Jane Meyer
- poems -

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Jane Meyer()

(Recommendations below!) I'm sorry. I had to change my name. But I'm still the same person! And I'll change it back after a couple of things blow over. So sorry about any confusion!

<u>Recommendations</u>

*15 Minutes
I’m! Not! Go-ing! To! (Song)
If I Were to Tell Him, This is How I’d do it
*Ignored
My Life, or What’s Left of It
My Love (school assignment 8th)
The Only Thing My Mom Said That Went In (Quote)
*These Green Hills (school assignment 8th)
As Women
My Real Name’s as Good as a Pen Name
Our. First. Kiss. (Song)
And then anything on the last page. The best stuff is always on the last page.
I wouldn’t recommend the 7th seventh grade school assignments except for the two clerihews, “Fat Dog” and “Worm Trouble”. And I know if I’m telling you not to read them, why put them up? Well, I don’t know if I have any devoted readers, or if I do how devoted you are, but those poems are so anyone can see how far I’ve come. Most of my seventh grade poems suck and they’re the reason that I hated poetry, but I’ve changed and it’s there for anyone who wants to see it.

<u>New Poems Worth Reading</u>

*Eternal Peace
I have lots of other poems that I didn’t recommend, but that doesn’t mean they aren’t worth reading. The ones listed are just a few favorites and the ones with the * are my all-time favorite.
All of the poems marked like this are ones that I like a lot.

Jane Meyer
15 minutes
spent playing the guitar,
reading a book,
watching TV,
talking on the phone,
surfing the web,
swimming in a pool,
laughing with friends,
eating dinner,
taking a shower,
planting a tree,
working my hardest,
performing for an audience,
thinking about life,
writing my thoughts.

My life has had a great many “15 minutes,”
yet I can still pick out the worst.

15 minutes
spent listening to your rasping breaths,
feeling your heartbeat weaken,
realizing I’m soaked in your blood,
waiting for supposed help,
letting tears roll down my checks,
wiping my nose on my sleeve,
begging you to live,
looking into your unfocused eyes,
praying for you chest to rise again,
hoping for a miracle,
willing to do anything to help you,
thinking about the pain you must be in,
wishing you had been just two inches to the left,
trying to calm your spasms,
stroking you broken form,
wanting to do so much more for you,
regretting my mistake,
knowing things won’t be alright,
watching as you die.

(It was a 15 minute car ride from my house to the vet’s office, where there was nothing that could be done to save Cassandra. She was only 7 and a half weeks old when she died and it was all my fault.)

Jane Meyer
The air between us is taut as a bow strung ready to fire given the slightest provocation. The tension is palpable, the friction creating static sparks, signs of the storm approaching. We fall into the familiar steps of the duel, watching, waiting, hardly daring to breath, knowing conflict is inevitable.

The first dropp of rain splatters the group, blood has been drawn. The clouds gather quickly, blocking out the light; darkening the arena. The thunderheads clash, roaring opposing views, the stabs of lightning become ever more frequent; the clangs of thunder ever more deafening. Wounds are inflicted, cruel and deforming, but no clear victor is decided.

The clouds recede as we withdraw to tend to our injuries, to repair our weapons, and to re-strategize our plans for battle. The fight is far from finished, the storm stalks the horizon. The time will come again, when we shall test our strength of wits in this spar of barbed tongues.

Jane Meyer
*as Women*

As women, why are we never satisfied?
If our hair is brown, we want blonde.
If it’s wavy, we want straight.
If it’s short, we want long.
If our eyes are green, we want blue.
If we are tall, we want to be shorter.
And no matter what size we are, we always want to be thinner.

I’ve thought about all this, and’ve even thought I’ve truly needed some.
But not that long ago, I looked in the mirror, and I liked what I saw.
Sure my hair could’ve been straighter, and my waist could’ve been thinner.
But for the first time in my life, I was happy with my body, just the way it was.

Jane Meyer
Sitting in a dark room, completely alone, not a single light.

Are you afraid?

Or can you sit there, ignoring what your mind creates? Can you pass it off as false, what’s lurking in the shadows?

Just sitting—trying to stay calm, watching—for any movement in the blackness, waiting—for a hand to grasp you from behind, straining—to hear any sound of a presence.

Reality— clear and defined when glimpsed in the light, but when in isolated darkness it’s blurred with the nightmares; the monsters of the mind.

Shapes and forms bloom before your eyes in the absence of the light and its familiar protection.

The creatures of the unseen world stalking your every move, looking for the perfect chance to attack you when your guard is down.

Though they flee from the light, faster than you could imagine. Making it seem as if there were never any threat. But oh, how wrong you’d be to make that fool’s assumption.
The darkness is a battlefield,
and you’re the only fighter.

Can you handle the Dark?

(I feel that I should include a quote from Evanescence’s ‘Sweet Sacrifice’ – “Fear is only in our minds, but it’s taking over all the time.” I think it might have influenced this.)

Jane Meyer
I leave,
fly from the room
with tears streaming down my face.
I run away from the problem,
but still I can’t break free.
Every time I close my eyes,
every time a silence falls,
every time I turn my back,
I’m haunted by my thoughts.
They oscillate and cycle,
always bringing me to the same conclusion,
leaving me with the same questions,
looking for solutions
seemingly non-existent.
Over and over and over again,
constant nagging frustration,
lingering like a shadow
searching for a crack to burst the dam.
I just want an off switch,
an out route; an exit.
I want to get away,
but no matter what I do,
I can’t escape my thoughts.

Jane Meyer
*eternal Peace*

&lt;font color=darkviolet&gt;You and me were meant to be together ever-lasting in this love forever never thinking it would ever stop

But then you turned your back and you left me What the hell was that supposed to mean I don’t see where you and me went wrong

Now you see I’m all alone and left confused my heart is broken never to be glued and all of this was caused because of you

A hole is ripped through my chest every time I hear any mention of your name and now it’s clear I’m not ever getting over this

I cry I scream I feel nothing I don’t know what’s happening but I know it won’t ever go away

You loved me and I loved you I always know that much is still true
But that doesn’t
tell me why you left

Now you’re gone
never to come back
The realization
hits me like a smack
And I can tell
hoping is futile

This is it. I’m done.
I’m giving up
There’s too much pain
I’ve finally had enough
Without you
my life just isn’t worth it

I’d say goodbye
if there were someone left to tell
but they all left
when they learned I wasn’t well
stuck in
my own depressing world

But today is the day
I take my leave
No longer your absence
will I grieve
I’m heading
for eternal peace

(I didn’t write this from my perspective. I wrote it from Bella’s perspective after Edward leaves her in Stephanie Meyer’s "New Moon". I know Bella never wanted to kill herself, but everyone gets a little dramatic in poetry...right?)

Jane Meyer
Life is fire
Some flames burn brightly,
sparking and erratic,
continuously fueled by adventure and excitement.
Others glow faintly,
a breath of wind could put them out.
These need nurturing,
need love and care to kindle their flames.

Keep a flame close,
be cautious of how it’s handled.
Cradle a flame within your hands,
protect it from rain and wind and peril
Speak to it with the softest whisper.

A flame only gets one chance,
just one.

So easy to go wrong
to make a simple mistake
that extinguishes a flame forever.

Jane Meyer
I am an artist, but I’m not a painter.
I’m not one who makes a canvas beautiful,
but my smock and face a mess.
Who has to spend hours
playing in those sticky paints
and standing with an aching back
just to make one scene,
that doesn’t even move!
No, I’m not a painter,
but I am an artist.
The stage is my canvas,
my lines my painting brush,
my emotions replace those foul paints
and my completed work is still a scene.
But my art is so much more
than an image that’s been frozen.
It moves, it breathes, it sings and dances
it makes you laugh and cry.
It weeds its way into you,
takes root as you walk away.
It becomes a part of you
and never goes away.
A painting though?
One glance and you’re done.
It doesn’t stay with you.
It’s cold and unmoving.
Just hanging on the wall,
staring at you.
So no, I’m not a painter.
I am an artist,
but in the art of acting.

(This was an assignment from my English teacher and he told my class to write a poem about anything, but to try to be different; no clichés. This is certainly new for me, since I’m new to theater. I want to say though, that this isn’t my view of paintings, they are moving and I’ve been moved by them, but I desperately wanted the contrast in this. I know that I could have said that I’m an artist because of my words, but I really wanted to make amends for what I said in my
other poem “DRAMA! ? ! ” because I’m really good at it and I really like it. I’ve never been so happy to be wrong before because it’s been one of the best experiences of my life.)

Jane Meyer
*i’m! Not! Go-Ing! To! (Song)

This came to me as a song and it is written as a song, so use your imagination. I’ll edit if I ever find the songs that I stole the tune from.

I won’t give in.
You can’t break me.
I will not be
seduced by your lies.

You can take away my computer.
You can take away my time.
You can take away my books.
You can take away my prose.
You can take away my journal.
You can take away my privacy.
But I still won’t give in.

‘Cauuuuuuuuuuuse
Y’can’t take away my love.
Y’can’t take away my thoughts.
Y’can’t take away my memories.
Y’can’t take away my fantasies
Y’can’t take away my stub-born-ness!
Can’t break my determi-n-aaaation!
Can’t change the fact that I’m a teen-age-eer.
Can’t change that I will break the rules!
Can’t change that I am diff-i-cult!
And it don’t matter what you do,
I will never respect you!

You gotta face it, I’m fourteen.
Just ‘cause you birthed my doesn’t mean,
that I have to treat you like a queen.
And if you don’t like it, I don’t care.
Y’just gotta geeee-yyeyet,
over it.

And it don’t matter what you do,
‘cause I am never going to,
rehe-spechet you!

no no, no no, no no, not hap-pen-ing!
no no, no no, no no, not eee-ee-ver!
no no, no no, no no, not going to!
no no, no no, I’m! Not! Go-ing! To!

Jane Meyer
*if I Were To Tell Him, This Is How I’d Do It*

“There’s something I want to tell you,
and I’ve been waiting to do it in person.
So I think I should say it now,
‘ case things between us should ever worsen.

Well, you see, I...
*sigh* I just don’t know where to start.
I guess first you should know,
you have a special place in my heart.

And not just as a friend,
‘cause, to me, you’re so much more!
I really thought it would be obvious,
always seemed my hiding was pretty poor.

You filled my every spare thought,
and even some I couldn’t spare.
And I remember every thing you’ve said,
though it isn’t written anywhere.

Whenever the phone would ring,
my heart would quicken its pace.
I would hope that it was you,
but knew it was disappointment I would face.

I’ve waited for months to hear your voice,
and for &lt;i&gt;three years&lt;/i&gt; to look at you.
And I think now I the courage,
to finally say, I love you.”

