

Poetry Series

**Joanne Dix**  
**- poems -**

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Joanne Dix(17/01/1969)

# I Want My Life Back

Here I sit writing on my laptop.  
Here I don't have to deal with life, I'm just a troubled house wife.  
Here is where I always sit my outlook on life seems to have quit.

I'm here because I know not where to go, I feel so very alone.  
I want to be out there doing things but my outlook on life seems rather dim.  
I used to be happy and care free, then someone started shouting at me.  
I've never been treated this way before I just want to curl up and bawl.

My life used to be so carefree, its not what it used to be.  
I'm stuck in a loveless marriage, I feel I've become a coward.  
I used to be tough and strong, the world I felt I could take on.  
This man has destroyed my inner being.  
This man is driving me insane. I feel like I'm losing it over and over again.

I do need help this I know, its hard to admit when u loved someone so.

My heart has stopped loving and body aches, I no longer love him its all turned to hate.  
He doesn't love me I know this now.  
How can he say he loves me when he doesn't know how.

His verbal abuse I can take no more.  
Its time that I showed him the open door.  
I want my life back the way it was.  
I want to be out there having fun.  
I want it to be over, I want the shouting to stop.  
I need some peace and tranquillity, please help me make it stop.

by Jo Dix

Joanne Dix

# Lifes Grand

aint life grand  
aint life great  
i used to sit at home and be misersble and stagnate  
i became another being one i couldnt recognise  
all because a person made me feel abused worn out and tired

aint life grand  
aint life great  
im such a happy person smiling all the time  
my life has made a turnaround  
im giving it a high five

aint life grand  
aint life great  
im feeling kinda wonderful the worlds a wonderful place  
ive met a wonderful man whom helped with my escape

aint life wonderful  
aint life great  
my head is crystal clear my heart is full of joy  
all because this man loves me for who i am and more

aint life wonderful  
aint life great  
ive remembered how to laugh  
ive remembered how to have fun  
all because im loved colin your number one

Joanne Dix

# My Best Friend Chicken

My friend Chicken is simply the best.  
She always there for me especially when I'm distressed.  
She's the busiest person I've ever met.  
She hardly sits down to rest! ! !

She has six wonderful children I know.  
As for grandchildren I've lost count you know  
She really is the best mother and a wonderful wife to.  
She loves all her animals and especially her birdies to.

There's only one man for Chicken he's as sweet as you like.  
His name is Bob, but she calls him sweetie, as he's the love of her life.

When she's not working she cleaning and doing the shopping too.  
Her second home is Tesco's so there's a chance you could see her there to.

I couldn't imagine life without chicken.  
I'm proud to have a best friend like you.  
You're the only person who keeps me happy.  
You brighten my every day too.

So this poem is all about chicken.  
Everyone needs a friend like you.

Joanne Dix

# Tea

Why am I feeling so tired  
I don't really feel like me  
I can't keep my eyes open  
Maybe ill have a cup of tea

Fresh teas a brewing  
I can smell it stewing  
I cant wait A MINUTE MORE

I start to pour into my cup  
I cannot wait to sup  
Fresh golden tea  
Swirling around in my cup

I raise the tea to my lips  
I take a few delightful sips  
As the tea goes down  
Away with my frown

Ah what a wonderful cup! !

Joanne Dix

# The Birds At Dawn

I awake so early with a yawn  
I keep waking at the crack of dawn  
I lay and listen to the birds early song  
Tuneful singing floating on

I throw back my duvet and stretch out of bed  
Draw back my curtains and scratch my weary head  
I open the window and breath in the fresh mornings air  
I see birds of plenty flying there

Soft fluffy clouds floating in the sky  
I sometimes wish that I to could fly  
The birds come down to the trees to rest  
Some of the branches bend in duress

How I love to hear the birds early song  
It Carries on the breeze on and on  
Nature is such a wonderful thing  
More people should take time to listen in

Joanne Dix