

Poetry Series

Lizzy Scott
- poems -

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Lizzy Scott()

I'm a published poet/author with over 100 literary articles, and I'm currently trying to get a poetry manuscript published and on the market. I've been a member for about three years, and I'm a teen on fire for God. Enough said. :)

A Fork In The Road

Happiness seeping away,
I pray that I shall find it inside
and as the moonlight grows stronger each day
it's backwards, inside out you might say.

□

where is daylight? is there an end?
My dilemma is hopeless, with no friends,
I'm thinking there won't be an end.
Back to square one, restarting it all,

□

someone catch me, I'm about to fall.
Standing tall but stooping low
Why do I do this?
Stand tall, but no.

I stoop to the bottom of every life.
Not being noticed,
They do not strive
To trudge through darkness
and come out with a life.

Why do I do this,
I do not know.
Standing tall
but stooping low.

Who am I?
Where have I gone
On the road of life so troubled and worn.

Once there was a road that forked,
The bad the good.
I wished to pass to the other road,
For the one I traveled was littered

With broken dreams, and troubled souls.
Ripped up hearts and nothing grows
But agony and sorrow in abundance
I felt hopeless, That my fate was set.

Then a foot bridge I saw,
And crossed over and met
With the road of good, of dreams come true.
Sorrow no more, laughter grew.

Once there was a road that forked,
The bad, the good, be careful what you choose,
For it is just one simple decision, a flip of a coin
That will choose your fate and hold you hostage.

A footbridge you might see,
Choose it when you might,
Its your decision, I flip of a coin
That will cross you over to the life of joy.

Lizzy Scott

A Hearts Strength

All the things I want to say
Are being held back
Hoping for another day.

All the words so passionate and sweet
Are chained behind my lips
Never to be complete

All the feelings that won't go away
Are bottled up inside,
In their unwavering way.

All the passion, wild and free
Is willfully suppressed
Like an unknown deity

Created to love,
For a lifetimes width
Hidden in plain sight
Repairing the glitch.

Perfect insanity, for flawed perfection
Is mindless in wanting,
Driven naught by election.

A wishing heart,
Peering over the hill
Of every trouble it sees,
What is strong, is will.

Lizzy Scott

Ability

Ability is to look at a piece of paper, and create a masterpiece. A painting, a poem, a song, a story.

Ability is to walk into a room full of strangers, and come out with friends.

Ability is to find someone who is sad, and make them smile.

Ability is to pick up a book, and find knowledge, history, stories, and wisdom.

Ability is to start out with parts and pieces, and make a building.

Ability is to walk up to someone, and say more than a simple 'Hello'

Ability is to make a house a home.

Ability is to keep friendships alive, even through the hardest times.

Ability is to take a tree, and make it a roaring fire.

Ability is to have someone want to be just like you.

Ability is to keep moving forward.

Ability is to accomplish things and feel accomplished.

Ability is all the little things in life, but you put as much effort into them as you would the big things.

Ability is to find yourself on the ground, and make a decision. A decision to not stay there.

Ability. do not let what you cannot do interfere with what you can do. ~John Wooden

Lizzy Scott

Atom Bomb

Going off like an atom bomb
Hitting me straight in the face
Emotional trauma that can't be replaced.

It happened so sudden,
A few words were exchanged,
Then off went the atom bomb
Hitting me straight in the face.

The people I went to for cover
Are now the ones I hide from,
What an endeavor.

The tides roll by and turn me around
The life I have just hit the ground.
Eating dirt instead of flying sky high,

How this happens, I will never know why.
What makes friends become foes
In the blink of an eye, a heartbeat away.

Keeping my distance, I want to run closer
Afraid for my safety, hoping I'll live through the night.
Fading in the shadows, I stick to myself.

Remembering the feeling
Of what friends were like,
I trudge on in the shadows,
Waiting to catch someone's eye...

Lizzy Scott

Black And White

Colors fade into shades
Thoughts expand,
Your peers are amazed.

Intricately meshed
In a thoughtless way
Tactonically sliding,
The layers in place.

Blurring the lines
Of reality and how you see
Taking things at a whim,
Nurturing your rootless tree.

Your lines are faded,
Like a shallow stream.
Taking the easy route,
Self destruction is what I see.

Where are your morals,
With your selfish ways
Left to your own devices,
Are these really your ways?

I see through your mask,
Through all your schemes
Recognizing you,
At least I'm free.

A front seat pass
Which is why I say,
For this is what happens
When slipped, black and white turn grey.

Lizzy Scott

Black Slate Sky

As we lay in the cold grass and ponder the stars
Written on a black slate for all to see
The faint scent of flowers fades away
And the day turns to night fully

Feeling your arm lightly brush mine
A chill creeps up my neck
Trailing back down my spine.

Hearing your breaths I match mine with yours
Not a word has been said,
As we lay side by side in the dark
The silence is bliss, as we smile and sigh

How long have we laid here,
I've lost track of time.
At least hours have passed,
And my smile has only inclined.

Words don't need to be said,
Our feelings show clearly
And I couldn't be happier
But by knowing you're with me.

The night fades away as we fall asleep
Laying in the grass
Just you and me.

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Lizzy Scott

Careless Actions

Complicated teenagers
Overreading crushes actions...
Falling away from certain friends,
And gaining more in a seconds fraction...

Crying over breakup letters
Sent through text message...
The animosity of it all
Is as shallow as can be...

The world is ending,
The dance I'm not attending,
He's fallen for the captain
Of the cheerleading squad.

Face to face with depression,
This is the reaction
From her going home with someone
From the party last night...

Best friends falling further away,
An abyss is left to ponder...
They aren't the same person I knew...
And this I'm left to wonder...

An accident on the freeway,
A girl lost her life...
Alcohol was clutched in the hand of the man
That was driving her home that night...

They don't notice as she cuts her food into tiny pieces,
Or the running water in the bathroom as she gives up her meal...
Slowly killing herself, standing on the cliff
Of anorexia and a life that is real...

Going to afterparties,
Taking sugar cubes by the dozen...
Overdosing on LSD,
Reality slipping through his delusional hands...

Detached from the world,
Addicted to these needles...
Looking for an outlet,
Longing to clean up...

Invited by a friend to a private party...
Open bar, wide mouth alcohol,
Unknowing of the slipped in roofie,
Or the date rape happening later that night...

Secretly abused by her uncle
So many nights,
Only later will he realize...
It will haunt her the rest of her life...

Scattered thoughts,
Torn up lives,
Drugs, alcohol, and abuse
Is what we live with day by day...

Open your eyes,
See the struggles from careless actions...
The things that will plague them for the rest of their lives,
And the struggles they go through day by day...

This is them, the unwanted,
The unloved, the abused,
Addicts, and abusers...

Will you do something to help these people,
Will you do something to show them....
That someone out there cares...

Lizzy Scott

Changes

I may not always say thank you
For what you have done for me.
I may not always be in a good mood
Or the best that I could be.

But I love you so much,
Because you are always there.
I may not always say it,
But I know you really care.

I may not say I love you
Every day and every week,
But I say it in my head
Every minute and in the words I speak.