Jane Meyer
*ignored*

&lt;font color=darkviolet&gt;Don’t mistake me for a brat,  
For I’m certainly not that.  
But I do like people to pay attention,  
When I have something I’d like to mention.

I don’t mind when I have to shout,  
At the ones that I don’t care about.  
But when the people I love don’t listen,  
It can cause a tear to glisten.

I’ll say how it makes me feel,  
But no one’s listening for real.  
They might pay half a mind to me,  
But it’s with someone else they’d rather be.

I’m used to it by now,  
No longer feel that initial pow,  
When the realization hits,  
That I’m talking to mere half-wits.

They don’t care what I have to say,  
So they don’t listen anyway.  
And are my feelings ever implored?  
No, ’cause remember I’m ignored.

Jane Meyer
*kaleidoscope Eyes*

Eyes are a window, a stained glass window, each one completely unique: the colors and patterns each arranged differently from a neighbor’s, and yet, the windows of most are whole.

Something happened to my window, a blow to the head sent fractures through the glass, another shattered it to pieces.

It used to bother me, having only fragments of the normal world. Then lost within my world of darkness, something changed. An idea, a hope began to draw me from the depths. I faced the light and rotated the shards of glass, creating a new world, one that’s different every turn.

Jane Meyer
**pain (It’s Not What You’re Thinking)**

So much depends on pain,
For pain is a warning,
It lets us know when we get too close,
To that flame that’s bright and burning.

Pain gives us caution,
Lets us know we’ve gone too far,
Reminds us to bend head,
When we walk under that bar.

Pain helps us learn,
Teaches us that when,
We prick ourselves it hurts,
And we don’t do it again.

Pain discourages death,
It makes us think twice,
Can give us enough time,
To listen to good advice.

Without pain there is no joy.
It balances things out,
So much depends on pain
Something the world can’t live without.

Jane Meyer
*sylvan Symphony (School Assignment 9th)*

&lt;font color=darkviolet&gt;The woods are like a symphony
playing their ever-lasting song.
To some it’s just cacophony,
but for me it is never wrong.
Because I listen for the notes,
understand what’s sung from birds’ throats.

I hear the wind through trees strumming
and the critters blowing their horns.
I can feel the acorns drumming.
Catch flowers trilling amongst the thorns.
For the woods are never silent;
a free mind unlocks the music meant.

(I had to make this about nature, have it feature a smilie, and use quite a bit of
personification. I don't think I did too bad.)

Jane Meyer
*these Green Hills (School Assignment 8th)*

6: 30 am
I’m perched among the branches
of the old oak tree.
Through its drooping limbs
I see a beautiful scene,
For beyond the whispering leaves,
I see the green hills rolling;
the cliffs off in the distance.
And past their tops I see,
a sky with orange tint,
marking the sun’s arrival.

6: 45 am
The glowing yellow orb
is now visible in its trek
through the pastel-colored sky.
Looking to the cliffs, I see
the sun begin to peek
over the tops of their bald heads.
The warm, golden light
illuminates the dew,
sparkling in the grass.
My breath catches in my throat,
as I watch a world unfold before me.
I can feel the magic,
pulsing through the land.
See it woven between every thread.
As I gaze upon this wondrous beauty,
a part of me is lost,
carried off by the wind.
For now I have no cares,
only the blissful joy I get
from seeing this world come to life.

7: 00 am
The sun is now aloft,
fully in the sky.
I turn my head away,
For the light’s too bright for me.
I fix my eyes
upon the ground,
admiring, all that’s there,
in the last few moments,
I’m able to spare.
Those moments pass
oh so quickly.
And I begin my climb,
down the faithful oak.
Once my feet
are on the ground,
I turn my back
to that secret world.
I can feel the magic,
as it slips away.
All too soon,
my departure’s come.
The sun is up;
a new day’s begun.
But I’ll come back,
I will, I will.
I’ll come back
to these green hills.

Jane Meyer
I hate the sound of a ticking clock. 
On and on it goes, 
never ceasing, 
ever changing.

*tick-tock, tick-tock,*

It’s enough to drive me mad. 
It hangs there on the wall, 
an unblinking face 
staring at me.

*tick-tock, tick-tock,*

I plug my ears, 
turn my back, 
but I can still hear the ticking.

*tick-tock, tick-tock,*

I hasten from room to room, 
shutting all doors in my path, 
but still, the ticking is present.

*tick-tock, tick-tock,*

I wrap it in a thousand cloths, 
and bury it six feet underground, 
but the ticking is unyielding, 
ever present in my ears.

*tick-tock, tick-tock,*

No matter what I do 
the ticking follows me, 
always marking every second.

*tick-tock, tick-tock,*
Reminding me of the ones I’ve wasted,
the tens, the hundreds, the thousands,
and of the ones stolen from me,
the millions, the billion, the trillions.

&lt;i&gt;tick-tock, tick-tock, &lt;/i&gt;

Sometimes the ticking hides,
perfectly matches my pulse,
but I know it’s there.
I can feel its voice resonating in my ear.

&lt;i&gt;tick-tock, tick-tock, &lt;/i&gt;

Away they go,
never to be regained.
constant reminders
that my limited time grows ever smaller.

&lt;i&gt;tick-tock, tick-tock, &lt;/i&gt;

Each a moment of my life
being sucked away.

&lt;i&gt;tick-tock, tick-tock, &lt;/i&gt;

And there’s nothing I can do
to stop the ticking clock.

&lt;i&gt;tick-tock, tick-tock, &lt;/i&gt;

There’s nothing anyone can do.

(I had my analogue watch in my ear when I wrote this and the room was silent except for the ticking. I really do hate the noise. I hope I didn’t go overboard with the “tick-tocks” because I originally had a version with much fewer ones, but as the night wore on and I became more annoyed with my ticking watch, more and more got added. My intension is that they add to feeling of, well, insanity.)
Jane Meyer
“Weekend”—how I scoff at that archaic term,
I’m not sure—but I think
it refers to a time many days past
when periods of work were measured
By these things called “weeks.”
And—supposedly—there would be this “break”
where workers would get a chance to “rest, ”
thus bringing an “end” to the “week” of work.
Now, I understand “work,”
but these other words are unfamiliar to me.
Am I to believe there were stops?
That there was something other than ceaseless labor?
That days could be so easily grouped
into ones of productivity,
and ones of relaxation,
rather than appearing as an on-going sea of tasks,
a blur of endless obligations?
Could there really have ever existed
a world where I would have time to do as I please?
From where I sit in my paddle boat,
battling the waves with my oars,
gazing at the vast expanse of ocean,
I do not believe it to be so.
This “weekend” is a fantasized idealization,
a utopian idea, impossible to exist
within the walls of reality...
my reality.

Jane Meyer
*when Love Haunts You And Me*

&lt;font color=darkviolet&gt;My heartbeat flares at any mention of that name. And after that first glance, I knew I’d never be the same.&lt;/font&gt;

I sigh when I remember that day, the sweetest day. O heart can’t see how love is not that far away.

That beautiful face every night haunts my dreams, always there, but never tangible I don’t know what it means.

A dream that's locked in my chest, is now so close to me. I whisper to my beloved star, O God, this's gonna be.

I wait for that moment, and when I think it’s right I summon all my courage, throw my love into the light.

The only thing I care about is to admit it right now. Love is fine, you're mine, trust your heart & don't ask (how).

I look into those eyes, hoping for a positive reaction, searching for an answer. Do they show the same attraction?

I wonder why I stare, but I still can't see. Do I possibly feel dizzy? ! Or do your eyes glow with glee? !
I let my gaze fall to the floor,
blushing from the answer I’ve discerned.
But do I dare confirm
what it is I think I’ve learned?

Talking for nothing, smiling for everything,
I’m about to fall in coma.
Can't you hint an answer
for that fantastic dilemma? !

A dilemma that I know
has a very simple fix.
For all I need to confirm suspicion
is just one little kiss.

This time I can't ignore
your lips when they call.
So I can taste the purity of life
& I wish people could have this, all.

Those lips so warm
beneath my own
and with the fireworks in my head
all doubt is over thrown.

You've painted all my moments
with your joyful colors.
Now I can confirm
you're so different from the others.

You’re the one
the one that I need,
who grew this compelling love
from affection’s first seed.

I thought love was just like a butterfly:
The faster you chase it,
the sooner you lose it.
Wow, it's now pampering my chest.

I don’t know where this will go
but I know I’m going with you.  
I’m ready to start this adventure  
and I’m going to see it through.

I let my heart lead me to  
the finest fortune in my life.  
My hand in yours sleeping like a dove,  
With you, I have no strife.

You have just put together  
the glamorous rose in this dozen.  
Roses are jealous of your fragrance,  
without you, they are just eleven.

And from that moment  
of us first being together,  
I knew our love would be indefinite,  
that you and me are forever.

(Co-written with my friend, HaZeM PaKKaR.)

Jane Meyer
Colors In Couplets (School Assignment 10th)

White is the color that’s all in one
and through a prism the rainbow’s undone.
Red is the color to add spice and flare
it’s even the color of a fox’s hair.

Orange is the color that’s bright and loud
it’s definitely one to stand out in a crowd.
Yellow is the color of energy and joy
that’s why it’s the color of some’s favorite toy.

Green in the color for nature and growth
it’s found in plants and animals both.
Blue is the color of the water and sky
but it also shows up in blueberry pie.

Purple is the color of royalty and power
it’s often the color of the prettiest flower.
Black is the color formed in the absence of light
housing the fears and unknowns of the night.

Jane Meyer
100!

I never dreamed I’d get that far.
40,
Maybe 50,
But never 100.
Sure some of them aren’t that good,
And some don’t even rhyme,
but I typed them all up here,
that’s got to count for something.

It’s been exactly
3 months, and 2 weeks,
since I put up my first poem.
And now I have my 100th...
I don’t know what to say,
*laugh* It doesn’t even rhyme,
but I do that all the time: D

I guess I should end with thanks.
Thank you to those who have commented,
the support that kept me going.
And thank you to those who have written,
the inspiration that got me started.

(September 19, 2009 marks my 100th entry to.)

Jane Meyer
The world is glitching.
Most pass it off as a blink,
that fraction of a second
when everything around you
goes black,
But I know what’s really happening.

I can see things,
shapes forming in the darkness;
look past the veil
into the shadowy reality.

I can hear the piercing notes
that break through the barrier,
signaling its collapse.

The system in failing,
the walls of our world
are coming down;
the thing on the outside,
shielding itself
behind this false reality,
is about to be known.

The day approaches
when the world as you know it
will come to an end.

