

Poetry Series

# Isabella Buttacy

## - poems -



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## Isabella Buttacy()

I am currently a Freshman in high school, but I love poetry so much! I struggle a lot socially, so poetry is really like my outlet. It's also really fun. This year, I've really begun to dive deeper into the realm of poetry, so I hope you like my works!



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# Peace

Peace comes again  
In the figure of the dead  
He sings a song of sorrow  
He stares into nothingness  
His pale face is deprived  
Of laughter he so requires  
He tries to stand but can't  
He tries to breathe but he  
Cannot bring himself to  
His life is misery

Peace comes again  
In the figure of the sun  
His lips create music  
Of joy and of life  
He sees the world  
He loves the world  
He has no troubles  
His burden is easy  
There is naught but a  
Smile on his face

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# I Am A Tree

I am a tree standing alone  
in a field -- there's no one around me,  
only myself and the wind that blows past  
carrying the seasons,  
carrying the weather,  
carrying the change,  
all things that I cannot see.  
In my solitude I weep for  
someone to approach me --  
and when I grow weary of that,  
my branches are shrouded by the  
leaves of false joy.  
I long for flowers that bloom  
of real happiness -- for I am not alright

I am a tree standing alone  
by a river -- I constantly absorb the water and  
consume it so that it would  
bring me satisfaction,  
bring me peace,  
bring me life,  
all things that I need to thrive.  
I must absorb your water --  
for I cannot sustain myself --  
though I feel like a burden to you  
just because I need to survive,  
to get through this season of the  
vague ambiguity we call life,  
but don't let me be a bother.

I am a tree standing alone  
in a forest -- I am surrounded  
by others, many others who  
leave me desperate,  
leave me heartbroken,  
leave me alone,  
all things that get too much to bear.  
I cannot stop you from bringing  
these things to me -- for it is your choice.

But how I long for someone to bring me  
something else.  
I crave another tree to approach me and  
prevent my misery,  
once and for all.

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# Our Wings

You and I were made to fly.  
We were born to spread our wings and take flight  
like no one has before.  
Our wings glide across the sky,  
high above the people,  
high above the trees,  
high above the clouds.  
Don't try to hold us back.  
You and I cannot thrive in the chains that you bind us in because  
We must be who we are.  
If you are afraid, you have every right to  
leave, but the guilt of denying yourself will follow you as  
the shadows follow our wings.  
Our feathers long to hug the cozy clouds and  
meet the mystical moon.  
We have all the potential in the world,  
and to leave it behind and stay safe in your little nest  
would be a crime.  
Don't deny us.  
We must be the birds that we were made to be.  
Because if not, we are nothing.

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# Story

Every person carries a story  
One they never share  
Though they act like they're alright  
It gets too much to bare  
Unspoken words they need to speak  
Are left locked in their chains  
And all the thoughts that plague the mind  
Left swirling in their brains

Every person lies awake  
In the middle of the night  
No matter how hard they always try  
They can't put up a fight  
And when it's late all by themselves  
They're left alone to cry  
They'll weep until they fall asleep  
Or 'till their tears run dry

Every person lives a life  
Filled with hurt and sorrow  
And all are left wondering:  
'Will it get worse tomorrow? '  
People always try their hardest  
But to no avail  
It's a struggle to reach anything  
A struggle to prevail

Every person carries a story  
Each and every one  
But others are oblivious  
That their problems are far from none  
There are ups and downs in life  
This is true enough  
So when you're in the darkest times  
Hold on to one thing: love

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# Abecedarian Of A Voice

A shrill voice pierces through my  
Broken mind; I  
Can hear it: it tells me I  
Don't deserve peace, and  
Even though they're nice,  
Friends won't stay for long; I'm not  
Good enough; I don't get to  
Have a life where  
I can feel  
Joy and serenity and  
Kindness; no one will ever  
Love me for being myself --  
No.  
One.  
'Protect yourself from harm, ' the voice  
Quietly whispers while I'm in  
Remission from my  
Spiral into  
The sorrow and noise.  
Usually, after a bout like such, I  
Veer away from anyone who could -- and  
Would -- harm me;  
Xenophobia seems to take me -- everyone is familiar  
Yet foreign;  
Zealously, I isolate myself, but hate it.

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# What Might Have Been

There was a time --  
not so long ago --  
when you saw me  
and you would smile;  
you would talk  
and your eyes would brighten;  
I knew something was there  
that not everyone had,  
and the spark you felt,  
or seemed to feel,  
was a special one.

What might have been.

There was a time --  
not so long ago --  
when I saw you;  
something inside me changed --  
our eyes locked deep,  
for the first time ever  
I just couldn't break away;  
there was something special,  
unique, I might say,  
and I felt hope  
for the first real time.

What might have been.

There was a time --  
not so long ago --  
when change began  
and I lost your gaze;  
you wouldn't talk,  
and I began to grow scared,  
as I couldn't fan the flames;  
you seemed cold and empty,  
so our spark went out;  
and I sit here  
and I ponder of:

What might have been.

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# I Miss You

I see you standing there. For the tenth time,  
perhaps, I've looked over at you. Sometimes,  
I catch your gaze. It has been a while,  
hasn't it? We used to talk every day;  
every day, you would smile at me when  
our eyes met. What happened? We were almost  
friends -- a sense of familiarity  
growing between us. I was getting used  
to you. I started to feel for you. Not  
so long ago, I was sure that you had  
feelings for me, too. But now, I feel like  
I never knew you. The memory of  
what friendship could have bloomed gone like a leaf  
in the wind. I miss you. Just talk to me,  
for I want to talk to you -- to know that  
all hope for us is not lost; that there is  
a slim chance for us to know the other.  
Your radiant eyes -- oh! how I miss the  
way they would gaze into mine. Come back to  
me, please! Did I scare you off? Do you hate  
me? How will I know -- how will I fix what  
I've done to you if I never know what  
it is? Your incandescent smile has  
eluded me for too long, now. I miss  
you. I hope that you miss me just as much.

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