You've brought me up
And cared for me
And cared for all my needs.
You've helped me through troubles so unselfishly,

And at times I've thrown it right back at you
Without thinking of your feelings.

It's just you and me now,
All the other kids are gone.
I miss our nice big family,
The family I thought I'd won.

But this is a new kind of family,
The one of just us two.
You care for me,
And now I care for you.

And though we're alone on your birthday,
Just sitting at home watching TV.
I love you more than you will ever know,
And that's how it should be.

Happy birthday, Dad,

I hope you don't feel alone.
Maybe one day the family will be back together,
Even though all the kids are now grown.

Things have changed and are still changing
And they always will.
I know why the changing happens,
But inside, do I still?

Not the ordinary family,
And a long shot from normal.
But what defines normality?
It doesn't define special.

Lizzy Scott

Clarity

I am seen dimly
Through a glass that will not shine,
Smudged and dirty,
Which has corroded over time.

I am seen fuzzily
Through a shattered mirror,
Smashed to pieces and disheveled
By those who wish naught be seen clearer.

I am seen confusingly,
Like rippling in a pond
A rock being thrown in the middle,
Disruption was not my long.

I am seen unknowingly,
Onlookers looking, but not seeing.
Like glimpsing the cover of a book,
Yet not knowing what resides underneath.

I am seen cloudily,
Or, am I seen?

Lizzy Scott

Come Closer

Come closer, let me see you...
Come closer, let me hold you...
Come closer, let me whisper in your ear...
Come closer, let me tell you I love you...
Come closer, let me be close to you...
Come closer, let me be near you...
Come closer, let me romance you...
Come closer, let me protect you...
Come closer, let me lavish on you...
Come closer, let me live my life with you...

Lizzy Scott

Comfort

please comfort me
while i am trying
to figure out
why i'm crying

i say i'm fine,
but i am lying,
becouse inside,
i'm really dying.

Lizzy Scott

Darkness Has Undone Me

This is a short story, not a poem

So dark... my foot steps echo off the cool damp walls. I plunge through the darkness, in a desperate act to get away from what was following me...

Terrified, I search for some way out from under ground... razor like teeth, It could tear me apart within seconds.

I can almost feel it snapping at my heels, whatever it is... out, I have to get out! !

To the surface. Away from... It. The terror of my nightmares, it has come to haunt me once again.

Over the days I had felt it lurking around every corner of the tunnel, I couldn't get away, I couldn't sleep,

I couldn't get out, and now as I ran for my life I could hear its growl and the earth trembled.

I knew it, it was waiting until I grew weak before it leapt for its prey...

Now I wasn't even so sure that I would live to see the sunlight. I was on the verge that I was so tired I could hallucinate,

or dropp on the floor stone cold from exhaustion.

Closer, was it getting closer, or farther away? I couldn't hear it any more, all I could hear was my heart.

Daylight had been present for a few hours now, which surprised me because I had suspected the creature would launch its attack during the night...

Its plan had not been foiled, it had caught me by surprise. Exactly what the creature had wanted.

If I had lost the creature, I'm sure it would find me again from the pounding of

my heart.

I could hear the blood in my ears pounding, sounding like the noise was reverberating through the cave.

I couldn't even think any more. But I did know I couldn't stop running, I had to get out.

As the tunnel curved upward, I could hear the monster again, it had found me. Maybe if I could get to the surface fast enough,

I could find somewhere to hide. The sound of the monsters hideous growl was louder than ever, making my head throb from it.

I could see some daylight, maybe there was hope after all!

Faster, faster, I have to get above ground... Light! ! ! !

The vibrations clashing with the loose debris clumps of rock and dirt made me falter and slip,

And as I plummeted back into the dark hole, it was right on top of me....

AAAAAAAH! ! ! ! ! ! !

.....

"Honey? " "Yeah? " "I think I just ran over that pesky varmint with the lawn mower! ! '

Lizzy Scott

Do You Wonder?

Cold hands wishing to be held
Longing heart wishing to love
Loving eyes wishing to look
Into the universe of your eyes.

□

A wondering mind
Imagining them still being together
Wishing lips wishing upon a star
Wishing you would love her forever.

A broken promise of never leaving,
Clutched in her hands
Wrapped in the memories,
Numerous as sand.

Do you ever wonder
If she thinks of you?
Do you ever wonder
If you love her too?

A broken heart,
Killed off dreams
Come back to her,
And never leave.

A once love filled heart
Is an empty place in her chest
Her wings are broken,
Mend them... the breaker knows best.

Lost from flight,
The blessing is a curse
The chariot she used to reside in
Is now a forlorn hearse.

Waiting for you, always waiting.
Set your mind, yes or no
Make a decision, there is no debating.

Be her savior, Or be her dread
A monsoon shall come to a dried up ocean
And the callous skin over her tender heart she shall shed.

Lizzy Scott

Face Down

do you feel like a man
when you push her around
do you feel better now
when she lies face down?

as she stares at the marks
that she just newly found
she breaks down
and starts crying

can she ever get out?

how did it ever come to this
she has so, so much doubt
she thought she was loved,
but that's not how it turned out.

she says she has had enough
this is just too tough!

this can't go on..
it's just so wrong...
it has been too long!

she doesn't want to keep getting hurt
by that jerk.
as she lies on the ground she said
'it doesn't hurt'

so she prays to god,
and held up her hands
and asked that she would never again be
touched by that man.

he ended up in prison,
it was what he deserved.
he will never again talk to her,
not another word.

so she held up her hands
and thanked god for protecting her...

her life was so messed up.
so many memories and hurts,
but when she asked for gods help,

he made her life curve.

Lizzy Scott

Freedom Is Not Free

You stay up for 16 hours,

We stay up for days on end.

You take a warm shower to help you wake up,

We go weeks without running water.

You complain of a 'headache' and call it sick,

We got shot at, as others are hit, and we keep moving forward.

You talk about your buddies that aren't with you,

We know we may never see any of ours again.

You complain about how hot it is,

We wear our heavy gear, not daring to take off our helmet to wipe our forehead.

You get mad at the waiter for getting your order wrong,

We don't get to eat today.

You're mad that your class got held five minutes over,

we're told we will be held over an extra 2 months.

You roll your eyes whe your baby cries,

He gets a letter with pictures of his new baby, wondering if they'll ever meet.

Lizzy Scott

Friendships And Changes And What Was Never Said

Changes

“friends forever” you promised

“together till the end”

We did everything together,

You were my best friend.

When I was sad, you were by my side.

When I was scared, you felt my fear.

You were my best support—

If I needed you, you were there.

You were the greatest friend,

You always knew what to say:

You made everything seem better,

As long as we had each other,

Everything would be okay.

But somewhere along the line,

We slowly came apart.

I was here, you were there,

It tore a hole in my heart.

Things were changing,

Our cheerful music reversed its tune.

It was like having salt without pepper,

A sun without its moon.

Suddenly we were miles apart,

Two different people, with nothing the same.

It was as if we hadn't been friends,

Although we knew deep in our hearts

Neither of us was to blame.