12-21-12

Jane Meyer
Rain is pounding against my window.  
A battering ram on the fort’s door.  
I fear the glass will break.  
And even though the blinds are drawn,  
I can still see the lightning.  
Flash, flash, flash.  
One after another.  
The sky is constantly lit up!  
And when a really big one comes down,  
it’s my room that’s filled with light.  
There’s a continuous rumble, not that far away,  
like the unceasing fire of guns.  
But when the fuse runs out and the cannon goes off,  
there’s an earth-shattering BOOM! in result of the shockwave.  
I can feel it approaching,  
and as it ripples through me.  
Then as it speeds away,  
tearing through the quiet air.

I lay in my bed,  
experiencing it all,  
wanting nothing more  
than for it to all be long gone.  
And absolutely terrified of how exactly it will end,  
as the storm rages on through the early hours of the morn.

Jane Meyer
I was dreaming, dreaming of a poem.  
It was about a couple, a man and woman dancing. 
The stanzas were OK, nothing too impressive.  
But then there were the last four lines, the most beautiful I've heard.  
And I only wish I could remember, what it is they were.

Jane Meyer
If the enemy of my enemy is my friend, does that make the friend of my friend my enemy?

Jane Meyer
Font Color=darkviolet Poem

<font color=darkviolet>It began with one line.
Then grew to something powerful;
A wondrous piece of art.

And I don’t think anyone thought,
That that one little line,
Would be a great poem’s start.

Jane Meyer
I bet there’s a speech out there, (who knows, maybe I could find it on the internet), that goes something like this: “You don’t know about [inser subject here] because you’re only [inser age here], but I do because I’m older than you and I’ve been through a lot more. I know it might be hard to believe, but I was once [inser age here] too. I also had to live through [inser subject here]. I know what you’re going through. You just have to trust me.”

Well, quite frankly, I think that’s a boat load of sh*t! Everyone views life differently, so just because <i>you</i> went through something, doesn’t mean that’s the way I will!

Jane Meyer
You tell me to focus on joy and light.
Yet, I tend to think of my pain through the night.

You beg me remember when I used to smile.
But I can’t recall that, it’s been such a while.

You ask me what happened to your little girl.
Call me that again and I think I might hurl.

You can say what you want millions times.
Though all I’ll hear are your traumatizing crimes.

And I don’t care what you think you need to tell me
because in the end, I will chose who I want to be.

Jane Meyer
Innocent and Broke

I was wrongfully convicted of a crime,
And sadly, I don’t own a dime.
But does this problem have a fix?

It does, according to amendment six.

I have the right to be tried soon,
Before this mistake becomes by doom.
As for getting me a lawyer, without a penny to my name,
Amendment six pulls through again,
In stating that the government is required,
To get me a lawyer hired.

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Soldiers, Not in My House!

Amendment number three,
Is about choosing soldier company.
I do not have to lodge them,
If in my house I do not want them,
For not even in a time of war,
Shall soldiers force passage through my door.

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Just Because You Can’t See It...

Amendment nine is on my side,
Stating in its legal pride,
That though my rights may not be stated,
That does not mean they are abated.
You say to me,
“I can not see! ”
But that doesn't mean they are not there,
They are like the wind that blows your hair.

You cannot see nor touch them,
Because no one has written them,
But they are there; proud and inalienable,
Where they will remain, forever unchangeable.

Jane Meyer
Ode To My Pets (School Assignment 7th)

Squeakers: Captain Jack, is my loving black cat.  
He was traumatized at very young age,  
And now he hides under the bed like a frightened bat.  
He’s better now and understands he gets pet when comes out of his internal cage.

Lucky, the you, energetic kitten.  
She roams the house like the dominant feline,  
But I still remember when she was the size of a mitten.  
At times she’s rebellious, but I know she’ll always be mine.

Tia, the beautiful mother of the two above plus seven more.  
While she was pregnant, she looked like a cow,  
But now she is the drama mama I love and adore.  
For a stray mother of nine, all I can say is oh wow!

Tweety, the bird that absolutely loves to make sound,  
I guess he’s not really at fault, for he usually just joins in,  
To all the noise he hears going around.  
He definitely earned his name and tweet enough to make your head spin.

Mewful, the biggest and fattest of all.  
He likes to sleep atop the bed.  
Be warned if you want him moved, for once you pick him up, you’re likely to fall.  
If asked to describe him, I’d say dumb and heavy as led.

My happy and energetic dog, Nikki,  
Is a medium sized, thirty-seven pound animal.  
A better name for her could be Licky.  
As soon as I met her, I knew she would be my favorite mammal.

Jane Meyer
I remember when I used to hate.
I would glare across the table,
hair covering my eyes,
thoughts to kill whirling around.

But then my therapist said something,
that wasn’t too bright.
She said I could only hate someone,
if I felt a little love for them somewhere.

I, of course, knew she was mistaken,
for I can hate someone and not love them at all.
True, love must be involved for hate,
and my dad fills that roll quite nicely.

But I couldn’t allow my therapist,
to think I loved my mom, even a bit,
and hate was getting tiring.
But if not hate, then what?

Well, I just kept listening,
she told me if I really disliked someone,
I wouldn’t care about them at all,
no feeling what so ever.

That was her biggest mistake,
because now that’s what I practice.
She even had a name for it:
Apathy

Jane Meyer
Font Color=darkvioletapple Tree

<Taken from a ripened fruit
then given all that it could need
safe from those who’d like the loot
of such a precious seed.
A life, its tiny walls contain
and as a tree it soon shall reign.

Jane Meyer
It be talk like a pirate day!
So tell all ye’s mates.
And tell all ye’s kin.
Let’s get the world in,
every last scallywag,
on the bestest of holidays!
Ye’s get to say
‘Argh! ’
‘Yo ho! ’
‘Mate! ’
‘Wench! ’
‘Deckswabber! ’
‘Scallywag! ’
And ye’s get to sing like pirates,
And ye’s get to drink like pirates.
So, drink up me hearties! Yo ho!

(Written in honor of "Talk Like a Pirate Day" September 19th.)

Jane Meyer
(Another 'abc' poem that I had to write for class. It's about the Bubonic Plague (aka Black Death) which is a disease that was brought over from Asia, I think, to Europe by boat in the mid 1300s (1347-1352) and was spread from fleas to rats and eventually to people. It turns your skin black and gives you huge painful boils. My poem's not great, but you have go where these kinds take you.)

At first I didn’t believe them. I didn’t think anything could spread so far so quickly, but one day it showed up. It claimed my entire family and it’s going to claim me. My hands already show signs of decay. I can’t bear to look at them. Just a glimpse is enough to send me into sobs, remembering they will kill me. This thing that’s living in me will not allow my life to exceed its own. Still, I ponder at what I would have done. The quiet life I would have had. I’m not ready to die. I’m still too young; only a teen. A whole future, un-lived. All because of a very stupid bacteria. I just had to get infected. The world had to get infected, except for those parts in the east. The disease has been rampant for years and yet those parts remain untouched. The zones that were spared as the word collapsed around them.

Jane Meyer
I hate bug bites!
They're the most annoying things.
For their size and all.

I never seem to notice,
'til it's too late to do anything,
the ant making its crawl.

Across my leg it goes,
still invisible to me,
until its first strike.

I try to brush him off,
but he just gets mad,
and makes another strike.

That stupid little ant bit me!
Not once, not twice,
but thrice!

Now they itch and itch and itch,
and scratching makes it worse.
Bug bites just plain aren’t nice!

(Sorry it’s not very good. I wanted to try out a new rhyme scheme and this is the mess I ended up with. Suggestions?)

Jane Meyer
I was lifting up the couch,  
like I’d done a hundred times before,  
but this time there were cushions,  
on the other side.  
I couldn’t bare the weight,  
but I didn’t call for help,  
’cause my dad was busy with a game,  
so I dropped the couch.  
That’s when I heard the hissing,  
but I didn’t know what it was,  
so I sat there in confusion.  
Precious seconds lost.  
I lifted up the couch,  
but I couldn’t hold it and check.  
I called out to my sister,  
but we’d just been in a fight,  
so she didn’t give her help.  
I stated my greatest fear,  
and that got her to help,  
and when she called out to my dad,  
I knew my nightmare was confirmed.

We were rushing in the car,  
as fast as the law allowed.  
The only weeks old kitten,  
held broken in my arms.  
Every second filled with tension,  
my shirt covered in blood,  
her heartbeat slower, slower, slower.  
Her eye wasn’t in the right place.  
The blood was just too much.  
Her breathing wasn’t right.  
Her pulse unsteady, fading.

The worst was the look,  
on the doctor’s face.  
There was nothing he could do.  
The people in the waiting room didn’t understand.  
They didn’t know what I was going through,
as I sat there sobbing.
It was all my fault.
I could’ve shouted at them,
“Learn from my mistake,
because this can never happen again! ”

I didn’t ask for help,
when I needed it the most,
and it resulted in the loss,
of the life of one so young.
I could have prevented it all,
if I’d only done something as simple,
as asking for help.

Cassandra (died 10-07-06, 7 1/2 weeks old), even though I didn’t know you long enough to even know if you were male or female, I still love you soo much. I’m sorry for the mistake I made. I regret it more than anything else. I know and accept that it was all my fault.

Jane Meyer
(Couplet)

Cheese is a food.
I’m in a cheese mood.

(I didn’t really feel like writing any more poems when I got to this one. lol)

Jane Meyer
There’s something in my closet, that you wouldn’t find in most. In it is a sleek black rope, that’s hanging from a post.

In the rope there is a knot, tying off a loop, sturdy and strong. I slip it around my neck, because my life has all gone wrong.

I lift my feet up off the ground, and I struggle in midair. I think about my life, and how it’s caused me much despair.

I think about the pain, both in my head and out. as the rope constricts my breath, not even enough to shout.

I hang there, twirling, like that ride with the spinning cup. As I begin to lose my consciousness, my body’s forced to just stand up.

I try and try again, but whenever my vision starts to fade, my survival instincts take over. Can’t hang myself. It’s how I’m made.

Jane Meyer
He takes my hand, and wraps it in his.
“It’s so cold! ” he exclaims.
“Why is that? ' he asks.
For it’s the peak of summer, in the sunny state of Florida.

I hadn’t noticed it was cold.
It’s the same as the rest of me.
And with my lack of response, he wraps his arms around me, asking with concern, “Why are <i>you</i> so cold? ”

This time I have an answer.
One he may not want to hear.
“I’m always cold, ” I say,
“I have been for a while.”

“And why is that, you think? ”

I pause for a moment, Considering what I’m about to say. And with my next breath these words come out: “Because my heart stopped beating a long time ago.”

