looked down and noticed a compass
it was chained to her and she couldn't break it
the compass said go the opposite way
but scared she decided to ignore it

the second her foot touched the brick
the clouds started to darken,
her heart had started to harden
and the storm was whistling in
she fell to her knees screaming with fear
the storm was creeping near...

her body shook and ached
the storm was coming again,
and this time she didn't think she'd survive it
scared she held the compass,
hoping for something, something that would
get her out of this hell
then suddenly the compass turned into a light
it was making to dark clouds turn bright

then she removed her heart from this invisible bondage
and Fear was no longer holding her hostage
the compass nudged, then pushed her away the the road
she ran with it, and didn't let go
tears relieved her of doubts and she knew
that this compass was home

Her Name Is Taylor

I Can'T Be 'Her' Anymore

i am so sorry, but no longer can i please you

you can no longer be my puppeteer,
cause my strings might sting you

because my problems are too big...
and your heart is too big too
no longer can i be that princess
with a smile to return to you

you may be used to controlling my life
with every sweet smile and remark
but no longer can i be that loving thought
my sadness burning holes in your big heart

my burden putting a frown on your perfect face
my tears washing all of your happiness away...

so, i am so sorry but no longer can i please you

you can no longer be my puppeteer,
because these hurt strings will sting you...

you are so sweet
and all i know now is bitter
i'd love to be her,
but i'm no longer

Her Name Is Taylor

I Cant Function If Im All Ears

Thats ok, and thats fine too
and what you did last night is between him and you
I say the words to my friends, like a breaking record
over an over again....

but what would they do, if I said
something back...
something so unexpected, it will hit their frisky chests
because I was born with ears, but more importantly
I was born with a brain
and I know that its sad, but our lives are not the same
and your nights could be flooded with the most secrets and lies
and my nights are filled with Pringles and and microwaved
apple pies,
and your sweet escape isnt the same as mine
and I hate to see you use yourself this way
and I know you would hate it if I said that wasnt ok
but way underneath my head, there is a living heart
and it hates to see you tear your future apart

and on its sides are reaching, helping arms
with hands to seek you through
and a wonderful willingness to always help you
and I know you may think that I am ALL ears
but I have hiding parts ready to dry those regretful tears

Her Name Is Taylor

I Remember When I Couldn'T Remember

hearing about her in bed with that dude
my friends, my family...I have to speak to them,
with a new attitude

close person started smoking
sex and drugs make puberty a burden
they say when in rome do as romans do
but instead of rome, im trapped in a fool's pool

being an adolescent is not as hard as they think
because im one and when i think
i think of the times, of my big worries being a math test
and still close people would hope for the best
i remember when i mayve seen someone inappropriately on TV
but i would play outside, and i would soon forget
about the destruction that couldve caused, put me in some mess
but i would let the wind in my hair and the sweet bicycle's air
erase the would-be destruction in my mind
it would be like a racist going blind

Her Name Is Taylor

Im In Love With Some One Else

somebody said they were in love
everytime they looked into my eyes
and for that im very appreciative
but when i think of my love, i have
some one else in mind

he comforts me without a word
and he gives me strength to face this world

he gave advice in written word
he gives me a promise and a guide to make it through
and he gave me my mind to tell this to you
that God is more love than any person can give you

Her Name Is Taylor

In A Stanza Or Two

I seem to trip and then I fall,
when I come near a pen
I dont know why it is it seems
the most confusing thing of all
to write me in a stanza or two
and the world seems to wait for me
to mention this secret:
admiration,
complication,
situation that I have put me through
and a person would test and judge
and say that i didnt show me enough
and I look again and again
but my problem never changed, so how could I
change me in a stanza or two
I dont want to trip over an exaggeration,
I cant stretch the truth
It seems though your words fall right into my lap
and a puzzle seems to form, because
I cant repeat them in a stanza or two
you cant put a heart into a box...
or a 300-word essay,
so, in that case, what exactly do I say?

Her Name Is Taylor

Inside You See Something Green

My outside is unassuming and blank
It is pretty when Im secure,
but when my shelter is broken, and
I see too much light
My ugliness shows
But I know when to hide,
b/c like the hulk
I turn green when something's not the same
and I have to walk a dark hall of shame
I see her there, my art, my talent, and my life
her pretty eyes, and pale white skin
that tortures me inside
then I become a color wheel.....
and eventually you see green
then I know my insides have escaped me

but I soon have to turn into the proud brown that I am
b/c someone told me about loving myself
& strong-and-fighting brown words seek
to fight the green away
& my heart begs to be rescued from the pain
the brown words win, but green lurks to escape
when I forget about the brown, and something's not the same

Her Name Is Taylor

Journey Of Love

I heard about a trip to the
city called Love
and I tried to find my way there
But I got lost in a crowd

