

Poetry Series

Katie Moore
- poems -

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Katie Moore(11/03/1954)

My name is Katie. I am 57 with a husband, 2 grown children and a houseful of cats. My pets are my passion. They are all rescue kitties. We had a dog, also a rescue, named Sparky. We recently had to have Sparky put to sleep due to lymphoma. He was 13 yrs old. Two of my cats are special needs cats. One, Pepper developed diabetes and high blood pressure last year at the age of 14. He's on meds now and acts like a kitten. My other special needs cat, Bobbles, was born with numerous birth defects. He takes meds as well but seems to be pretty happy most of the time.

I have enjoyed writing poems since I was in high school. I don't do it to compete or even with the hopes of being published. I do it strictly out of enjoyment. I get a little offended when people give unsolicited criticism on what I do wrong or what I should do. I write from my heart and have my own style. If I start doing what other's think I should do, then it is no longer my own style, it's yours.

I hope you can read my poems and get something out of them. Even if it not the point I was making. That's the beauty of creativity and poetry. We are all free to get a different message from it.

I Am Me

I am me
No one I see
For no one cares
If I be alone.

Katie Moore

Leaves

Leaves

Falling off the trees

Turning colors orange to brown

Then dying.

But another can grow in its place

I hope so, for I cannot.

Katie Moore

Memories

Memories make my life so full
So written, they make my life stand still

Wisdom and reason are deeds that are found
Among memory books that forever are bound

That my family can read a life of events
Both happy and sad, what my family has meant

Katie Moore

Sparky

My dog, my old friend
Has met his demise
By his side till the end
I could see in his eyes.

He cried real tears
I wish I had known
He must have had fears
And now my heart's torn.

Much worse than I knew
His time had to come
We all had agreed
I began to feel numb.

One shot did it all
As he lowered his head
So peaceful he lulled
As he took his last breath.

Katie Moore

The Birds, The Birds

The birds, the birds in my backyard
Such color and beauty, so vivid they are.

As they stand upon legs that are tall and quite thin
To eat and drink from the pond again.

Then they lift a leg and tuck it so close
I'll bet you didn't guess, my plastic flamingos.

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