(inspired by Darkness Everywhere’s "It’s winter and it’s oh so cold")

Jane Meyer
“If you’re not confused, then you’re not living life to its fullest extent.”

(My dad said this, but I use it way more than he does.)

Jane Meyer
(I was in a bad mood and this is what came to me. I happen to think stuff like this is funny, if you don’t, then don’t read it. Well, I warned you. I’ll update if more come to me.)

You’ll never reach the end of the rainbow, and even if you did, there wouldn’t be a pot of gold at the end.

There’s no light at the end of the tunnel, only phosphorescent rocks.

There’s no such thing as a cloud with silver lining, but there are ones that are completely gray.

It’s true there’s no ‘I’ in ‘team’ but there is a ‘me’.

The glass really is half empty.

You should cry over spilled milk. It really is a lose.

If you keep trying, you’ll keep failing.

Jane Meyer
Do you remember that time,
all those years ago,
when I fell and scraped my knee,
then ran sobbing to your arms?

Do you remember last Christmas,
when you hugged me as I left?
I swear that I could feel your love,
through that wonderful hug.

Do you remember your last birthday,
when I called you the night before?
That was the worst night of my life,
but that precious hour made it bearable.

Do you remember
my first word?
my first step?
my first laugh?

Do you remember
how many times I’ve said, ‘I love you’?
how many hugs we’ve exchanged?
how many times you’ve stayed my tears?

Do you remember
all the times that you were there for me?
all the times you made me laugh?
all the times you brightened up my day?

Do you remember
the one who was there for all that?
Who raised me to be me,
and who’s helped me through so much?

Do you remember
all we’ve been through good or bad,
watching as I grew up,
and that you’re the best dad in the world?!

Jane Meyer
Font Color=darkviolet

domestic Friends (School Assignment 7th)

<font color=darkviolet><center>(Diamonte)

Dog,
Joyful, Playful,
Running Playing Bouncing,
Thoughtful, Intelligent, Fat, Lazy,
Sleeping, Eating, Grooming,
Lathargic, Tired,
Cat

Jane Meyer
DRAMA! ? !
I can't believe I’m in drama!
I only put it as a joke
and now I’m taking drama!

My dad’s not going to like this!
It was the one class he said I couldn’t take.
But schedules were final Friday,
so now it’s plays I’ll have to make.

I guess it’s good to try new things,
But staying after school’s not something I want to do.
I guess I’ll make new friends...?
*sigh* drama...what am going to do?

Jane Meyer
(I wrote this "poem" as an assignment for my Social Studies teacher. I guess an 'A, B, C poem' is considered a poem, but it's more like a short story. I didn't think I would like this enough to put it up here, but by the time I'd finished it, I was rather pleased with my work. Anyway, the poem is about the Dust storms that plagued the area from Texas to North Dakota during the Great Depression. I'd love to know what you think.)

As I feel the wind pick up, a
bitter taste fills my mouth. I try to hold back the
 coughs, so my little
Diana won’t worry. Neither of us are well,
her youthful lungs are suffering. Our land is
orsaken of all crops, all water, all life but our own. The only reason
we’ve not
one being little Diana, only of her sixth year, is not fit to
head out west. My brother writes from
Iowa. He says the dust has effects even there, reminding me or our
constant
jeopardy. He tells of how few people show any
kindness nowadays. I read aloud for his letter, “The Great Depression
has
everyone in the mindset of self first.
y opinion is that we’re all in this together.
one has more than pennies to their name, but
our combined efforts would be enough to rid our nation of this
depression. But enough of my
personal beliefs. How are you? Things here still aren’t the best. Last
night’s sup was a scrawny
ail, but it was the best
esa and I could scrounge up. Hope to hear from you soon.
cerely, your brother Samuel.” I pick up a pen to write my reply.
the Depression, the dust storms, the drought, all of it is near
bearsable. Diana and I pray everyday for it to rain, but I fear we pray in
ain.
without water, the storms will only worsen, They
and their range of destruction every hour and I’m afraid this
year won’t be their last. But I’ll pray, I’d pray to Zeus if it would help. ‘Til we speak again, brother, Jane.”

Jane Meyer
Font Color=darkviolet

<font color=darkviolet>I dream of him in class.
My eyes glaze over
as I conjure up his face.
I reach up a hand to touch it.
That’s when I’m snapped back to reality,
and I hope that no one noticed.

I dream of him at home.
Imagine what he looks like
and stare into his eyes.
Love is written across my face,
then quickly wiped away
when someone turns to me.

I dream of him in my room.
There, I’m sure no one will see.
I fabricate him next to me
and think of the things I’d say.
I imagine a kiss; caressing his face.
Then my hearts breaks, when I realize he’s not there.

Jane Meyer
Font Color=darkvioletfat Dog (School Assignment 7th)

(font color=darkviolet)(Clerihew) (I love clerihews!)

The dog got kinda fat,
And accidentally sat on the cat.
He got scratched in a most uncomfortable place,
And the cat walked away with a now slightly bent face.

(They’re supposed to be funny.)

Jane Meyer
The words need not be said, for anyone but myself.
For though I didn’t make the mistake, and I didn’t ruin my life,
I suffered because you did.
And it’s not “OK”, but I’m done with it,
I’m tired of suffering, I’m moving on.
Nay, I have moved on.
And I laugh at how you never knew,
that I no longer felt the pain,
Because every night I’d whisper,
“I forgive you.”

Jane Meyer
Friday Afternoon

Gonna sleep in
Gonna chill out
'Cause it's Friday,
And that's all anyone's talk'n' about.

Got the big game,
It's goona be the same.
We're gonna get onto the grass
and we're gonna kick their ass.

Excitement's in the air
For education, we just don't care.
School spirit's flowing proud,
say 'Panthers' on 3 real loud!

The weekend's soon to come,
Gonna relax and have some fun.
Think'n' of things that we'll do soon,
Because it's Friday afternoon.

Jane Meyer
How I hate that generic term.  
Why can't you just call us by name? !  
'Cause we're certainly not the same!  
To be seen separately must I first have fame?  

You know, we're two different people!  
We think differently!  
We act differently!  
And we do things differently!  

But does that stop you from your lumping?  
Nope, you still say "girls" a ton.  
And if this battle can not be won,  
then we'll forever be known as one.  

Jane Meyer
I’ve got all these thoughts, bouncing around my head: emotions, words, phrases, but they just don’t come together. Then, when I’m laying in my bed, I find names for the emotions, the words turn into lines, and the phrases get worked to stanzas. Yet I neglect to write them down, for I think it too much work. So when I’m woken by the dawn, I find my last night’s work has gone.

Jane Meyer
I sit near the edge, 
As close as I dare, 
Observing the gouge through the land, 
That’s opened up before me.

I hear the wind, 
Whistling through the scar, 
The water far below, 
And the critters a’scurrying.

I smell the clean air, 
That rushes up from the canyon, 
Thick with humidity, 
Of the early morn.

I feel the coarse ground, 
Spread out beneath my hand, 
And the cool, smooth rock, 
That I’ve chosen as my perch.

I sense the energy, 
Emanating from the trees, the rocks, 
The canyon, 
A truly magical place.

Jane Meyer
(I was asked to help a couple friends from school write haikus (which means I wrote it for them : D) I really didn't understand why they needed help because Haikus are so easy. To prove this I wrote their haikus and proceeded to write Haikus about the most ridiculous things. I'm putting the ones that actually make sense here and I'll put the stupid ones under "Haikus (stupid)". Enjoy)

Sun shining brightly
heating the land all over
driving life’s cycle

Water raining down
beautifully hitting the earth
falling from above

She stalks through the woods
hunting her prey without fear
beauty of the wolf

Squeakers is my cat
beautiful and comforting
I’ll always love him

He pleads not guilty
looks nothing but innocent
But it’s all an act

Haunted by Haikus
sneaking into sentences
I can’t escape them

Jane Meyer
Antidisestablishmentarianism is an awesome word
Waiting for the bell
passing inbetween classes
wanting to go home
A washing machine
it cleans your clothing for you
hardly work to you
Everybody poops
can't help it, it's natural
dispelling our waste
Mewful is stupid
he is a very fat cat
but I still love him
Warcraft is a game
a silly virtual world
it is addicting
Haikus are easy
Anyone can think of them
Just need the right words

Jane Meyer
<font color=darkviolet>Happy birthday Squeakers dear.  
Today you turned three,  
But I can still remember you small and with fear.  

It took a long time to get you out of your shell.  
So long, in fact, that you became permanent  
Something that’s worked out quite well.  

But, yes, I know, that’s in the past,  
And you’ve come so far from then!  
*sigh* My! You’ve grown up so fast!  

I guess now you’re a big boy,  
Ready for bigger things  
*giggle* and a new toy.  

But I think that to me,  
You’ll stay my little baby.  
*smile* Yes, that you’ll always be.  

(Squeakers was born Monday, August 14, 2006. At about 4:30 in the morning.  
He was traumatized by spending a night in the garage about 8 weeks later. He  
was a feral kitten because they were five black ones so I could never tell that  
there was always one who never came out. So after he was traumatized he was  
pretty shaken and I was the one who helped him through it and him a bit more  
social. I think of me as his mom, but I don’t necessarily think of him as my son.  
Either way I love him so much and he will always be my baby!)  

Jane Meyer
Her smile scares me.
It’s like a predator,
sizing up it’s prey.
You can tell it’s totally fake,
and can imagine it
with vampric incisors.
And coupled with her wave...
I’m sure much else is scarier.

And when we go out to eat,
should there be a baby around,
she’ll play peek-a-boo with them.
And they’re anything like me,
They’ll prefer when her face is hidden.
Because her smile scares me,
it genuinely scares me.

Jane Meyer
<font color=darkviolet>Hope is the thing,
with, what’re they called?
Feathers?
That perches in your...
What was it?
Oh yeah, soul.

Well, maybe that’s true you,
But it certainly ain’t for me.
Because from everything I’ve learned,
Hope is the thing,
That falls like a rock,
And leaves you cold and forsaken.

Jane Meyer
Teenagers are awkward. Why is that? Do you believe it’s our “hormones”? Or is some other place, where the problem’s at?

I happen to think it’s elsewhere. But maybe that’s because I am a teen, and I have these “hormones” that are making me not as keen.

I think that we’re awkward because we don’t have a place in society. We can’t be ignorant as children. But for adults, we haven’t the right propriety.

We’re only ever not awkward, when we’re with others like us. So I don’t think it’s our “hormones” that are causing all the fuss.

(What do you think?)