The station was uncomfortable,
but I heard the journey was worth it...
and I noticed that happiness
was glimmering in the passengers on this train

I felt hopeful that things were going to look up
when I finally reached this destination called love

Then out of the corner of my eye
I thought I saw it,
its beauty, its richness
it seemed to be the absolute best
It just sat there, and I marveled at the site
So I got off the train, I thought I was where I wanted to be
I just wanted the heart of the city to notice me

But what I didn't know, was that other
passengers got off the same stop as me
And it seemed, that only one person would fit
in the heart of the city
and the other passenger wasn't worried,
she looked at me in pity
I started walking, then running to the heart
but the other girl beat me
then a gnawing, aching feeling scattered inside
and I wanted to run away, I wanted to hide,
and I knew I was upset, but I didn't know I was going to cry

It was a long journey, but I found my way back to the station
and now I'm slowly riding, but this time I'll be the one waiting

Her Name Is Taylor

Life For Me (My Adaptation Of Mother To Son By Langston Hughes)

Well boy, I'll tell you:

Life for me ain't been no starry night
it's had too much darkness,
with no hopes of no light

with people wonderin around
lookin for something to wish for
because they look up,
and all they see
is darkness taking away their hopes and dreams
its nothing you can point to when you look up
it's only darkness that took over the stars above
but don't sit there and wait
for a star to show
be the light in the night,
the person that will glow
cuz' i've been shinin
this little light of mine
and life for me ain't been no starry night

Her Name Is Taylor

My Head In The Clouds.....

the teacher would stomp her
foot on the ground
clear her throat, echo my name
and get a kid to nudge a flimsy shoulder of mine
and I stare at my desk, feeling dizzy and drunk
and wondering.....

the kids would take turns to repeat the blurred
word: 'taylor, taylor, taylor'
and I would stare at my desk, my head & heart
not impressed
with their unsuccessful song
and i feel rolled eyes, and
and frustrated sighs
and I wonder if I should wake up from this
dream, blush, and apologize
but the dream is not done
and I stare at my desk wondering.....

A movie with an ending unknown by the director, clouds
my vision and takes over my soul
and you stand there with a face almost like an
angel
and I stand there waiting for an explanation
for ruining my life with your flickering light
and never say a word...in the real world
but in my dream you seem to be singing a tune of me's and you's
and I stand there wanting to say something, too
but fear and hope is fighting a civil war in my head
and I am drifting slowly into english class
when I thought I should be with you instead
and the fear wins, but the war is not over
because my head is coming back down
but my heart is still trying to fight her way out of the clouds

Her Name Is Taylor

Mystery

I was walking with someone
their hands twisted and lingered on mine
But when I looked up....
The face seemed to fade in the light
I cleared my head, but nothing was there...
and I realized I was afraid to look again
I looked down, and the hands were slowly drowning away
and the fear started to crawl up again
I didnt know what was taking away my amazing mystery
And I knew you were more that just an imaginary thing
Because I still felt afraid to lose you, and I still felt wonder
in my eyes
I know you are there, you just need to say when
and then there will be a little less light

Her Name Is Taylor

Old Friend

Where you are hiding
I do not know
Where you're headed
I would want to go

Across the country, in another world
You are now a California Girl
So congrats on your new adventure in life
I think being an old friend will still suffice

Her Name Is Taylor

One Good Man

a revolution, rejoice
and a unity of a country
it all came when one man had
a dream,
ONE GOOD MAN

a former member
of the prestigious Catholic Church
angry at what his followers learned
starting a revolution... a new Protestant Man
ONE GOOD MAN

it only took one thought
to spark an uneven land
to change the world
it took ONE GOOD MAN

Her Name Is Taylor

Precious

a little porcelain doll
that seems to be you

light as a feather
you seem to be that too...
you are the most fragile person i know
your skin went from chocolate, to white as snow
you smile may be gone
from the hearts of many
and your gentle touch
is only a distant memory
but however weak your body was..
your heart was 10 times stronger
and your life will always linger longer...
into the hearts of your loved ones,
because a little porcelain doll
that seems to be you
but an angel feels like more of the truth

IN LOVING MEMORY OF MY GRANDMOTHER
4/17/48-1/25/10

Her Name Is Taylor

Racism Should Be A Crime! ! !

Racism is a crime against humanity...
insane, crazy, and humiliating...
you are only embarrassing YOUR OWN RACE

AND THIS IS SIMPLE, BUT TRUE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Her Name Is Taylor

Rain On Me

sometimes i know
that things won't go our way
and we'd have to hide feelings,
save them for a better day

when we show the world
who we truly are
and who we hang around
and let the people know
that love has no bounds

the day would be cloudy
because the people can't see light
and rain would come down
the mood dark as night

yet i cannot wait
for the people to see you
no matter the occasion
no matter if it hurts or stings
i can't wait for it to rain on me

Her Name Is Taylor

Shakespeare's Little Mistake...