You had made many new friends

And luckily, so had I

But that didn't change the hurt—

The loss of our friendship made me cry.

As we grow older, things must change

But they don't always have to end.

Even though we are different, now,

You will always be my friend.

Lizzy Scott

Help

will help you,
i will try,
did you know that god loves you?
do you know why? ?

you are created in his image, ..
his love for you is so vast,
he can help you heal the past,

you cannot do it yourself,
so please just talk to him,
he is calling to you,
he wants you to ask,
he will finish this immense task!

i believe that you can do it,
i surely know he will help you through it,
i am only a messenger,

only a passenger,
i want to help you so bad,
but it seems all i can do
it tell you my poem true,

if you simply ask,
please help me god,
he will help you through the blue,

you see,
he is strongest in your weakness,
he lives in my heart,
please just tell me true,
does he live in your heart too? ?

Lizzy Scott

How Great Is Our God

river,
where are you going river?
Take me with you,
through the state and in the vast ocean...
take me in your bubbling
and laughing stream
so sleek and fast.
tumbling over rocks
and grass.
animals drinking you sweet,
cool mountain water.

oh wind
where you are going to
wind?
Take me with you,
through the trees
and the sky.
carrying leaves on their autumn journey
and tumbling
through the long grass.

oh how you swiftly move,
when you pick up seeds
and take them to a far away place.

how wonderful you are,
grass, beautiful it is,
how you cover bare dirt with your
lush green blanket.

how wonderful is the God
that makes all of this.
he gave the river
a sense of humor.
a voice so soft and sweet.

it bubbles and chatters
along, giving life to animals

and grass and trees.

he gave the wind
a song, a song
to spread seeds and scents
to keep animals going
and trees growing.

he gave the grass
ability to talk
as it rustles and
brushes in the wind.

its beautiful cape of green,
so alive and zelouse
giving warning to animals
and protecting and giving shelter to
grouse mice and deer.

what a wonderful God,
as he desinged and crafted
each and every blade of grass
and with a sense of humur
gave the stream its bubbling laugh.

he made every planet, and every star,
alinging all of it axactly perfect.

what a mystery it is
that he would do all that for
someone like me.

one voice in a sea of pain,
one face in thousands.
one particle of sand on a beach.

and still he created
everything for us.

i shall forever praise this amazing god!
and he will forever be here for us

Lizzy Scott

I Have Plans For You

I know you want more,
I know that you really do.
I know that you think there is nothing happening,
But there really is,
Just for you.

You have to be patient,
You have to trust,
You have to believe me.
It will happen in a gust.

For i have plans for you,
Amazing things i will do.
Hold strong,
Sit tight.

Everything will become right.
My kingdom come,
My will be done,
And it will happen before your eyes.

Trust in me darling,
I know you do.
For i am your god
And i love you.

I whispered in you ear,
To write this poem,
And hear that i have plans for you,
Dont be afraid of the future,
Dont wish you could change the past.

I made you for an amazing task,
And i know that you will last.

I will teach you my ways,
I will show you the truth
For you are my creation
And i love you.

I will lift you upon wings of eagles
And rise you above nations.
Hold strong
Sit tight
For i have plans for you.

Lizzy Scott

I Saw Me

I saw me.
That was all I could see,
Locked up in my own little world
'Til God entered with the key.

So busy
Thinking only of me,
Love for others
Seemed to flee.

Enjoying life to destruction
Eager to get my fill,
Obsessed with my own aspirations
Hungry to taste life's thrill.

I saw me.
That was all I could see,
Locked up in my own little world
'Til God entered with the key.

Then the flash of God descended!
His flaming sword cut through!
I'd mistaken this life as belonging to me.
I had never really let God rule!

I was blinded on my road of life.
But now I'm beginning to see,
That all the statistics and numbers have feelings.
And now, a number, I must be.

I saw me.
That was all I could see,
Locked up in my own little world'
Til God entered with the key.

Now through tear dimmed eyes I see people
With real hurts, real needs, and real cares.
Looking through their darkness
Their feelings I now share.

Praise God I am no longer busy.
I no longer act the fool.
The needs of others I am now feeling.
The flash of God's love got through!

I saw me.
That was all I could see,
Locked up in my own little world
'Til God entered with the key.

Lizzy Scott

I Want To Be

I want to be the treasure to whisper in your ear
Close your eyes now,
Think of me as if I am right here.

I want to be your destiny,
Pull me closer, bring me near
Hush my soft sobs, wipe away my tears.

I want to be your best friend
And hold every promise close
You would always be the one I appreciated most.

I want to be the desired one
You wrap your arms around at night
I want to tie that flying tether,
What I want feels right.

I want to be your everything,
The sure thing in your life
I want to be with you forever,
I want to be your wife.

I want the world at our fingertips,
I want to chase it with you

Opening my eyes, this is just a dream
To put it simply, I want you.

Lizzy Scott

If I Don'T See You Again

If I don't see you again
Will my life wash away?

If I don't see you again
Will my confidence dissipate?

If I don't see you again
Will my personality water down,

If I don't see you again
Can I keep my feet on the ground?

If I don't see you again
Will these memories drive me insane?

If I don't see you again...
Will this flower wilt in a torrential downpour,
This monsoon, storm and rain?

If I don't see you again
Will I be turned off like a lightbulb

If I don't see you again
Will all my talent fade away?

If I don't see you again
Will these things happen to me?

Well I won't see you again,
And they haven't happened, not today.

Lizzy Scott

I'LI Never Be...

I'll never be your first crush,
I'll never be your first "I love you"
I'll never be your first phone call,
I'll never be your first romance...
I'll never be indefinable,
I'll never be incomparable,
I'll never be first love,
I'll never feel adecuet,
I'll never be a new experience,
I'll never be your first holding hands,
I'll never be your first warm smile,
I will just never be your first...
I hope you never get bored of me...
I may never be the first of these, or a new experience...
And I know it isn't the first time someone has put their heart out on the line for
you...
It isn't the first time someone has said these words to you,
It isn't the first heartfelt note...
You may get déjà vu when you read this,
But I'll love you forever and that I know...

Lizzy Scott

In Better Hands

Its hard to stand on shifting sand
Its hard to shine in the shadow of the night

You cant be free
If you don't reach for help.
And you cant love
If you don't love yourself.

But there is hope when my faith runs out.
Cause I'm in better hands now.

Its like the sun is shining
when the rain is pouring down
Its like my soul is flying
though my feet are on the ground.

So take this heart of mine
There's no doubt
I'm in better hands now.

I am strong all because of you
I stand in awe
Of every mountain that you move

Oh I am changed.
Yesterday is gone
I am safe from this moment on.

There's no fear when
the night comes around
I'm in better hands now.

Its like the sun is shining
when the rain is pouring down

Its like my soul is flying
when my feet are on the ground
So take this heart of mine
There's no doubt

I'm in better hands now.

Its like the sun is shining
when the rain is pouring down.

Its like my soul is flying
though my feet are on the ground
Its like the world is silent
though I know it isn't true

Its like the breath of Jesus
Is right here in this room

So take this heart of mine
there's no doubt
I'm in better hands now

I'm in better hands now.

