

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Memories

ugh... ugh..., she was dieing; just watching her die was one thing, but the person i love and cherish was losing life; i stood not knowing what to do, she enough strenght to point at the fan, i rushed over to grab it and give her air so she can live these last moments, my grandmother rushed down stairs to call the ambullance, by time they came the air i was giving her wasnt helping; they said they'll take it over from here. and before they left they said i saved her life, it was like the world depended on me now, the hero the saver! !

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Through The Looking Glass

i see you, look-in at me, and look-in at her,
your like on a path a path not knowing where
to go next, a rabbit not knowing where to find
he's carrot, your slowly creeping, towards who
your choosing,

but i see you through tthe looking glass, making
the wrong decision, how can you be that blind, that
the only person you known for years let slip
through the fingers,

i see you, with her, the first mistake

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