

Poetry Series

Isa .
- poems -



PoemHunter.com

Publication Date:

2024

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Isa .()

Hello, my name is Isa (Formally Bella) , I write poems for a pass time and enjoy making people happy. When I am not writing a poem or a story I am probably scrolling through Pinterest getting inspiration. I also enjoy reading and fighting for a cause. I am always open if anybody needs someone to talk to and will always be open for constructive feedback and criticism.



PoemHunter.com

For Those Who Fall

She's old and cold
Her tales, haven't been told.
So, here's ye, a tale to tell.

Her skin is old
Through thy wars from gold
The guns by which they're sold

Her leaves fall to mourn
for the warriors who fell
Her tears of green and orange
Shed for those who perish

The days of war are over now
The warriors are free
Their stories, told with glee
Yet, stories un-told
of this wise, old oak tree.

The one who lived through all
The one who sheds leaves
for when the soldiers fall
Yet no stories told
For the one who risked it all
Nobody,
Nobody,
Nobody, bows their head for 'just an oak tree'

Not even if she risked her life
to cherish the bodies of those who die.
She deserves prayers,
She deserves praise,
Tell her story,
Say her name.

Mother, your story to be told.
May your legacy live on.
Of the oak tree.
Who lives for centuries long.

Isa .

To My Boyfriend

My love for you is uncontrollable.
My feelings for you are unstoppable.
Can't go a day without thinking about you.
Without you I am not complete.
With you my heart finds its beat.

My heart is filled with joy because of your love.
You are my strength, and without you I am weak.
Before you came into my life, I was,
Hopeless, lonely, sad.
When you showed up, I knew that you were sent to me,
For me.

You are always here to cheer me up.
Your smile makes me shy.
And sometimes I wonder where you have been all this while,
But I'm just glad I managed to get you in my life.

Through the highs and the lows.
My love,

YOU FILL MY HEART WITH JOY!

Isa .

Credo

Wind in my hair,
the moonlight I walk.
Alone forever
yet to you I talk.

Hidden by my shadows
In the sunlight you squak.

You said to let go,
but how does one let go that never held on?

In sorrow and anger
trying to break in.
My wall stands strong,
but for you it walks thin.

The robot that defines me
starting to break off.
I'm not ready to let go,
but he's ready to move on.

Isa .

The Ground Entity

Freedom at last,
Hope almost gone.
He will us with his sword
He will treat us like a hoard.
Our family's will never know
Just what they'd undergo.
The love they had,
So much more to add.

The ground people had hearts of gold.
Mistake them though as weak,
That was a mistake.
The ground people will rise up.
They are always watching,
Watching and waiting,
They will come back.

You will regret the choices you made.
In hoards of thousands.
You stand no chance.
No one will be there for you when they strike.

Isa .

Burn

I loved him
The world couldn't see it.
Did you believe it? He asks me
How can you love someone but not believe it?
Such a silly question. But I think about it all day and night.
He haunts me in my night terrors and gives me a fright.

My parents don't believe in me.
He might not even exist.
I'm stumped.
Afraid.
Lost.

No one to run to, am I that hard to love?
What is love?
Have I been loved?
Would I even know?

Am I crazy?
That's what they all say.
I'm starting to think that they're right.
I laugh at the world around me,
as it eats everything,
I ask myself one more time.
How can you love someone but not believe it?

I look down at the blood on my hands.
I gave my life. But not for love.
For power.
I never LOVED, I manipulated myself.
I laugh as my world dies around me. They were right.

I AM crazy.

Isa .

Home Sweet Home

Home sweet home
Oh, the distance I'd go.
Near and far
Boat, air or by a car.

Who needs 'true love'?
Who says it even exists?

I just need someone to hold me
Someone to hold me close
I don't care who
Nor do I care when
I just need someone to hold me

If I don't succeed
Then no-one will ever hold me
I might break

My friends are fake
The close ones too

PoemHunter.com

Home sweet home.
Oh,
How I need you.

Isa .

Rocky Seas

Life is an ocean.

Ups and downs

Swaying side to side.

Light in the distance for my direction.

And I'm drowning in it.

Isa .



PoemHunter.com

It Calls Me

The wild lurks my presence
The wolves call to me
The prey hungers me

The howls can be heard
Distance is all that separates us
The moon emerges
Its at its full
My eyes turn a yellowish hue
and my skin starts to tingle

First my fangs
Then the tail and ears follow
My cover has been blown
People are staring now
Fingers find me

To late to hide now
The beasts of the wild call to me
The inner wolf beckons

Isa .

Sir. Oak

Sir. Oak,
How wise can he be?
I mean.
He's just an oak tree?

Older, by generations
By centuries.

You will remember him for centuries
Will not turn to dust
but gold.

So fearless and renowned.
Traversed every land.

Marks much more permanent than footprints in the sand.

Tales of an un-dead warrior.

Isa .



PoemHunter.com

Fear

A safety response,
to danger or pain.