Lizzy Scott

In Your Arms

In your arms
Is where I want to be
You always bring out
The best in me.

You are the only thing
I want to be falling into
I was oblivious to the fact
I've already won you.

When I make you smile
You steal my heart,
I strived to do so
From the very start.

I'll call you mine,
I'll love you forever
Your laugh paralyzes me,
To not be elated is such an endeavor.

Not nervous in your arms
With your breath on my neck,
I soak in the feeling,
This I know I won't regret.

Can I say them sometime soon?
These words I know
I won't regret.

Lizzy Scott

Intact

Scattered heart
Across the globe,
Rivers running with my pain
Amass the story, never told.

Wholeness is my longing,
To keep my wrists in tacked
To never have known hurt,
Not to know the gruesome fact.

A teardropp raises the ocean
And you wonder how it is made.
Stories told, of sacrificial feats
This tunnel just won't end, won't be complete.

My story is a tattered one,
Of scars beyond my years
Of running eyes, crimson arms,
I've remembered every tear.

Running forward,
Drama left behind
The black cloak lifted,
Revealing heart, soul, mind.

Step by step is another
From my past,
Of grey memories, dark nights,
And pain filled days.

Do not read and understand,
My ways of being human.
Smudging windows, locking doors,
But you, I still believe in.

Lizzy Scott

Into The Night

In the darkness
The bell tolls.
Sounds allure
Creatures roam.
A chill creeps up my neck
I haven't experienced this before,
Not like this, not yet.
The moon is full,
The magic strong.
I get the feeling
Something shall go wrong.
Light has fled,
The oceans roar.
Now this,
I haven't experienced before.
The woods howl,
The darkness grows.
The moon is red,
And dropping low.
The noise is deafening,
Growing with every beat
Of my heart,
The heart that is so weak.
Shivering, shuddering,
Growing cold.
The world seems so, so old.
Now in the night a creature roars.
It spreads its wings
And I see it soar.
Up in the sky,
It takes flight for the moon.
I feel like a mouse
In too big of a room.
All goes on,
Which I am not part of.
How did I get here?
What's going on?
I can't remember
The days long gone.

My mind is fleeting,
The creatures, not.
Chills go up my spine
Like they did before.
Something has gone wrong,
And yet the night grows more.
Footsteps behind me,
I fear for my life.
The sound of a voice so old and slithery.
It crackles and pops,
My strength is withering.
The gleam of a blade,
The shadow looms.
The streak of steel
It never comes.
I look behind me,
I see an old man.
Not ordinary, but not so strange,
Why is this happening?
There is no way.
That was the night
When my mind took flight.
The sound of an alarm clock
Cuts through my dreams.
I have an imagination,
Or so it seems....

Lizzy Scott

Kenney

Kenney

While I was sitting in a cafeteria, I noticed a boy walk by, probably in his late teens, early twenties. He was with his mother, and she got him some pizza and sat him down in a chair. Leaving, I noticed that this boy was mentally retarded, and gauged it to be 3rd degree retardation.

Leaving him to go and do her shopping, she said "Kenney, Stay right here." Kenney responded with a nonchalant "Mhmm" but with the attention skills of someone in an important job interview.

As I watched Kenney, he waited till his mother had left the building, and after looking around very intently, he folded his hands together and mumbled a very long, well thought out prayer. I listened intently to hear what he was saying, because I was very intrigued by him.

Closing his eyes, He started his prayer. "Umm, dear God, I thank you for this food, and... Uh... I thank you for my mommy...) Grinning from ear to ear, I listened harder, but most of it I couldn't for the life of me, understand. After about a minute, he paused, and then said "Amen".

Pulling his pizza closer to him, he started at it, with such well behaved manners for his condition that I was amazed. Taken aback, I watched him from a distance where I was sitting, and thought how inspiring this boy was to me.

When his mother came back, she asked him "Kenney, did you enjoy your food? " Again, Kenney responded with a quick "Mhmm" Then, motioning with her hands and putting them together as if she was praying, she said "Kenney, did you do this? " Once again, with much enthusiasm Kenney replied with a very loud "Mhmm! " Almost jumping out of his chair.

At this point I was beaming and trying not to laugh at his enthusiasm. After they had left, I pondered this for a while. Kenney may have been mentally retarded, But he had more enthusiasm then many people ever have.

What had gone through my mind, and is still going through my mind as I write this, is that Kenney was in good condition for the condition he was in. How many people do you see when you're in a restaurant or café that take the time to pray a well thought out prayer? Kenney knew what he had, and he thanked God for even the smallest things. Honestly though, You don't know what you have until it's gone.

I can't put into words all that Kenney taught me in those 15 minutes he was sitting there, but his simplicity, his faith like a child was so endearing. I hope I'm not the only person who has gotten something from Kenney's simple, humble, but also wise ways, And I hope that he leaves a mark on someone wherever he goes.

This is my short story of Kenney.

Lizzy Scott

Let It Be

Some people bring you gifts,
Some bring you bricks to weigh you down
So they can swim a little higher
While you drown.

Some people mean so well
Their way was the best way
That they found.
But any other way

You choose is a brick
That weighs you down.
So tell me,
What do I do with this

Back pack full of bricks,
Sticks and stones and words that
Stuck to me like.....ticks.....
Let it go. Let it be.

Brick by brick we can be free
Of all the words we say till we were
Our own enemy's
Let it go. Let it be.

Brick by brick we can believe
In the person God intended
Us to be.
Let it be.

Some people give themselves
A brick, I know most people do.
When we compare,
We fall short somewhere,

Its always true.
If all we see is where we fall
We brick the prison walls
Instead of trying to learn to fly

We've taught ourselves to fall.
So tell me, what do I do
with this back pack full of bricks,
Sticks and stones and words

That stuck to me like.....ticks.....
Let it go. Let it be.
Brick by brick we can be free
Of the words we say till we were

Our own enemy's.
Let it go. Let it be.
Brick by brick we can believe
In the person god intended us to be.

Let it be.
We could believe in ourselves more,
We could try for unique
Instead of trying to conform

We could defy what they tell us
And don't buy the lies they sell us
If we were brave we can
Believe in what we are.

-Super Chick

Lizzy Scott

Love Never Fails

Love is not proud,
Love does not boast,
Love after all
Matters the most.

Love does not run,
Love does not hide.
Love does not keep
Locked inside.

Love is a river
That flows through,
And love never fails you...

Love will sustain,
Love will provide,
Love will no cease
At the end of time.

Love will protect,
Love always hopes,
And love still believes
When you don't.

Love is the arms
That are holding you.
Love never fails you....

When my heart
Wont make a sound,
When I cant turn back around,
When the sky is falling down,

Nothing is greater than this,
Greater than this...
Cause love is right here,
Love is alive.

Love is the way,

The truth,
The life.

And love is a place
You will fly to.
Love never fails you...

-Brandon Heath

Lizzy Scott

Not Too Late

Do you think about
everything you've been through,
you never thought
You'd be so depressed.

Are you wondering
is it life or death

Do you think that there
is no one like you?
i will not leave
alone everything that i own

To make you feel
like it's not too late,
it's never too late.