Your sonnet,
Your cry
and your beautiful work
Is what's going to make me forget
about where you were with her?

Your grin,
your hug
and your 'poems from above'
Is supposed to make me forget about
your secret love

So you think a little Shakespeare, Neruda or
creation of your own
Is going to let me be ok with the road that you chose?

Well, Shakespeare, I am not a character from your play
I am not Juliet, and I will not beg you to stay
This is not a skit that you can do over again,
though I'm not Lady Macbeth, I am not conceited
I won't be your Hilary and your name is not Bill
and you are not my fate, I don't have to deal with it
You may roll with the cutest of girls after dawn
but this scene is over, and my part has long gone

Her Name Is Taylor

So Much More Than What You Think

You people stumble, stutter
and shake in your shoes
when you think of me
you simply cant choose
the best word that fits
the mysterious me
the one that befits
this puzzling being
im so much more than
you can say, my spirituality,
sexuality, my inexplicable mentality,
it's a lot of me for ya to get to know
don't call me a little girl
and im definitely not slow
I know what ppl think
And im telling you just to quit it
Cuz my power is inside me
I don't need a loud mouth to prove it you
If you don't understand
Try to take a step in my shoes

Taylor Marie Marsh

Her Name Is Taylor

Sometimes Your Words Just Hypnotize Me

she said 'baby baby cant you see, some
times your words just hypnotize me'

and i wondered if she met you
when i saw you in school
and just one touch made me blush
just one smile, turned my mind wild

it started with just one look, and i was hooked
just one stare, and i saw you everywhere
just one embrace, i was dreaming away
just one
just one
just one lie, but i let it go
just one other girl, and what could i do
it took more than one day to get over you
what do i do,
when everything you say im shy and mute
just one more time, and i'll try again
just that one day.....all i say is im through

Her Name Is Taylor

Talking Trash

I wrote in a pen in the dark corners of my mind,
hiding them and peeking at them, but
making sure they never see the light
I don't know if my feelings are right,

But I know that he would never know,
so I need to just throw them away
and save them for a better day
when I can file them, and make sure they are clear

But I think that time to let them loose is my biggest fear

Until that time, in the week,
I need to know if it should be spoken
or thrown away, in the Dumpster of Pain
and even refill my self, with some other guys change
I don't know if I would say it right, if I do
do, How would he act?
How would he throw the words at me, throw them away in some tiny, cracked,
can
It would be like ripping up cash....
But, then again, would I really just be Talking Trash

Her Name Is Taylor

Thank You Judges

When I step on stage,
and do not as I practiced
because I didn't really practice much
so I'll have to improvise this stage in life
and hopefully I performed it nice..
because I am doing my role w/o a script
but there are judges to test my minds edit
on pain, embarrassment, love, honesty, and the
the temptation of the man below
they are testing what I want to do, not what I know
and they give critique to do better in my next stage in life
and the stage may be bigger and longer, and the
temptations will be stronger
but I have learned a lot from my other stages
and they were stages of pain with side effects
and I dont like it, but I did have some regrets
but I thank my judges for helping me learn something new
so my next performance would get some better reviews

Her Name Is Taylor

The Night Car

Im gonna close the door tight
Slamming my feet on the car floor
im gonna close my eyes, and pretend I've never been to the
liquor store
Im gonna roll my eyes hard
and think of something to do
Im gonna clutch my seatbelt hard
and shake my toes against my shoes

imma look out the window,
and see the shiny stars, and try to be
ANYWHERE else but this car

I know they can't hear me, and I know they can't hear
But im not gonna let the deaf, bring out some of my fear
Strong girls stand tall, they won't sit through this
But imma a little weak, so imma try my best with it

Her Name Is Taylor

The Shortest Forever

My heart is overflowin

as our eyes meet

i see you sayin somethin

and i just can't speak

'i'll love you always, always and forever'

your words just made my whole world better

then it ended, two months later

after life hit you: forever faded

i'm shaken by your ways, cuz my love never stop

i wanted to fly into another world with you

now my heart only dropped

i don't know, i can't get my mind straight

why did forever have an expiration date?