Jane Meyer
I can play a game
without knowing all the rules.
I can walk a mile in another’s shoes
without ever knowing their face.
I can travel across the world
without getting on a plane.
I can have a conversation
without speaking the words aloud.
I can meet new people
without them meeting me.
I can experience falling in love
without leaving my home.
I can learn one thousand things
without the aid of a teacher.
I can watch a movie
without the film existing.
I can listen to a song
without once hearing it sung.
I can envision a place
without ever having been to it.
I can be lost at sea
without a whiff of the salty breeze.
I can forge bonds of friendship
without any form of communication.
I can understand a foreign tongue
without instruction in the language.
I can feel the pain of death
without losing anyone close to me.

I can do all of this
without breaking the rules that bind this earth,

Because I can read a book
and follow its words to a new world.

Jane Meyer
I don’t care
if she lives or dies.
I just want her
hospitalized.

I don’t care
if a meteor hits where she’s stood.
I just want her
gone for good.

I don’t care
if you blow off her head.
I just want her
as good as dead.

I don’t care
if she chokes on her food.
I just want her
to forever be booed.

I don’t care
if she goes by knife.
I just want her
out of my life!

I don’t care
if she gets sick and pale.
I just want her
to go to jail.

I don’t care
if she falls down a well.
I just want her
to wind up in hell.
I don’t care
if she is my mom.
I just want her
to be hit by a bomb.

Jane Meyer
I had a dream
that the good bread was back
But when I awoke
I found I was wrong

I had a dream
that the good jelly was there
But then I woke up
to unfortunate despair

I had a dream
that the knives were clean
But upon waking
I learned they were not

Jane Meyer
Shaved My Head (School Assignment 8th)

I shaved my head to release my imagination.
I did it to get a tattoo on my shiny head.
I did it to lose my normality.
I did it to become a freak.
I did it to make her angry.
I did it to show what a real “problem child” was like.
I did it because I knew it was wrong.
I did it because I felt defiant.
I did it because it was the only way I could think to peacefully oppose.
I did it because I knew she wouldn’t want me to.
I did it as a permanent symbol of my rebellion.
I did it to show my love and loyalty.
I did it to be different; to be a nonconformist.
I did it to be an individual.
I did it for myself.

(inspired by Rene Ruiz’s 'He Shaved His Head')

Jane Meyer
I used to think I’d never change,
But now I know it’s inevitable.
I used to fight with my sister every time I got the chance,
But now we’re practically inseparable.
I used to abominate writing,
But now I do it in my spare time.
I used to think I knew all there was to know about math,
But now I know there’s this thing called “Geometry”.
I used to never want to go to school,
But now I sometimes use it as an escape.
I used to go outside and play,
But now there’s not enough time in a day.
I used to have nightmares where monsters would eat me,
But now I have ones where I fail at life’s challenges.
I used to play the violin,
But now I play computer games.
I used to watch TV 24/7,
But now I read books like there’s no tomorrow.
I used to take my friends for granted,
But now I know the pain felt when they’re gone.
I used to think I knew what love was,
But now I know I’d only scratched the surface.
I used to wish that time would move faster,
But now I wish it would slam down the breaks.
I used to be a kid,
But now I’m a teenager.

Jane Meyer
I’ll never say that again.
Never again will I say goodbye,
And never again will I say I missed you.
Not until the day you die. *

For now I never have to leave,
My life’s no longer divided.
I get to be with you everyday,
The wrong that’s finally been righted.

* I know that the line is usually “Not until the day <i>I</i> die.” but I’m talking about my cat, so I’ll probably outlive him and even if I don’t I probably won’t be able to say anything if I’m dead.: D

Jane Meyer
<font color=darkviolet>I’m crazy
out of my mind
insane.

And I want to tell someone
anyone
everyone

But I’m afraid that they’d believe me
It’s so easy to convince someone of insanity
and so very difficult to convince them that I’m sane.

Sure, I’m operational
functional
loosely even compatible.

So I can hide the truth
veil it with a guise
I’m not the only one.

But know that I admit it.
There’s something wrong upstairs.
And I am very much afraid.

Who I am—what I will become
What will it take?
And what will be left behind?

Jane Meyer
The cleaning process starts, the same as every other weekend. The hamster goes in the ball, her bedding goes in the trash. All is going well, until my sister notices something, “Why is the trash moving?” she asks, incredulous. And a little pink baby is pulled from amongst the wood chips. While my sister scrambles to remove the babies from the trash, I get the idea to check the mom, and sure enough, there were two hamsters, where there had once been one. I figured the baby would be safe with its mom, so I turned to help my sister. I checked back on the mom a little while later, and where there had once two, there was now one and a half.

The mom had been disturbed in the middle of her birthing and the result was, in her terror, she began to eat her baby. I don’t know why she did, nor even how she could, but it was one of the most appalling things I’ve ever seen in my life.

(True story)

Jane Meyer
<font color=darkviolet>Is it really so bad,
that I let it out,
in a few well chosen words,
rather than an angry shout?

Is it really so bad,
that my words were only talk,
never made into actions,
only ever poetic mock?

Is it really so bad,
that I wrote down what I was feeling?
Or are the thought’s in my head,
really that unappealing?

Is it really so bad,
that I made my misery into art?
My way to express myself,
and to let the healing start.

Is it really so bad,
that you read my work.
That you know what I was thinking,
and about my little emo quirk?

Is it really so bad?

Jane Meyer
I don’t know about you, but I have a lot of selves. So if I’m to just be myself, which self is it I should be?


Which one should I be? ! Which me is myself? ! And which is the me, that I <i>want</i> to be?

Jane Meyer
Just because I don’t wear jeans,
  Doesn’t mean that I’m a freak.
  It doesn’t give you the right to judge me
  and treat me like an alien.
Just because I don’t wear jeans,
  Don’t point and laugh,
  or gossip behind my back.
Just because I don’t wear jeans,
  Doesn’t mean I don’t wear shorts.
Just because I don’t wear jeans,
  I know I’m different,
  I know I stand out
  and I’m okay with that.
  So nothing good will come
  if you keep making fun.
Just because I don’t wear jeans – see me for who I am.

Jane Meyer
I wanna know,
Do you ever think about me?
I wanna know,
Do you ever think you need me?
I wanna know,
Do you ever think you want me?
I wanna know,
Do you think it’s possible that maybe,
just maybe,
you like me?

I just wanna know-ow.

I wanna know,
Do you ever think about me?
Do you need me?
Do you want me?
Is it possible that maybe,
just maybe,
you like me?

I just wanna know-ow.

And I wanna know,
Do you think that we were meant to be?
Just maybe?

I just wanna know-ow.

I want you to know,
that I think about you.
I want you to know,
that I really need you.
I want you to know,
that I really want you.
I want you to know,
that it’s possible that maybe,
just maybe,
I like you.

Just want you to know-ow

I want you to know,
that I think about you,
that I need you,
that I want you,
that it’s possible that maybe,
just maybe,
I like you.

Just want you to know-ow.

And I want you to know,
I think that we were meant to be.
Just maybe.

I just want you to know-ow.

Jane Meyer
I discovered the key to happiness.
For a day I held this knowledge
and I put it to good use,
enjoying a summer day,
even in my mother’s presence.
But as the sun set,
my happiness went with it.

I still have the knowledge,
though for some reason,
I’m thinking age,
I’m unable to follow it.
I will share it with you,
though please heed these words,
this knowledge is much more potent
when discovered on your own,
and in hearing it from me
you could lose your chance of ever using it.

The key to happiness,
the key to my happiness
is this:
“No matter where you are,
or who you’re with,
it is always your say
whether you’re happy or not.
Sure, in some cases it’s easy,
while others test your strength.
But no matter what,
you make the choice to be happy.”

Jane Meyer
(Limerick)

There once was a very cute kitten,
Who liked to sleep in a mitten.
As she slept the dog licked her,
But this didn’t quite fit her
So she climbed out as if she’d been bitten.

(I don’t really like this one, but I love limericks and I want to write more and I did write it in 7th grade and I didn’t want to totally redo it.)

Jane Meyer
It’s the last day of school!
Oh wow!
But today is special,
‘cause it’s my last in 8th grade.
My friends are all tearing,
but I’m silently cheering,
because I get to leave it all.
I get to start anew.
I’ve been at this school now for nine years.
It’s time to move on,
even with all the tears.
But I won’t cry.
I’m glad to say good bye.

It’s not like I was treated well,
sometimes I would’ve rather gone to hell.
So it’s the last day of school,
I say that’s pretty cool.
I’m going to enjoy it to the fullest,
And go out with a bang.

Jane Meyer
I’m going to write a limerick,  
To see if I still know the trick.  
And I think that do,  
Guess it’s stuck in like glue.  
Who’d’ve thought that one’d pop up so quick?

(I’m not actually sure if I did it right, but it fits with the rules I looked up. And if anyone finds an error and can explain to me what’s wrong, let me know. Probably all I’ll do will change it to “Not a Limerick, Limerick”)

*This is my only poem that has over 1000 views total! (lol what a weird one for that to happen to) But thank you to anyone and everyone that read this and thank you to anyone else who reads it!

Jane Meyer
It started as a trick,
To make her see things that weren't there.
I thought it’d give my life a kick,
A mad kind of entertainment.

But then I got curious,
What if I lifted up my sleeve,
And what she saw was serious?
What would happen then?

What would it be like,
To cause myself that pain?
To be the one to make the strike?
But what if I really hurt myself?

Then again, what’s physical pain,
Compared to all I’ve been through,
It’s the mental wounds that’s wax and wane,
In an unending cycle; never fully healing.

A cut will scar,
It’ll heal eventually,
But psychic stabs go far,
Causing damage, irreparable.

So the pain dealt by my blade,
Was nothing to what I’d felt
It was just a red line I made
Across that prefect pale plain.

I wouldn’t have thought that this,
Would actually cause relief.
And I didn’t think I’d miss,
The feeling that it gives me.

But it does,
I do.
It’s made me so different from who I was;
My knife, the pain, and me.
So now I wear long sleeves.
And what started as a joke,
Has now become reality
And it’s all thanks to my mom.

Jane Meyer
Cat, Sleepy, Lathargic, Sits on my head, Love.

(Please don’t think bad thoughts, this is supposed to about something cute that Mewful did as a kitten.)

Jane Meyer
Is Pain

I loved a game once,
Addicted to it, that I was,
Before I saw its pointlessness,
After my eyes saw only fuzz.

I loved a tree once,
Before it was chopped down,
And now there is a building,
Upon that very ground.

I loved a toy once,
The greatest love of my life,
Only to be consumed by fire.
My bliss replaced with strife.

I loved a cat once,
A beauty by the name of Zar.
She went missing one day,
Found the next killed by a car.