Even if i say it will alright
still i hear you say
you want to end your life

Now and again we try
to just stay alive
maybe we'll turn it all around
'couse it's not too late,
it's never too late.

No one will ever see
this side reflected
and if there's something wrong,

Who would have guessed it?
and i have left alone
everything that i own

To make you feel
like it's not too late,
it's never too late

Even if i say
it will be alright
still i hear you say
you want to end your life

Now and agian we try
to just stay alive,
maybe we'll turn it
all around 'couse
it's not too late,
It's never too late..

The world we knew won't
cover the time
we've lost
we cant get back
the life we had wont be
yours agian...

It's not too late,
it's never too late
this world will never
be what i expected

I hope it's not too long...

Even if i say
it will be alright,
still i hear you say

You want to end your life
now and agian we try
to just stay alive

Maybe we'll turn it all around
'couse it's not too late
it's never too late.

Maybe we'll turn it all around
'couse it's not too late,
it's never too late.

It's not too late,
it's never too late...

Now edited version of 3 Days Grace

Lizzy Scott

Old Weathered Artifact

Lost in the ocean,
The waves rolling and crashing
Tumbling over the weathered artifact
As it puts up with a bashing

Something lost,
Something never remembered...
The value is priceless,
As it heeds and surrenders.

The crashing waves
Are relentless in their teaching,
Determined to hide this forever,
Yet still it keeps reaching.

Wishing to be found,
The veil to be shed
Yet shrouded in secrecy,
This is where its delight is led.

Some have forgotten,
Some still seek
This artifact is perilous,
Yet still they strive and reach.

Washed ashore,
Lost from the waves grasp
Recuperating from the beating,
Contemplating an old rusty clasp.

An old weathered artifact
Laying isolated on a beach
Caught someone's eye,
They wonder, and still they reach.

Calling to them,
Calling with its cold wispy voice
"Come pick me up"
Abiding, It is his own choice.

Chanting, ever chanting,
Appearing harmless
Yet perilous in its granting.
"Open me" it sings in delight

Granting the victim
Freedom, flight.
The joy is short lived,

An imaginary world ending
The harm has been done,
The tricked victim now knowing,
Knowing that it was always pending.

Its name now shed,
The story put in light
This is a daily thing,
Which is always in sight.

Appearing harmless
Yet filled with deceit
Its name is lies,
The story complete

Lizzy Scott

One Of Seven

Born one of seven,

Parents without a job...

Dad left him at eleven

Mommas tired and lost,

And everywhere he looks then he sees

So much hurt and pain...

Will it ever cease?

He thinks there is no god, no hope,

He thinks he was betrayed with no

Love, no peace, no kindness in the world....

And with momma raising seven kids,

She prays to God, and hope he lives

But in her Childs eyes all she sees is pain..

Why was he gave this deck of cards,

In school fights, and stealing cars,

A trouble child this makes no sense at all...

Has he been loved so he can love,

Has he broken hearts because

He believes his father left because of him.....

Good for what he has been through,

Though looked down upon he thinks from you,

Lord show him how to be a better man...

He was beaten, bruised, and hurt by him,

The love he should have given stretched thin

And he thought you had made no uttered sound...

But everywhere he looks then he sees

are Gods fingerprints....

And gets on his knees...

I pray to God of earth and sky,

Are you there, it feels like I

Am all alone and have no guiding hand....

I'm a daddy now, but I left her

Before my child is even born oh,

Lord please help me to be a better man...

Are fathers kind, are fathers nice,

I haven't known since mine beat me,

But I do know I love my little girl...

And he heard him say....

You will be so kind, you will be so nice,

Oh Matthew she will be your wife,

And every day your little girl shall smile...

You're nothing like your father.....

He was beaten

He was bruised,

He had pain like he gave you,

But Matthew you shall triumph over it.

He was weak, I am strong.

He let his pain take over for so long...

I have watched when you have cried

I was there when you wish he had died,

Pain has sought you out before,

But everything I see is good,

And I have changed you into what would

Have been your father, kind and gentle.

I was there when you found love,

I'll be there when you hear your baby's cry,

And when you propose to the love of your life.

Pain is not fun, trust me, I know.

But it shaped you,

And led you to go into my house

Where I have waited,

into the house where you gave your life to me.

Look back at where you used to be,

Now look at where you are,

And tell me if you think you are now a better man?

.

Lizzy Scott

Ourlove Shall Go On

Our love shall go on,
Like the coming of the dawn
Our love shall go on,
Like an unending song.

Our love shall go on,
Like an unparted seam
Our love shall go on,
Like an endless river, wild and free.

Our love shall go on,
Unstained from worldly things
Our love shall go on,
Like a flower that shall never wilt...

Our love shall go on,
Like unabashed beauty
Our love shall go on,
Never without hope

Our love shall go on,
Loud like the sounding of a gong
Our love shall go on,
The melodies never being played wrong.

Our love shall go on,
Impervious to wrongs
Our love shall go on,
Perfect amidst all the imperfections...

Our love shall go on,
Satiated in an unsatisfiable world...

Lizzy Scott

Pretending

Surrounded by people who don't even know me
What's my name, how old am I,
Can you tell me?

They pretend to know who I am
But inside I know their pretending,
A roller coaster ride
And Its not pending.

Do you know how I feel,
Do you know my life
Broken and shattered like a glass vase
I'm trying to tell you how I feel,

That you don't even know me
My life is cut to peaces,
Do you know that, can you show me?
Picking up this mic, trying to speak these words

You think its just music as I'm trying to search
For a voice in a crowd, a face in a million,
Someone in my life, who's there, and who's stayin'

Like sand on a beach, the stars in the sky
You don't know me and I wonder why.
I've told you my life and you've told me yours
How have you forgotten me,
Cause inside it hurts
When you fumble around

Grasping for straws,
Of what my name is
and who you thought I was.

Being ignored and shunned,
Or pushed down for control
I'm used to the torment,
Cause the news is old.

On second thought,
Why am I even writing this down?
As you pretend to wonder why I'm like this,
Living it down.

"Just go with the flow,
Do what you know other people do,
Don't be different, oh no."

You say to yourself, hiding in the darkness,
Following the grain, losing yourself
In how boring it is to be sane.

So you press me for answers of all my strange ways,
You tell me I'm a criminal
For why I don't stay.

Sometimes bad things come and steal your life,
And inside now I'm pondering and wondering why...

Lizzy Scott

Promisses

she sits in the corner,
singing herself to sleep,
wrapped in the promisses
that noone seems to keep

Lizzy Scott

Pull Through

i know you keep a journal
and every page is rippled
from the tears that you cry
aint no meaning to you scribbles.

cause words cant describe
what your feeling inside
its like thousand foot walls
and their still on the rise.

but look up
to a beautiful sound
and see for yourself
your not that far down.

and know this
i can not love a little
i promise to you
its unconditional.

i'll leave the light on for you
just keep the course,
you can weather the storm.

i'll leave the light on for you
you've come this far.
dont you ever lose heart now.

you can pull through,
not very long to go now.

dont you lose heart.
you can pull through
that is what i can promise you...