A safety response,
for the worst outcome.

A safety response,
for those you love

A safety response,
an awareness of danger.

A safety response.
But it hurts so bad.

Isa .



PoemHunter.com

Water

Water?

Smooth?

Wet?

Un-explainable force of nature?

All of the above?

Un-known mystery of the universe?

It is.

No-one can explain

and occasionally

it is pain.

Isa .



PoemHunter.com

Wet, Dry? V2

Wet tree?

Dry tree?

Vet tree?

Die tree?

Tik tok

On my Grandfathers clock

One minute

Two minute

Red minute

Blue minute

One week

Two week

Wet week

Dry week

Tik tok, Tik tok

Years pass on my Grandfather's clock

Old now, I am

Smarter now, I am

I realised through my life,

The only way to heal the past.

Is with the time leading to the future.

Time,

The solution,

Yet, still the problem.

Isa .

Wet, Dry?

Wet tree?

Dry tree?

Vet tree?

Die tree?

Tik tok, Tik tok

Minutes pass on my Grandfather's clock

One minute

Two minute

Fun minute

Blue minute

Tik tok, Tik tok

Weeks pass on my Grandfather's clock

One week

Two week

Wet week

Dry week



PoemHunter.com

Tik tok, Tik tok

Years have passed on my Grandfather's clock

Years by year

Days by fear

Dreams pass

and so do my year

Days pass

Friends go to

Where they go?

That's up to you!

Or for you to find out soon

When to find the truth?

Nobody knows,

But what we do know is,
The future are our foes

Time,
The solution,
Yet, still the problem.

Isa .

Sculptor

Together forever,
Never apart,
Maybe in distance,
But never at heart.

Me and my mother,
Feud for life,
Love apart.

Me and my father,
Distance in future,
Distance in heart,
Yet the future still is afar.
Growing apart,
Forever afar,
Missing piece of the puzzle,
Held by the sculptor.

Isa .



PoemHunter.com

Happy Day, Sad Day

Sad days
Happy days
So complicated,
We all get them
Happy
Or
Sad
It's like the
First leaf
Of fall,
Or like the first
Drops of rain.

Isa .



PoemHunter.com

Call It A Day

Let's call it a day
To hit the hay,
I guess
Time really does fly when you're having fun
UP, UP, UP
Again, in the morning
You know what they say
No pain, No gain
How do you get cattle not to break a fence?
Your guess is as good as mine,
Let's go for another grind
I'm feeling under the weather
I'm gonna hit the hay
AGAIN...

Isa .



PoemHunter.com

Love #2

Love is not having
To like,
But only show
That you care.

You can hate
Someone,
Yet still show
Compassion.

Love is forgiveness,
Love is God,
To love or
Not to love,
God loves you.

Love is like
A gentle breeze
Or like a leaf from
A wise oak tree.

PoemHunter.com

Isa .

Love

I have lost everything,
My love,
My family,
My life,

Hate is like
A force-field,
I've been damaged
Once before,

But doubt
No more,
I'm a new leaf,
I've changed,
I'm born again.

I have my life back,
I'm no longer
The spoiled child I was before,
I realise now
To find your you,
You must leave the you,
You once knew.

Isa .

Beauty

Pretty is not beauty,
It's the way you see yourself.

Beauty is not pretty,
It's the way others see you.

Which one sounds more relatable?

It doesn't make it okay for others to say you're not beautiful.

But if they do, you can always look in a mirror and see just how pretty you are.

Isa .



PoemHunter.com

A Peculiar Bond

It isn't the ribbon that binds us together.
The root that unifies us, does not derive
from a tree on the wall.

This bond knows no genetics.

Friendship is a peculiar seed.
No matter the season, the weather,
nor the time of day.

When planted on a nourishing soul,
it will always bear fruit.

-Clairel Estevez

Isa .



PoemHunter.com

Soggy Oak

He was twisted and cold
Old as gold
Found in love
Yet lost again
Stuck under hate
And found his fate
Grumpy night
Bright light
His time had come
First went is hate
Next came his fate
He could see the world fading
He stopped hating
They began saving
He was restored
He saw the reservoir
The thing he desired most
His only friend
He saw his wife Beth
He lived past death

Isa .

The Twisted Old Oak

The Old Twisted Oak

He was as wise as could be,
Not old nor young,
His skin was wrinkled,
He was marbled and weak,
His hair stood up,
It was curled and sharp.

He was patched with love,
But was lost once again,
He now lay beneath,
The ever still sand.

He was young before,
But still not old,
He lost his love,
And next came his soul.

Isa .



PoemHunter.com

Love Yourself

As I began to love myself
I realized how much I'm loved
Hate has driven me from having an open heart,
I have avoided everyone I ever loved
I've blocked them out
But they never stopped loving me
These people are Children of God,
I blocked them out
They brought me back
I bully them
They love me more,
I never stopped hating them
They never stopped loving me,

Today, I realize: This is Life!

Isa .



PoemHunter.com