I loved a dog once,
He would run and jump and play.
I woke one morn’ to feed him.
I found him dead that day.

I loved my mom once,
Or at least that’s what I thought,
But then as I grew older,
I learned that love it was not.

I loved a man once,
But only realized once he was dead.
So my love steered toward another,
That only existed in my head.

I loved a friend once,
We claimed of friends forever,
But then I was betrayed,
Now I wish to see her never.
I loved once,
But as you can surely see,
Love is pain,
That’s all it’s been for me.

Jane Meyer
(Couplet)

Lucky is a pretty kitty,
But at times she can be very witty.

Jane Meyer
<font color=darkviolet>(Cinquain)

Mewful,
Lazy, Fat,
Sleeping, eating, sunning,
My tubsy friend,
Cat.

Jane Meyer
Font Color=darkviolet

Monday Morning

(I came up with this as a song, but I didn't write it as one. And strangely enough I came up with it on Tuesday afternoon lol. But I figured if I have a 'Friday Afternoon' I should have a 'Monday Morning' so here it is. Enjoy!)

I wake up
and it starts again.
I get up
then I fall back in.
I'm just
not ready for another a week this Monday morning!

I get ready
for a boring day.
I head out
to scool on my way.
I just
want it to be over soon this Monday morning!

It's first period
and it's draggin on.
I can't wait
for the bell to ring, I'm gone.
I just
hope there isn't too much of this Monday morning!

The bell rings
fifth period has begun.
I can't believe
the morning's still not done.
I just
need afternoon to drive away this Monday morning!

I get home
finally I'm back.
But there's homework
my, it's such a stack.
I just
wish this day hadn't started off with Monday morning!

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
Jane Meyer
My house was struck by lightning. And it wasn’t even raining. My friend had even just come over, and she was walking back to her house. She made it back OK. Thank goodness.

And I mean, sure the sky wasn’t sunny, but I didn’t think my house would get hit by LIGHTNING!

It fried the computer, the speaker, the satellite dish, and the phone.

It scared the sh*t out me,

Being so close to the boom.

And my life literally did flash right before my eyes.

Had I been outside, in the wrong place at the wrong time,

I could be dead.

That strike really made me realize that I could die at any moment.

Tomorrow isn’t promised to me, nor is the next hour, minute, or second.

I might not have a future.

My life could end right now, and there’d be nothing I could do. There’d be nothing anyone could do.

Jane Meyer
I was always thought of as happy,
I guess that’s why they didn’t think I’d do it,
But I knew my mom was lying,
I knew her arguments weren’t legit.

I’m back at her house,
After a week with my dad.
Things here have changed, again,
But I didn’t think it could ever get this bad.

Now let me explain something,
It’ll just take a moment.
I wear colorful clothes,
I’m a straight “A” student.

I love my dad,
More than he’ll ever know,
And I hate my mom,
Because she acted like a hoe.

So as you can imagine,
When I’m shipped over here,
And kept away from him,
It causes a pain that’s oh so severe.

Well, I’m back,
In this house of hell,
And the b*tch has nothing,
But new rules to tell.

I can’t call my dad.
I can’t even go upstairs.
She’s ruining my life,
My only protest, silent “unfair”s.

I go up to my room,
Once I’m finally allowed,
And I let out my tears,
Everything suppressed by my mental shroud.

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
The pain’s too much to bear.  
An escaped sob gives me a shock.  
I pick up my scissors and a stone,  
I sharpen the blade upon the rock.

I find a roll of tape,  
And place a piece across my mouth,  
For I don’t wish to wake my sis.  
Should a scream ever come out.

I take the makeshift blade,  
And lay it across my wrist.  
I know it could all be over,  
With just one little twist.

I know I shouldn’t do it,  
Thoughts of “don’t” rush through my head.  
But the pain’s too much to bear.  
It’d all be gone if I were dead.

I sit there, thinking.  
Looking at my hand that holds the knife.  
The subject in question,  
Is the one to end my life.

I look up to the ceiling,  
I know that if I do it, I can’t go back.  
I slash down with the blade,  
Overwhelming pain; my vision going black.

I wake in the early hours of the dawn,  
And I find my wrist is throbbing,  
But I realize I’m still alive,  
And I once again start sobbing.

Jane Meyer
He is as black as the darkness in a windowless room,  
With irises the color of polished gold.

He is as silent as a thief in the night,  
As he stalks the shadows that play in the light.

He is a friend I can always depend on,  
A friend that lightens my heart with his very presence.

He is an adopted member of my family,  
A decision, for which I have no regrets.

He is a cat, known as Squeakers,  
For his continuous stream of short meows.

He is the one most treasured in my life,  
And whose face I kiss and caress each night.

He is my love, whom I shall never forget,  
So I promise to love him for now and forever.

Jane Meyer
This is a Mother's Day poem for my dad (for obvious reasons.)

You are always there for me
You answer when I call
You listen when I talk
You always know what to do
  and you give me the courage to do it
Your stories lift my sprits
  and cause my sides to split from laughing
Your hugs are the best
  the greatest feeling in the world
Your voice is what I long to hear
You face is what I itch to see
  when you’re away from me
You cook, clean, and make the lunches
  and I thank you, thank you, thank you
You’re the one I can always count on
You taught me right from wrong
You showed me how to live my life
You help me understand
  and find solutions to my problems
You comfort me when I’m distressed
You can never, nor will, be replaced
You’re the one I love
  more than you will ever know
You are my dad, my motherly dad

Jane Meyer
So much of my poetry,
is staring at a blank page,
‘til inspiration comes,
and fills the page with words.

So much of my poetry,
is my hand flying across the paper,
writing down my thoughts,
before they can escape.

So much of my poetry,
is a life-saving relief,
for it’s my pain that fuels my art,
my only way to let it out.

Jane Meyer
My real name’s as good as a pen name,
for you don’t know who I am.
You can’t tell true from false.
And you’ll never shake the hand
that’s writing these words down.
My name is just two words,
be it real or be it not.
To you it makes no difference.
You’ll remember it,
should you wish to read more.
But other than that,
it’s all the same.
So it doesn’t matter what name I use
to build a reputation.
For my real name’s as good as my pen name
because I’ll never really meet you.

Jane Meyer
Nikki,
Active, Playful,
Running, Jumping, Playing,
My best friend,
Dog.

Jane Meyer
I used to cry myself to sleep,
feel the hole in my chest,
made from not seeing my dad.

But now my eyes are dry.

I used to hate my mom,
take pleasure from her pain,
wish that murder weren’t a crime.

But now I just ignore her.

I used to feel the pain,
ever-present, always waiting,
ready to overwhelm me.

But now I feel nothing.
A lifeless husk
visible outside
invisible inside
unfeeling
nothing

Jane Meyer
Opposites must have one similarity, or else they aren’t opposites.

(Think about it. Black and white. One is all color and one is the lack there of, but both are regarding color.)

Jane Meyer
Lucky,
tiny, white,
frolicking, trilling, playing,
Kira, daughter, son, Michaela,
hiding, squeaking, fleeing,
huge, black,
Squeakers

Jane Meyer
Optimism
I hate that dreaded word.
What’s the point in saying it,
if it’s never truly heard?

Do you really think there’s a person,
who looks at the bright side of everything?
Who always wears a smile?
Who can find the good in anything?

I don’t think there is.
There are some that might be close,
but they’re pessimistic at times,
they just don’t have an overload.

But what is optimism?
From all that I know,
it’s always acting happy,
even when you’re feeling low.

What’s the point in that?
I thought you weren’t supposed to lie,
and if my life really is bad,
why shouldn’t it be pessimism I go by?

Jane Meyer
First Kiss. (Song)

<font color=darkviolet>(Another song. This one has a beat similar to Taylor Swift's 'Our Song', but only kinda. And I know a part repeats, it's my attempt at a chorus.)

I lay in bed
looking at the big, black, sky.
Trying to clear my head
and get some sleep.
But I just, keep on see'n',
the same thing,
over and over agaaaaaaain.

And all I see is,
Your big green eyes,
staring back at me,
through the haze of thoughts and <i>memories</i>.
Your nice brown hair,
swept back and forth,
in that swift au-tumn breeze.
And the smile on your faaace.
Ohhh. Oh....
After our first kiss.

Everyday gets harder,
every second get longer.
My classes just aren't pass'n' by,
And my days are drag'n' on.
'Cause I can't stop,
think'n' about this one thing.
No, I can't stop.
I don't know what's hap-pen-ning.
And I can't stop,
No, it just won't leave my mind.
'Cause I can't stop,
think'n' about you...
And our first kiss.

Every time I close my eyes,
or let it slip: my con-cen-tra-tion
memories of last week’s date
go pass-n by.

And all I see is,
Your big green eyes,
staring back at me,
through the haze of thoughts and memories.
Your nice brown hair,
swept back and forth,
in that swift au-tumn breeze.
And the smile on your faaace.
Ohhh. Oh....
After our first kiss...

Our first kiss...

Oo, Oo. Yeah.


Jane Meyer
In other words, self-torture.
It makes it so I can’t speak,
and I’m nearly choking
it’s so difficult to swallow!
When I eat it’s like an epic battle
between my food and me,
and my food’s the one that wins!
My tongue is scratched and bleeding,
and there’s a hole ripped in my cheek!
There’s more blood around the wires
pressing into my head.
And the worst of it all,
is that I’m the one who turns the thing;
literally pushing my teeth apart!

(I hate the orthodontist!)

Jane Meyer
I’m haunted.
Not by ghosts or demons,
or even images of the past.

I’m haunted
by images of what could be,
the <i>worst</i> of what could be.

Specifically what could happen
to any of my pets.
Someone walking in the dark,
carrying a heavy load,
moving around furniture,
all bring images of
crushed skulls,
broken forms,
spasming bodies,
in puddles of blood,
taking ragged breaths.
And every time I see them,
I know there’s nothing I can do.
I know I could only watch
as their life slowly leaks away.

I see these images
because I made a mistake.
I cost a little kitten,
a 7-week-old kitten,
the life she could have had.

So now I’m overly protective,
I make sure everyone is careful.
I will not let anyone repeat my mistake
and I will not let my visions come true.
Because of that day,
that truly heart-breaking day,
I am and always will be
Paranoid.
If only I could have everything, everything I've ever wanted, everything I've ever dreamed of.

If only I could have it all, and know that I would never fall; know I would always come out on top.

If only I could have it handed to me; everything I could think to want and know not the labor and stress that comes along with work.

If only I could have one wish, just one little wish, to make it all better. That's not so much to ask for.

If only I could be with you. To once again say, 'I love you' and to hug you every night. To feel your warm, solid body, held protectively against mine.