Lizzy Scott

Remember...

I have my own ways, and you might not like them
I have my own perceptions, and you might despise them.
I have my own personality, and you might not understand it.
I have my own humor, which you might take badly.
I have my own hobbies, which you might find uninteresting.
I have my own shyness, which you might laugh at.
I have my own embarrassments, which you might further harden.

Let me blend into the wall, but don't leave me alone.
Let me join in, but not be drawn attention towards.
Let me laugh, but not alone.
Let me trust, without it being broken.
Let me have hope, without it being false.
Let me be myself around you, without feeling self-conscious.
Let me talk to you about things, without you trying to figure out where I went wrong.

Be a part of my life, without snatching yours away.
Push me onwards, but not too far.
Know I am hard to understand, but not difficult.
Understand I am an open book, but closed off at the same time.
Hold my hand and help me through things, Even when I feel it isn't needed.

Don't perceive me for asking too much, I myself know I'm a burden to some.
Know I am hard to upset, but fragile enough for one word to break me.
Remember I value true friends, and will fight for them any day.
And know I'll be waiting for you... pull me out of the darkness and remember who I am...

Lizzy Scott

Round

Feeding the fire
That I wish to burn out
Yet stocking this havoc
Keeps me from life's doubt.

The thing, oh this burden
Is what keeps me alive
A thin line between such insanity
And the health to which I strive.

Satanic, Angelic, Oh what is this now?
Stocking this fire, I can't live without.
How can it be me, I have treated before
The mimicking thing, yet a different soul.

Am I dreaming?
Is this real?
My strength, My power,
Is what this strives to steal.

I must defeat this, Oh but how?
Brick by brick, it must start now.

Lizzy Scott

Schoolwork

if only i was free and didnt have to do this
, i could research bees!
oh wait, i already knew this.

but instead im trapped into doing this
. oh well, i guess i can get through this.
at least i got to make this lovely poem.
but thats all i can do with it.

Lizzy Scott

Sea Glass

Walking along the beach
Collecting sea glass with you.
Looking into your eyes,
So deep, so calm, so blue

Into a glass jar these pieces go
Gently placing them inside
With the memories we both know.

The sharp ones which are plentiful
Mean hard times we've endured
They cut so deeply,
They snag and catch like a lure.

Be weary as you touch these ones,
They're demons in disguise
If you pull away faster than should be,
They can cause more harm than needed,
They will bother you to cry.

The round pink ones are the good times,
They're weathered, soft to touch,
We linger in placing these in the jar,
These we appreciate so much.

The small red ones are bits of love,
When our feelings show so true,
When life is like an endless dream
When we don't hesitate to say I love you.

It takes years to get these tiny gems,
The hurtful ones, the fond memories and love so true.
This bottle of sea glass is our life,
Every shape and color, a cue.

Like a book of years together
Of memories galore
But a book only you and I can read
As this glass jar gets filled more.

Lizzy Scott

Setting Words Free

This is the Literature version of a sketch, just something I did when I was bored....

Look into the darkness, and see my face.

One of sorrow that you can't place.

of past events and sad endings

of willful time and truth bending.

shattered glass and broken dreams

This is I, or, so it seems.

Trapped inside my own past time

I make this flow, and make it rhyme.

A method to my madness? There is none.

And I won't stop until I'm done.

Interesting this may be,

But I have to set these words free.

Meaning nothing, yet so much

Where is the point of this, there is none.

Walking miles, yet staying still

This is my life, but not my will.

Writers block is what is set

Trapped in my own world, is what I get.

Boring old life with no thrills

No reason for writing but I still have will.

When I get older this is what I want to be.

To master in letting all these words free.

.

Lizzy Scott

Snapping Twigs

Fitful sleeping,
Tossing and turning
Hearing the faint and eerie
Howl in the distance.

In the howling woods
Something stirs,
A daring yet impudent soul
Quarreled with what ought not be remembered.

Forgotten in the darkness,
It beckons for an unknowing victim...
Cold blood red eyes that reach
Into the darkest parts of humanity...

It sees, but is not seen.
Cut off from infinity,
Trapped in one day,
One singular unexpected night

A soul which is not,
To terrorize where it may...
Unheard of, unknown,
A single twig snaps under its
Seemingly weightless form...

A single scream,
A victims cry
Reaches across the hills,
Beckoning to be heard
But quickly dissipating
Like miniscule vapors.

It utters a cry,
Its victim now seized
Clicking hushed laughter
In a sickly elated delight
As it slowly and painfully distinguished the life...

The life that had fame,
Fortune, a life on the edge...
But at what price,
You may ask?
At the price of...
Two score and five years...
Till yet the second meeting with the devil.

Lizzy Scott

So Close...

You come so close,
Feeling your breath...
Looking into your eyes,
The feelings there said...

Your fingers stroking
Up and down my arm...
Your light touches
Say so much.

Fitting my fingers
In the empty spaces between yours,
Our hands mesh perfectly together,
I feel so at home...

Bringing my hand toward your face,
A gentle soft kiss
On the back of my hand it placed.

Wrapping your arms around me,
You pull me close and whisper in my ear...
Let me stay here forever,
In your arms I'm perfectly safe...

Feeling your warm breath
Steadied on my neck,
Nuzzling your face into my hair,
Closing my eyes and taking in what I felt...

Feeling your skin against my face,
Softly kissing your neck,
This feeling can't be replaced.
Closer still, resting my head on your shoulder...

My form fits perfectly with yours,
Being so close, emotions overwhelm me.
Softly whispering into your ear
"I love you... stay right here"

Lizzy Scott

So Long

Mystified, by the struggle
to survive my own pride.
Haunted by the demons of my past life.

'who am I'
And 'why do I'
Are questions that keep running
Through my mind.

But underneath this shallow skin
A brand new me
Is coming out,
Coming out from within.

So long,
Farewell to my old self.
Good bye to that life now I can
Be someone else
Cause who I was isnt who I am

I know that I have been born again
The strains of my history are gone,
Gone, gone, gone.
So long.

Apathy hunted me like some
contagious deseas
Hypocrisy hiding in shadows
of the former me

Doing what comes naturally
I'm not who I want to be
I'm ready to be free

So long,
Farewell to my old self.
Good bye to that life now I can
Be someone else
Cause who I was isnt who I am

I know that I have been born again
Those strains of my history are
Gone, gone, gone,
So long.

Lizzy Scott

Softly Spoken

Making our way downstairs,
The faint feeling of his hand slipping into mine
Was an unexpected yet amazing feeling.

□

Pointing out the piano in a corner of the room
We slowly creep over and sit on the stool.
"You should play a song for me"

I softly say, looking into his cool green eyes.
As he places his hands on the ivory keys,
A clock in the corner starts the beat.

As the music starts softly playing
It fills every corner of the room
With its inclining harmony.

Detecting the melody of his lullaby
Weaving through the profusion of notes,
Closing my eyes, I taking in the sound.

With every key came a new feeling,
A new sense of reality...
As the music became unbearably sweet

I found I couldn't speak.
Looking down at my trembling hands
I look over at him, to find him looking into my eyes.