Her Name Is Taylor

The Shy Girl's Love Poem

When I see you
walking across the room
I want to hide and it's all because:
You make me stutter
You make me say nothing at all
And they wonder why I'm so shy
It's because I'm nervous and I don't know
what to do....
My head is spinning everytime I see you
So until I can get my head nice and good
and my flustering turns into something you can
understand too,
I'm going to shy away, because there's just sooo
much for me to say.... you make me grin
when I hide in the bathroom
you make my head spin,
everytime I see you

Her Name Is Taylor

The Thorns On The Rose

the thorns on the Rose
The lie in his smile
The wandering that goes
with Eve's new mind

The beauty in the beast
The beast in the beauty
The ugly that goes with
the most lovely

These are the things that make somethings complete
Dont go in the kitchen if you cant take the heat
If you know it's wrong, then a right came before it
A snoring is always calmed with the sound of music
boring can be informative, and too much fun is something
you can learn from
The moon never comes without its partner the sun
ying and yang, left and right, to walk and to run
These may not be a few of your favorite things,
but they are the things that make somethings complete

Her Name Is Taylor

The Truth Of Her Words

The room was lit with a
speck of poet's light
and the time was 5: 30, and
the mood was of summer at midnight

The girl's mouth opened and
it brong a world with it...
a world of sadness, some tears, and
at the end....strength

Her words were the truth....
the way she felt about this little boy,
how he built her up...and faked some love

and as I watched the girl right there
with her head to the paper,
but heart in the air
my eyes angrily darted at this boy that
she loves/ed
and how the embarassment he felt, would
last for a while, maybe an hour or two
and how her words were inevitably the truth
and as she casually looks down on the ground,
to sit back on her seat, and let her words make him drown..
he sits, blushes, then looks the other way
and I knew that routine of faking it
she was right! and how unfortunate the truth
was that evening,
& how it seemed to be from night to morning, fall to winter...
but I was waiting for the most graceful....spring

Her Name Is Taylor

The Walking Contradiction

My name is Taylor & i'm
A Walking Contradiction:
Im a Good girl plottin some
internal evil mission

People see my life and they wonder
'What happened to you? '
'I thought you were all good,
im startin to think your soul
was split in two'
See, my fate was handed to me
on a gilded platter
I thought I would be one thing
but my thoughts didn't matter

I got caught up in a different
kind of life
My heart was confused, but
people only saw it as lies

I can't help that i'm
not what you expected
My head screams for help
as life gets more hectic
I don't know what to do
when people say choose
I was born in the church
but raised in the hood
so what am I to do?
Pick what over what?
Life is but a passing season
and im tryna find the reason
for this rainfall of differences
im tryna find out what the difference is-
between me and my environment

What's the solution for- me?
When am i blinded by lies,
and when can I see?

Maybe my life is a puzzle
no one can complete...

As I walk on the cobblestones of
confusion or sit there as my
tears try to wipe away this pollution
I'll work on this contradiction called, me.
And be two sides of one beautiful peace.

Her Name Is Taylor

When Music Met Poetry

My tissues were strewn across the room,
I'm lonely, empty, faint, and blue

Smoking my sorrows with my shaky pen
trapped in the corner of the martyr's den

then i open my eyes and see you there,
now music notes are dancing everywhere

you see my need for a friend
together we try to make misery end

entwined together, we made harmony
a thin line we crossed between war and peace

now my words can sing, we are one
i'll take your hand, our journey's begun

united in love, now you're flying in me
this is the story of when Music met Poetry...

Her Name Is Taylor

Wishful Thinking

Brown eyes stare into my sweet dream
and I look into your face with light and glee
and I wonder if I should let you know,
But I love to think about it,
and I cant let this picture go
This dream is going on and on
and you glimpse at me with a smirk
and it simply feels so good it hurts
and I will stare then blink
to make sure this is reality
and I just go about this thought and
see that maybe, just maybe, this is more than wishful thinking..

Her Name Is Taylor

Woke Up In Highschool

a new walk
a new scene
that i find myself in
with the prettier girls
and the tough-skinned

a new stride
to a whole new swagger
and a new person
im looking at in the mirror

a new pathway
of oppurtunities
and a happy lil
community

a new girl
in a beautifully tough world
when i woke up a little confused
and a little renewed
a wonderfully horrible world, where highiscool

Her Name Is Taylor

You Can Unfold Me, But You Can'T Read Me

Take a look...

Dive right in...

Try to find me, the best way you can

Search and search for the words to my soul

Swim and search, until you can look no more

Go deeper and deeper until you think you can see a light

Fight the currents of my mind, and hold on tight

but....

I'm sorry to say

that there is NO way,

to see or read anything at all

A Wall stands tall

its a bubble-wrapped

styrofoamed, enclosed package

protecting the precious porcelain inside

It will hold on like a homeless dude to a dime

No matter how you beat it, push it, or fight..

it will NEVER stop holding on to my soul inside

so keep on trying to unfold the package you think you know

and try to see the hidden depths of my sacred soul, but

never try to hope that you will see the true me

If you find the warning it says,

'You may unfold, but you can't read'

Her Name Is Taylor