If only I could live a perfect life, To know not disease and misfortune, nor poverty and theft. To know not of this painful sadness. Nor to know of death.

If only I could, I'd live a perfect life.

(Inspired by Abigail Lynne Becker’s "If Only” from <i>A Box of Rain</i>)

Jane Meyer
Nothing is ever perfect,
For perfection is a flaw.

(I want to use the lines in a poem, but so far I have nothing. I'll edit it if anything comes.)

Jane Meyer
I smell the fumes,
Burning up my nose,
As I sit in this porcelain tub,
Imagining smoky plumes.

My robe is wet,
Thoroughly soaked in gasoline.
People said I wouldn’t do it.
You wanna make a bet?

I strike a match,
A yellow flame appears.
I bring it toward my robe,
But the fabric doesn’t catch.

So I try again,
And strike another match,
I lay it on my arm,
And I’m engulfed in flame.

It covers me so fast,
The burning pain is everywhere.
But is it really worth it,
If it rids me of my past?

I can’t take it anymore.
I try to put it out,
But after a futile attempt with water,
I fumble for the door.

I’m screaming now,
My sister’s on the phone,
Answering someone’s questions,
Who? What? How?

I find I’m getting nowhere,
So I turn back to the tub,
I see it’s filled with water,
I jump in; no time to spare.
I hear a siren in the distance,
I don’t know what it means.
A fog is covering my brain,
I give up with no resistance.

There’s a blinding light,
But it’s only a bulb.
Beeping in the corner,
On my bed are sheets of white.

This isn’t my room,
It’s a hospital bed,
So I guess my life will go on,
’Till I decide my next doom.

Jane Meyer
I am a prisoner,
But not behind the bars,
For I am on the other side.
Though, I’m still not free,
I’m trapped within the building,
Where my every move is watched.

How I long to be behind those bars,
I wish it more than breath.
The iron door locks from my side,
But alas, I have no key.
It’s contained within the warden’s hand,
So I must do as she commands.

She tells me if I do as she says,
I’ll be admitted to my cell.
But what she asks of me is so exhausting,
My few hours are spent in unconscious rest.

Though good behavior,
Earns me permittance to my cell,
My solitary sanctuary,
Is no substitute for the heaven,
That I crave more than life itself.

It is there,
Waiting for me,
Waiting until I return.
With happiness painted on the walls,
And love spread thick throughout the air.
How much longer will home be waiting?

To that I do not know an answer,
And for now, my few precious hours,
In my cell shall have to suffice.
But as long as these walls contain me,
I will never be at peace because,
I am a prisoner.
Is this what I really want to be doing with my time?
Writing these poems?
Sometimes I get my doubts.
I mean, what if my dad found out?
I know I can tell him anything.
But in this case, I think he’s better off not knowing.

But maybe this is what I’m supposed to do.
Maybe not poetry,
But certainly words are my forte.
But what if I’m not writing the right words,
Or thinking the right thoughts,
To fulfill my destiny?

Jane Meyer
These words you read will disappear,  
So to your memory they must adhere.

Every second gone by these words will fade.  
By the hour’s end your mental copy must be made.

I’m sorry that I must tell you this way,  
but if things go wrong, you’ll hopefully get away.

Leave the place you despise most of all,  
and head for one that changes in fall.

Remember the place of Christmases past.  
Think of where you’ve seen snow the last.

And when you have remembered that place,  
Look to the north and head where you face.

Once in that state, you’ll know what to do.  
Go the way that’s unscarred by two.

From here, your journey is long or short,  
depending on your method of transport.

As long as you keep yourself going straight,  
along the number that you think is so great,

I’ll be waiting at the water’s shore,  
ready to lead you to the life you’ll adore.

(OK, I know that this makes no sense and it’s not supposed to. Not to anyone,  
but my sister, although I doubt even she would get it. I don’t plan on running away, but awhile back, I realized that if I did, I couldn’t go to my dad’s house, so  
I’d have to go elsewhere. I couldn’t tell anyone where that would be, but I’d want  
my sister to know and possibly follow, so I would’ve left something like this behind (theoretically) . So, I’ll explain how I would hope the message would be  
received. I would write the letter with disappearing ink (which yes, I have) so  
that if my sister didn’t find it in time neither would the wrong person. The fourth stanza is about leaving Florida and heading to the north. Specifically Iowa
because that’s where my sister and I spent some Christmases in the past and it’s the last place we’ve seen snow. Obviously, the state north of Iowa is Minnesota. In Minnesota, I’m hoping she would go to Alexandria because that’s her middle name. She has two scars on her right arm, so I’m asking her to go left for a relatively short distance down 7th avenue because that’s her favorite number. Hopefully she would arrive at Lake Winona in Minnesota and find me. All completely in poetic theory.)

Jane Meyer
I’m scared. 
For the past year I’ve felt nothing, 
neither woe, nor joy. 
Then, it was my protection, 
but soon it might be my undoing. 
For my life is changing, 
it’s taking a turn for the better. 
And once it does... 
I’m scared. 
What if I still feel nothing? 
What if the numbness never leaves? 
And what if I can never be happy? 
Never truly happy.

Jane Meyer
When I was little,  
I was terrified of the dark.  
But as I grew older,  
I got over the fear.  
Or at least that’s what I thought.  
I know now,  
that I’d learned to deal with it.  
That I was never really at peace,  
when I was surrounded by darkness.  
Until a few months ago,  
when I walked into the bathroom,  
before I turned on the light,  
and I was absolutely calm.  
For the first time in my life,  
I wasn’t scared of the dark.

Jane Meyer
Seasonal Haikus (School Assignment 9th)

<u>Spring</u>
The growth of new life
pushes free of hardened ground
potential greatness

<u>Fall</u>
Trees engulfed in flames
living fire slowly dying
burning on the wind

<u>Winter</u>
Air floating crystals
covering land in white ice
life pausing, waiting

<u>Summer</u>
The sun beating down
encouraging us to live
enjoy nature’s prime

Jane Meyer
She read them without asking. Just like I half-thought she would.
Why did I think,
for even a second,
that I could trust her in the slightest?!
Time after time, I gave her my trust,
and time after time, I was betrayed.
How many chances can you give one person,
no matter who they are?!
I stopped counting after twenty,
and soon after gave up entirely.
So why did I think this time would be different?
Why did I think she’d respect my privacy?
Because I don’t think that’s really what I thought.
I think I knew that she would read them,
and I just didn’t care.

Jane Meyer
She says my dad is a bad parent. I say that’s only what a *true* bad parent would say.

She says in 30 years we’ll be able to talk. I say for that reason, you’ll be living alone.

She says I’ll grow up to be a troubled adult. I say no duh, ‘cause I’ve got you for a parent!

She says I can’t cut myself off from part of my family. I say you are not a part of *my* family.

She says I’m not living my life to the fullest. I say how can I, when I’m stuck here in hell?!

She says my steely composure will get me nowhere. I say I’m just reflecting what I feel and there’s nothing there.

She says I don’t share my life. I say I have no life to share.

She says my poems are a great way to get my feelings out. I say how did you know I write poems, you spying b*tch!

Jane Meyer
The first time was an accident,  
the shock came as a surprise.  
I thought the batteries were dead,  
which wasn’t very wise,  
and it resulted in my verbal cries.

“OW! ” is what I said,  
as I dropped the pen.  
“Man, that really hurt,  
I won’t do that again.”
But, of course, it wasn’t long 'til then.

I clicked the pen a second time,  
to be sure of what I’d felt;  
that searing electric pain,  
that made my hand feel like it’d melt.  
It was equal to that of a blooming welt.

But I liked the experience,  
like sweets given to a little boy,  
and I craved it like a drug.  
Why did I derive a joy,  
from the pain caused by this toy?

Is there something in our nature,  
that sees there’s something we could gain,  
by inflicting pain upon ourselves?  
Do you think that maybe, we would go insane,  
if we never caused ourselves some pain?

(Sorry another rhyme pattern failure. Suggestions?)

Jane Meyer
<font color=darkviolet>You wish upon a shooting star,
Wish that you're not where you are,
Dream of going very far,
All upon a shooting star.

Jane Meyer
The ice is smooth, smooth, smooth.
I glimpse it out my window,
the clam water, frozen solid.

There they are,
pinned up by the laces,
to that old rusty nail,
in that forgotten corner of the room,
only ever looked upon,
when winter comes around.

Lacing them on,
I feel as if I’ve gained a friend,
one I’ve known for years.
The boot forms flawlessly to my foot,
hugging it in a secure embrace.

I walk,
tottering on the thin blades,
over the threshold,
out into the freezing air,
the cold snapping at my face.

I sink into the snow,
as I make my way to the lake.
The ice is smooth, smooth, smooth.

My blades hit the ice,
carving the surface,
in a pattern of snaking lines.

The music takes over,
playing in my head,
as I begin my dance.

I spin and twirl and jump,
feel that wonderful sensation,
as my feet lift off the ice.
I’m flying through the air, 
streaking across the lake, 
all in time to the music, 
playing in my head.

As my performance comes to a close, 
I let out a long, deep sigh. 
For I know that by tomorrow, 
my stage will be long gone.

So for now, 
I’ll live in the moment, 
floating over the ice, 
just me and my skates.

Jane Meyer
Snow,
Glowing,
Icy Cold,
Freezing to core,
White.

Jane Meyer
(Let me warn you that this is totally not real. I don’t plan on killing myself and I don’t even live with my mom anymore. I don’t know what caused my to write this, but...here it is.)

The world wasn’t cruel to me,  
but one person was.

My life was worth living,  
but not around her.

I couldn’t take it anymore,  
the pain,  
the intensity,  
the stress  
the confusion.

Sure it was only a week at a time,  
but every other week,  
was enough to drive me mad.

One week I’m in heaven,  
happy, loved, living my life.

The next I’m in hell,  
miserable, forsaken, wishing I were dead.

I couldn’t take it anymore,  
and I made my decision.  
I know that it was selfish,  
but I <i>need</i> the eternal peace.

I <i>don’t</i> know what I’m throwing away,  
I don’t know what life I could have had.  
And I don’t care,  
<i>nothing</i> is worth living through this.

I’m sorry I had to go,  
but understand I <i>had</i> to,  
understand I’m sorry,
and understand this is goodbye.

Forever.

Jane Meyer
I remember when I would boast,
of my ability to cry whenever I want.
But now I no longer boast,
for I have reason to cry.
At any hour,
any minute,
any second,
sadness.
Now it’s all I can do to hold back the tears,
and they always come anyway,
whether I want them to or not.
Tears are nothing to glorify.