The emotion there was deeper then could be described,
More extravagant then could be said with words.
"This song is for you"

He says sweetly,
As the music seems to reverberate off the walls
And take on an even richer tone.

A smile teases the corner of his mouth,
As the seamless music brings out emotions I had never felt.

"Never leave me" He softly whispers,
More to himself than to me.

"Look after my heart... I've left it with you"
Closing his eyes as the music changes its tone
To something softer, it slowly ends.

Taking my hands in his, he gently holds them.
The next words he said with such feeling,
And very quietly... "I love you..."

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Lizzy Scott

Something Better

why is it i feel like i am the only person
doing poems that arent sad?
my poems,
i try to make them glad

but here and there i see
burdened poems,
poems that were only made
to heavy ones heart.

poems that make you feel like your in the dark.
dont get me wrong,
i like sad poems,
but not the ones that
portray the writer as confused and shady.

i just wish i could tell them,
yell in their faces
be happy and have faith in yourself!

but i cant
what i can do is write happy poems
now this might not be a happy one,
and i just now wrote it without thinking,
but it is a doorway.

a doorway to something better.

Lizzy Scott

Special Friend

sometimes in life, you find a special friend.
someone who changes your life
just by being part of it.

someone who makes you laugh
until you cant stop.
someone who makes you feel
that there is so much good
in this world.

someone who convinces you
that there really is
an unlocked door
just waiting for you to open it.

this is forever friendship.

Lizzy Scott

Stale Memories

Inside

Bottled up inside

Are the words I never said

The feelings that I hide,

The words you never read.

You can see it in my eyes,

Read it on my face:

Trapped inside are memories

Of the past I can't replace.

With memories that linger—

Won't seem to go away.

Why can't I be happier?

Today's a brand-new day.

Yesterdays are over,

Even though the hurting not.

Nothing lasts forever,

I must cherish what I've got.

Don't take things for granted,

For soon it will be gone—

All you ever wanted

Of what you thought you'd won.

The hurt I'm feeling now

Won't disappear overnight,

But some way, some how,

Everything will turn out right.

No more wishing for the past.

It wasn't meant to be.

It didn't seem to last,

So I have to set it free.

.

Lizzy Scott

Starlight

The stars shine bright
Wait through day
Get to night
When the evening falls
Into starlight so bright

And the sun shines no more
On this side of the world
But retreats to the part that
Was in darkness and cold.

Twas the sun that warmed
The earth and gave sunlight and growth
But day retreated to the night
And gave the earth much starlight.

Lizzy Scott

Summersault

Summersault

My heart skips a beat
When I see you walking by...
My stomach does summersaults'
When I finally catch your eye...

Deep calming pools of blue
Flit their way across to me...
Reconciled to being noticed,
Slowly sinking into my seat...

Feeling crystal eyes intrigued by me
Closing space across the room,
Daring to look up from a now cold beverage
To notice he'll be here soon...

Coming closer, ever nearer,
As my heart stops dead in its ways...
Time lags on as I forget to respond
As those pure blue eyes ask for a place...

The seat next to me now occupied
By an intriguing young man,
Barely finding the breath to respond
When he asks about my lifelong plans...

Sharing interests and discussing topics,
I am steadied on my toes...
Thank you for coming into my life,
I don't know you yet, but you make me glow...

Lizzy Scott

Sung Like A Memory

These memories of mine,
They linger there for what feels like forever
Contemplating individuality, yet still they are entwined.
A deeper meaning being discovered,
More than just one single moment
Where things could be flying sky high,
Or rock bottom, rockier than ever before.
A tune brings a smile, a laugh so sweet
Reminiscing, eyes wide open,
Where those good days were complete.
Another tune defeats the last,
Like an amateur violinist.
It screeches and cuts like broken glass,
Those memories wash over me with illness.
The good, the bad, the in between
The hard times, the flats, and the rocky peaks.
Each singular color meshing in to form a life
The good, the bad, the happiness and strife.

Lizzy Scott

Sweet Sixteen, Not So Much

FYI, This does not rhyme, So rate it what you will...

A happy 16 year old
Going to the mall
with two of her best friends,
She remembers how fun it was,

Until... until.....
She can't think about it,
Goes back to the mall memories..
Walking past a Starbucks,
Samantha wants coffee

They stop, they laugh,
Then a man who she remembers
Thinking he was handsome,
Walks up to her....
Not interested in Samantha or

Kelly, He looks her in the eyes,
And asks to buy her a drink,
Her memories are dim,
She feels so light headed.....
Hopeless.. Lost.....

-A car.... Where is her friends...?
He is in the seat next to her.....
Driving... What is going on? ?
Kevin.. That was his name....
She shakes her head trying to remember...

- It all flashes back - A Hotel room...
She can't think... He tells her he will
Be right back, Leaves the room..
A man walks in, She is so scared,
He beats her, than shoves her in the back

Of a van, blind folded, hurt, bound,
A flood of thoughts go through her head...

She finally falls to sleep with exhaustion.
-suddenly she is grabbed and thrown on someone's back,
She screams, thrashes, she can't see...

She gets thrown on a bed...
The blind fold is removed,
Then she is tied to the bed,
She feels a needle slide into her arm,
But she is too tired to protest...

She feels as though days go by,
Having food shoved in her mouth,
.....More needles...
More pain.. More hurt...

Finally the man who took her,
Comes and unties her,
Puts her in a room and says
'Take a shower, and put on those clothes'
She stumbles in the shower,

Happy to have one...
-Oh those memories.... She starts crying..
But she knows she has to remember them-
She cleans up, looks at the clothes,
And thinks they look more seducing than practical...

Puts them on.. He comes in the room
and drags her to a car, -A hotel...
-A room.... -A man.... -A bed....
She knows what is going on now...
She got sold.... She blacks out the rest of that night,

Can't... can't...can't remember.. Won't remember...
Won't let herself remember...
Weeks without end, It's all the same...
Same room.. Different man... More hurt...
How long has she been here anyway...?

Who is she? Just a shell of a girl..
Nothing more than a slave to men's emotions...
-She is done with those memories,

Back to what is going on now...
She is still on that bed,

The same one she has been on since
The day she got sold...
Another day, another drug,
She gets thrown in the room, takes a shower,
Gets dressed, and gets put in the van,

They arrive at the hotel, She goes to the room,
And finds a man there... 'Well, here comes more hurt..'
She thinks, He looks at her, and his eyes are filled with love...
Not what she has seen in the other men's eyes...
How is he different..? He comes to her,

And whispers in her ear 'I won't hurt you'
Then he took her by the hand and led her out of the room..
Can't think straight... can't think straight...
It's the drugs... - And put her in a car...
They drove all night.. He asked her questions..

Finally she asked 'what's your name? '
'Anthony' He was so different.. She had never
Experienced a man that wasn't wanting to hurt her....
..How..? She didn't know.. But she didn't want him to leave.
He told her that he was undercover, found out about the guy who

Took her, and signed up on the list for her.
They arrived at a drug rehabilitation center,
She got the help she needed, and they put
The man that abused her in prison.
Anthony didn't care about how many men

She was forced to aid.
He loved her.... He changed her life..
Like no other had.

