

Poetry Series

Hope Bennett
- poems -

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Hope Bennett(6-6-1996)

I love music and Writing Poetry

A Little Too Fast

Everything is moving so fast.
I've missed my train and I'm watching it pull away.
I'm trying to catch up but it's tracks are no comparison to my legs.
I want to believe the truth isn't what I see.
I thought we could run away, just you and me.
As the truth screams 'Listen to me! ' my legs weaken.
The tracks between us is a trophy to my shameful end, and your victory.
The only thing left to do is shadow the tracks,
conducting them as the trail to find the way to my long lost home.
Home- The gift you never would trust with me.

Hope Bennett

Here At The Wall

I stand by myself,
lean against me-I'm sturdy.
I'm here for you so
move forward,
slam your head into me.
Kick and you kick.
You punch and punch
until my pure white
turns bloody red
and your aggression is gone.

I'm here for you when
you get the bad news
and your back slides down-
stops when your body finds the floor.

A life without walls is a
world without halls
making all the more chaos.
A hospital without halls....
when you receive the bad news,
The only choice you would have
is to fall.

Hope Bennett

I'M Just A Tree

I'm just a tree.
I bare the thorns
to share my pain,
kind of like her
scars I've seen.

She used me...
Leaned against me,
Used my thorns
for her relief.
Now she tells me, the tree,
that she has nothing
left to be.

I see her now,
one thing connecting
her and me, the tree,
a rope at plea.
so much pain,
must have dropped her
at insane.
She needed a friend,
everyone thought she was lame.

I wish I wasn't a tree.
I want to be like you,
able to set her free.
But I'm just a tree.

Hope Bennett

Just Another Gangster Daddy

I heard shots were fired
that taught his kid to fly.

The conversation,
he shot so carelessly
like a lie.

He was the daddy
to the kid that died.

He's going to prison
charged with homicide.

They knew if they tried
to save him it would
have been suicide.

Another kid caught his wings tonight.

An angel learning how to fly.

He had more to live for in his life,
but the bullets his daddy shot
chose him to die.

Daddy can't explain,
the bullet from his gun
was only a stray.

That one stray took
his baby away.

He can't explain,
he'd lose his gangster fame,
family days gone to waste.

Another kid caught his wings tonight.

An angel learning how to fly.

He had more to live for in his life,
but the bullets his daddy shot
chose him to die.

If he had one more day,
he says he'd change his ways.

He let his life
take his baby away.

But he's gone

he has no more chances.
His baby boy's dead
clearing his head
as he advances
everything enhances.

Another kid caught his wings tonight.
An angel learning how to fly.
He had more to live for in his life,
but the bullets his daddy shot
chose him to die.

This is what took daddy to realize
he needed to change his life.

Hope Bennett

Not Sure

I don't know
who I am anymore,
I've been sewn shut
from you.

I'm so sick
of all the lies,
I believe they're
the truth.

I don't want
to be alone,
I've taken
my last breaths.

I guess this is
'so long',
the beginning
of my
death.

I'm sorry I've
waited this long
to tell you
what's been wrong.

I guess this is
'so long',
the beginning
of my
death.

You said:
I won't let you close
your eyes,
don't die,
you're blind
to this paradise.

I won't let you
lose your life,
open your eyes,

retry your life.

Don't go tonight,
this isn't right,
let's fight,
we'll see the light.

You always said
'There's a light
at the end
of this tunnel.'
I finally see
the light,
my fate train.

But before it came
dropped my blade to my veins
allowing pain to drain.
I mend my rope
just enough
to let go and hang.

You left me
to my fate train.
In a way
I still won,
but I'm done
and you're to blame.

i found the lies
where the sun won't shine.
In the tunnel,
behind your eyes.
The day will come
when you die,
it'll be a surprise
who you'll find.
After you close your eyes,
your eyes are mine.

Hope Bennett

Together

Our hearts beat
together as one.
Blood pumps,
we strive for
so much more.
We gain the strength
that we need to survive,
but the blood's running
dry, jumpstart to our
hearts as we cry/
On eachother we rely,
jumpstart my heart
my veins are running dry.
Our hearts beat
together as one.
Blood pumps
reminding us
we're still alive.

Hope Bennett

Untitled

I hate these methods of life and sh*t,
I guess i'm just another suicide kid.
If I decided to end my life
I'd have to say goodbye to my pills and knives.

Tragedy, I haven't been myself lately
and I wanted to know,
could you save me tonight.

Hope Bennett

Untitled(Suggest One)

Life is full of emptiness
and I'm gonna cry myself to death.
Will they find me in time,
past my life?

But before I go
there's a story I'd like to show,
to share with you something
everyone will want to know.

Closing doors,
heart hit the floor,
nothing else to go towards.
Bleeding out of my pores,
I'm broken down through the core.

Suffocating on the floor,
no one else to look towards.
Tearing apart my pores,
I'm burnt up through the core.

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