Jane Meyer
There’s a Myers family tradition,
Passed on from generation to generation.
It may seem fairly small,
But it means a lot to Myers all.

Every Myers baby born,
Has a name that must conform,
To one little, simple rule,
The name must be one letter dual.

You might ask what is this letter,
Why it’s ‘M’ of course, no one is better.
For our last name can’t be changed, you see,
So the first must make the alliteration be.

Sadly though,
The tradition on, will not go,
Because I am the last of those who carry,
And the tradition will go, once I marry.

Sure, I could continue it,
But a new name I’d have to fit.
It just wouldn’t be the same,
So I’ll treasure while it lasts, my alliterated name.

(I know it doesn't make sense, it will once I change my name back.)

Jane Meyer
I said, “No.”
I won’t read the book.
She said, “OK” and left,
without another look.

I was expecting a consequence,
I didn’t think it’d be that easy.
That’s when I heard a noise,
a noise that made me queasy.

I heard her enter the garage.
Then something made a thud.
I knew she’d thrown something away,
and my first thought was, “Oh crud.”

Then, “I wonder what she took.
What is it I must pay?
My computer? My book? My journal?
What did she throw away? ”

I thought about crying,
but then I saw the truth:
It doesn’t matter what she does.
She won’t break this rebellious youth!

’Cause those things are all material,
they don’t mean that much to me.
Well the poems on my computer,
but they’re saved on here, you see.

So I refused to read the book,
but I will not pay the price.
Because there’s <i>nothing</i> she can do,
to make be obey; be good and nice.

Jane Meyer
The best place to hide something,
is to hide it in plain sight.

The best place to store something,
is where it cannot be destroyed.

The best place to keep my secrets,
is the Internet, where all will see, but none will know.

Jane Meyer
Font Color=darkvioletthe Only Thing My Mom Said That Went In (Quote)

<font color=darkviolet>"It's not lying, it’s deceiving."

(I so want it on a T-shirt.)

Jane Meyer
I’m here,
at my dad’s house,
right now,
talking to my dad,
while holding my cat,
and I never have to go back to that hell!
Things just couldn’t be better.

Jane Meyer
This Is Not My Home

Home is where I’m comfortable.
Where the ones I love are waiting.
Where things are understandable.
Where there’s no angry debating.
Where I know that I am safe.
Where I’m almost always happy.
Where there are ones who’ve earned my faith.
Where my life is never crappy.

But this, this is hell!
Where I’m tortured day and night.
Where nothing ever goes well.
Where my life’s a sorry plight.
Where my time isn’t my own.
Where my creativity won’t roam.
Where the gray clouds are never blown.
This is not my home!

Jane Meyer
I’ve never talked about this love before,  
But I will not avoid it anymore.

You see, there’s this guy...  
And with my feelings for him I’ve always been shy.

But someone knew, right from the start.  
She knew this little man had a special place in my heart.

Well, guess what sis? You were right,  
Even if your words were just teasing spite.

How many times did you say, ‘she loves him’?  
How many times did I deny your comic whim?

Same as the number of times I whispered, “I love you, ”  
And was kept awake at night, knowing it was true.

I wish I had the courage to tell him how I feel,  
But I know that I don’t, I’d probably faint from the ordeal.

I don’t even have the strength to give his name,  
Until I conquer that, things between us’ll stay the same.

For now, my fabrications will have to do,  
‘til I can look him in the eyes, and tell him, “I love you.”

Jane Meyer
(Haiku)

Tiger is hunting,
Stalking around the forest,
His prey is now caught.

Jane Meyer
We were just getting back, after a few days at the beach.
We were looking for our pets. The first thing we always do.

With a little work, we found Junior, but Tigger was still missing. He really loved attention, so I understood with us gone, he’d be hiding.

But the minutes dragged on and he still wasn’t found. I thought, “I’ll scream if I find him dead.” But that was just me being dramatic.

We were running out of places to look, and still there was no sign of him. I thought, “Maybe he’s using the bathroom.” so I went to check the litter box.

As I stared at his body, waiting for his chest to rise, I realized his fate, and all I could manage was, “I found him.”

My mom came over and saw him too. She’s the one who screamed. “No! No! God no! This can’t be happening! What do I do? ! What do I do? ! What do I doi>DO</i>? !”

My sister joined her too, Maybe asking her to save him. But I knew that nothing could be done. I’d known with my first glance.

I was the one, who found Tigger dead. I was the first to know, and it’s scarred me for life.
Jane Meyer
<font color=darkviolet>I seem to just start things...
I leave them trailing like...
never quiet get things...
end thing with...
My thoughts aren’t ever...
I must have gone...
words start flowing then...
I wish that just once I could...
All my life I’ve been...
no one could understand that...
It’s time for me to...
If only...

(I think that this is pretty much a nonsense poem, considering that it makes no sense: D. But I’ll give my endings to these, just so you know what I was thinking.

[Title]-oem
line 1-then they fade away
2-an unfortunate balloon caught by the wind,
3-finished,
4-so, but, and, or.
5-complete
6-insane, completely mad,
7-they suddenly stop.
8-speak my mind, stand up for myself, say everything I need to.
9-running away from decisions,
10-I don’t want to make a choice.
11-pick a path.
12-I knew how to end this poem: D.
So now I have two halves of nonsense that hopefully make a little more sense. If you have to time I’d love how you’d end the lines in a comment, even if you can only do one line, I’d love to read it! Thanks for reading!)

Jane Meyer
I got a project in school today,
It’s supposed to help me make my way,
On to a successful future.
At least that’s what they say it’s for.

Why should I start ‘with the end in mind’?
What if I chose to leave life behind?!
I don’t see why I should plan,
For a future with a limited span.

I hate my life.
My best friend is a knife.
My chances of making it don’t look good,
Still think you got a reason for why I should?

For me, tomorrow may not come,
That’s why this assignment is really dumb.
But yet, you still don’t get it,
Can’t you understand this has no benefit?!

Who <i>cares</i> what I want as a future career?
I probably won’t last ‘til the end of this year!
I’ve got things to deal with <i>now</i>,
Who knows how much time my solutions allow?

You say take AP,
It’ll help with a college degree,
But I’ve still got five years to go,
And in a life full of woe?

So answer me again,
After you think of when,
The student to whom this project’s assigned,
Has an existence with little more time.

Jane Meyer
I shouldn’t have opened the box. 
I know that it was wrong, 
but you shouldn’t have given me the key, 
should have known my curiosity is strong.

You can’t undo what’s been done, 
information can’t be unlearned, 
and though we’re sorting it out now, 
you’ll evade the punishment you’ve earned.

’Cause I know that you will lie, 
for you see, that’s part of your crime. 
They help you get away with much, 
I see it happen all the time.

But I’m fed up with your lies! 
<i>I</i> know what you did! 
Why don’t you just confess, 
and let our lives of you be rid!

You degraded yourself, 
in ways too disturbing to explain, 
and yet you ask of us respect, 
though why we don’t is surely plain.

And on top of all of that, 
you keep us from our dad, 
the only one that can help us, 
through what you did that proved you’re mad.

So yeah, I shouldn’t have done it, 
but it unveiled your dirty deeds. 
it showed who you really are: 
an ugly creature with sick needs!

Jane Meyer
She tells me, that she’s no longer responsible, that she’s no longer the cause of my pain, that from here on out, it’s all me.

What I don’t say, is that I know. I know I’m the one who controls the hurt that I feel. I figured that one out months ago.

Yet I still do it. I’m still inflicting the pain. I don’t want to let go. And I don’t want to move on.

Because I know the pain, and a part of me enjoys it.

Jane Meyer
<font color=darkviolet>Why is it when I ask my sister how she knows it’s love, she says because she’d cry if they died?

Why is it that I know I love my dad because when I’m here, away from him a hole’s ripped through my chest and I cry myself to sleep?

Why is it that I know that I love someone when in their absence I feel helplessly lost in this sea of agony? Why is love determined by pain?

Jane Meyer
<font color=darkviolet>(Another song.: D I think it took the music from the being part of Kelly Clarkson’s ‘Breakaway’. But maybe not.)

‘ gonna live a long, long li-hife.
‘ gonna walk a long, long path.
To a farrrr aaaaaway...place.

‘ gonna have fun, fun ti-himes.
‘ gonna do fun, fun things.
That; ll ju-uuust fade...away.

I’m gonna get rea-ly stri-hict.
‘ world’s gonna be black and white.
With nooo moore creee...ation.

I’m goona be an old, old person.
Think’n’ of old, old mem’ries.
Wish’n’ I haaaad...more.

I’m gonna be on my death bed.
Think’n’ ’bout my long, long life.
Wish’n’ I’d done...more.

Jane Meyer
Words erased
ever given though.
All those ideas thrown out
never given a second glance.
The picture that they painted,
painted over white,
leaving a fresh canvas,
the secret buried underneath.

Words are erased everyday,
words that together
might be ground-breaking solutions.
But no one will ever know,
because these words,
these <i>thoughts</i>,
are lost forever,
they’re erased,
gone,
ever to be retraced.

Jane Meyer
Font Color=darkviolet Worm Trouble (School Assignment 7th)

font color=darkviolet>(Clerihew)  (I love clerihews!)

Out of the apple popped a worm.
It made the teacher scream and squirm.
The worm gave the teacher so much of a fright,
That it caused her to run straight out of sight.

(They’re supposed to be funny.)

Jane Meyer
You can’t stop death.
No matter what you say,
or what you do,
it will never stop.
It’s part of a natural cycle;
the circle of life.
And no matter how much you think the world will end,
or that there’s nothing else to live for,
life will go on, always.

Jane Meyer
<font color=darkviolet>You have no idea
of all the pain I’ve felt,
No idea
of the number of tears I’ve shed.

You have no idea
of all the time I’ve wasted,
No idea
of what’s been lost.

And you have no idea
of how much I love you,
And all I’ve been through because of it.

You have no idea
of any of these,
because there’s no need for you to know,
it would have only caused you pain, unnecessary.

You have no idea
because I’ve hidden it all from you.
I have, and always will,
protect you.

You have no idea
Nor will you ever have one.

(The poem I never thought I’d write and the one I wish my dad will never read.)

Jane Meyer
In The Sky

The sky is another world.
Water bent into impossible shapes.
Defying gravity
Suspended as if imaginary,
yet undeniably there before your eyes
Sunlight glints off the plains of white,
filled with the strongest desire to run among it.
to let my hand play over soft crystals.

This is not my realm,
for I have neither wings nor lift,
but it is here that I belong.
Among the gentle white giants
and the wild gray stallions
to be above the wind and rain.
It is here that I belong.

Jane Meyer