Hundreds of women get trafficked each day...
But only one quarter ever get found again...

Lizzy Scott

The Feat

Weaving lies,
So intricate and bold
Leading on,
A falsehood told.

A wishing heart is led astray
Till broken down,
It is the way.

Oh why, the puppets,
The mask wearers,
The false tellers,
Do they exist?

A tender heart
Can only take so much of this.
Magnetized to this whole feat
Reality fades, and they are complete.

An anthem played,
A single soul listens
To the mourning tune,
It shall be over soon..

Lizzy Scott

The Stand

The time has come
To stand or fall.
Living on the edge,
Where your fate shall call.

Tiptoeing on the abyss
One side is dreams
The other the fate you wish naught come true.

The time has come
To be strong or weak.
You can reach for the stars,
Or be a short lived downward streak.

The time has come
To act or let it slip
Throw your dreams down the drain,
Or not loosen your grip.

The time has come
To be a winner, or none
To stay afloat the water,
Or sink to the bottom, then some.

The time has come
To be strong, or weak
Don't throw them away,
So let your dreams seek.

Lizzy Scott

The Summer That Never Came

The wind blows the snow goes
why is it snowing?
where did summer go?
I never saw it, Maybe it didn't show....

But as I feel winters grasp I want summer again,
the summer that never showed...
Fall came, fall left.
as I was adjusting to seeing my breath.

Jackets, pumpkins, Halloween is here,
candy, oh.. what shall I be this year?
I hold onto fall, though
I don't like it, but winter is worse.

The cold air, the black ice,
The slipping and sliding,
The candy canes, the lights,
The Christmas trees, merry Christmas.

Winter winds down, spring has sprung
Flowers start blooming and I am done
With winter, and fall, and seeing my breath.
Bunnies, Easter eggs, chocolate and fake grass

Easter I love you!
And then as you fade into the past,
Summer, the summer that never came last year,
Is finally here!

It took a detour and then got lost
On diamond and emerald street,
And as it's head tossed it cried
I missed it! Next year I won't

And so it has waited for winter to melt
And then as spring prepared
summers wonderful times
It too became past and summer now flies!

Such wonderful memories!
Such amazing times!
But now now,
Stop day dreaming of future events

And golden times
Back in the future, start thinking of now.
Of Halloween, pumpkins, and falls shivering howl.

Lizzy Scott

This Is You

Go to sleep now,
Hush your mind
Intricately weaved
Throughout the time.

Sway your dreams,
Magic come true
A velvet sky
Embodies you.

Softly breathing,
A world comes true
Crashing tides,
So richly blue.

Thoughts patched together
Like swaying lace
Don't hush your dreams,
This is your place.

A world behind your eyes,
An imagination comes true
As you fly away,
In this never ending mood.

The vibrant colors take over,
The pure sounds fill your ears
Crisp cold waves crash against your legs,
And you forever want to stay right here.

A dreams landscape
Is the hosts imagination,
This is you, Keep it near

Lizzy Scott

Throwing In The Chips

I'm turning over a new leaf
A new deck of cards
Setting up new goals,
Reaching for the stars.

Running for a better me,
Never looking back
Acquiring the things
That I seem to lack.

Belittling the stale me
Sweeping up the old
Here comes my poker face,
I'm not going to fold.

In my hand
Is the key to the future
Full house, full mind
Reminiscing every feature.

Transparencies fading away
Unknowingly being known
Tomorrow may be brighter
Reaping what I've sown.

Laying my cards on the table,
Betting all that is mine
All the jokers have been used,
I'm going to win this time.

Lizzy Scott

Torn Between Worlds

Torn between worlds
Such conflict and pain
Wrenching my heart out
Screaming your name.

Blinded by lies
You freely gave
Torn between thoughts
Such conflict and pain.

What should I do
Where should I start
Maybe by showing you
This bleeding heart.

What you did
You will never know
I'll never tell you
And it will never show.

Staining my life
With so many lies
You know I trusted you
Oh how time flies.

Shadowed by what
I could not see
You were there for me,
Or, so it seemed.

It hurts to lose a friend like you
If people knew who you really were
They would be heart broken too.

I have nothing to say
And nowhere to go
I blend in with the wallpaper
And people don't know.

Looking right through me
They see nothing but a figure.
A pawn in the game of life
And nothing bigger.

Ripping up pictures
Of you and me
We smiled so often
You puppet, you ruined me.

Just as happy as ever before
I never mattered,
Just crushed into the floor.

Looking at you makes me want to scream
Of oh how much sadness
You have given me.

Into the garbage
The story of you and I go
Shrugging off this burden
The sadness won't show...

Lizzy Scott

What Is Love?

Love is indefinable.
It has no limitations,
No catches,
No terms or conditions.

It never wavers
Or grows old.
It changes over time
But its potency is still the same.

It deepens and grows
And flows in every day.
It doesn't weaken
With an unthinkable act,

Forgive and love again,
There's no better way to react.
Love is resilient and solves things easily,
It does not stray, but pursues.

It is jealous with a passion
And never gives up.
It is patient,
And can wait for eternity if needed.

Love is a commitment,
It does not judge,
And is quickest of all to forgive.
Love desires with a passion
And holds promises close.

Love is much more than a risk,
But a risk that lasts a lifetime.
Love is giving someone the power to break your heart,
But trusting them not to.

Lizzy Scott

When I Hear You Say 'I Love You'

When I hear you say I love you
It simply takes my breath away...
When I hear you say I love you
I could hear it any day...

When I hear you say I love you
I struggle to say it back...
Because when I hear you say I love you,
It stuns, it knocks me back...

Those three words don't get old...
Those three words don't lose their potency...
Three little words define so much,
Those words define more than is even definable...

I love how you say them,
Or the glint in your eye as you do...
And I love how when I say them back,
There's not a doubt that it is not true...

I love how you pull me close
And breath those words on my neck..
It's not just hearing,
But feeling them that always knocks me back...

Indescribably potent as it races through my veins...
I'm indescribably lucky, I'll never be the same...

Lizzy Scott

When I Look Into Your Eyes

When I look into your eyes,
My heart races in disguise.

When I look into your eyes,
I feel things I can't describe.

When I look into your eyes,
Words can't do it justice.

When I look into your eyes,
Belonging is finally fulfilled.

When I look into your eyes,
I don't want to be anywhere else

But where I can look into your eyes,
And feel feelings I have never felt...

Lizzy Scott

You Kiss Her

You kiss her with a passion
And you think it will prevail
You kiss her oh so sweetly
But you are without safety rails.

You kiss her like no other,
Like the first romance in life
You kiss her like it's possible
She will let drop that knife.

You kiss her in spite
Of all her burdening ways
You kiss her because a burden she is not,
Hanging from her lips, you stay.

You kiss her like the end is coming
To humanity and the world.
You kiss her like a bet is on,
Her emotions in a whirl.

You kiss her for these reasons,
And many, so much more.
Because you kiss her in hopes
She'll keep her life,
In your arms, the knife drops to the floor.

Lizzy Scott