

Poetry Series

Jacalyn Lopez
- poems -

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Jacalyn Lopez(12/01/95)

<marquee behavior='alternate'>All about me</marquee>

Well is alot of thiinqs to know about me and its alot so all ii have to sayy is that
peomsz is one of my hobbies hehe lol

The Blood Red Poem

Red is the color of Evil
Evil feels like fire burning on your hands
Red sounds like fresh Misery in the air
Misery is like suffering
Red taste like a fresh wound of blood
A vampire made that wound
Red smells like dozin of roses
Roses sitting by a grave

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What Now?

What Now can you expect from life
Why Now do people decide to act this way
Who are we inside ourselves Now
How come we do things that we don't mean
When can we forgive those who hurt us
Where in their heart do they have the guts to say 'Sorry'
Just Now they decide to be true but before they say do can they trust you

Jacalyn Lopez