Amanda Shelton
- poems -

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Ghostly Flower

When the flowers bloom without me, my memory will live on through their perfumed dreams.

From here life start's anew, upon the softest breeze my ghost travels far and wide.

Every move I make, every breeze that blows my way, I leave a little bit of myself behind.

This unpredictable existence moves freely, upon my heart strings it plays fine and dandy.

My life vibrates into the vastness of space, I become a ghost blooming in the gloom.

Amanda Shelton
My Vantage Heart

The cobwebs settled year's ago, 
the dust gathered on the table, 
the placements are falling apart.

After decades of fringe 
and grungy textures and 
dried ink smeared on the 
walls, poetry grows through 
the centuries.

My poetic heart is choking 
on the ashes left behind.

My violin strings are fragile 
and ready to break.

My love song flew away 
on the wings of a Lark 
looking for it's heart.

This is my Vantage heart 
wrapped in decay.

Amanda Shelton
Amongst the grass I am like a dew drop, shiny and free I glitz and bling.

Amongst the beaches I am a pebble, 
I grind and squeek, I ride the tides and suff the turf.

Amongst the stars I am a speck of dust, I came from unknown, I bring knowledge and time.

Amongst the trees I am a mushroom, I am small but powerful, my roots are strong I am part of a system of life.

Amongst the fish I am a shrimp, I am small but mighty and brave.

Amongst the people I might seem week but I can make you think, my poetry is deep and I will make you dig deeper into the possibilities.

Amongst the horses I am a unicorn, I am rare and bright, I am creative and brave. You'll never forget me.

Amongst the little things I can seem larger than life. I wear my heart on my sleeve and my mind is open to possibilities. I am autistic.

Amanda Shelton
Poetic Grit

Between the teeth of monster's grind the bone and flesh of forgotten dreams.

As nightmares wake to shadow and fear, my mind sail's the oceans chasma deeply driven by futures pull.

Reality forever leaps forward into the depths of colliding waves of experience.

Upon the rim I ride, I tip slowly into the center of lucid dreams like a dancer dancing with its shadow.

These monsters that I create, grimly I took a leap.

With a mouth full of inky grit I spit my passion for expression as poetry leaps onto the pages.

Amanda Shelton
Oh Spring

Oh Spring,
with your dew drop lips you beacon me to lookest down through the clear windows of morning, I watched as you turn your angel eyes upon our western skies, which in full spectrum the round body of the sun approaches with her burning bosom.

Oh Spring,
the Earth show's her blushing cheeks,
and the Lord listens to our prayers with patience. As the valleys below; with green meadows the sun is peeking through as the trees are longing for the light, are turning up their newly grown leaves.

Oh Spring,
Up to your bright pavilions I can imagine the Angles singing for your coming. They rise to the occasion, like roses in bloom.

Oh Spring,
Let your beautiful sun soaked rays visit Earth's clime! Come over the eastern hills, until morning turns to nigh. Let her winds kiss your perfumed garments; allow Earth to taste the morning dew and evening rain; scatter your richness upon our barren lands that mourn for greener pastures.

Oh Spring,
the forthcoming of your fairness and soft touches; pour your soft kisses on the Earth's surface; and put your golden crown upon her languish'd brow, Whose modest tresses are bound up for those who fell in love with your blushing gown may gaze upon her beauty.

Oh Spring,
how I waited patiently for your coming,
you have never forsaken me.

Amanda Shelton
Nothing But Tears

I've fallen so far,  
lost myself on the way down.

I flew for a moment before  
crashing colliding with my  
broken heart.

My pieces shattered so easily,  
I couldn't find the strength  
to put them back together again.

I stayed on the ground for  
awhile, the mud and salt  
steeped into my lungs, choking  
my breath until nothing was left.

Nothing but tears.

Amanda Shelton
Mother Nature

Mother nature opened her hands to reveal the moon.

All while she bowed to the heaven's and opened her eyes to reveal the stars as she released her skirt the sun began to rise.

Amanda Shelton
Whispered Memories

Like a frozen teardrop
I became water in your
touch and the warmth of
your kiss followed me
through the winter nights.

That was but a wish.

I remember, as
a whisper left on my pillow.

The shadow of your memory
fades away upon the breeze.

It's over now,
it must have been a
dream, a long forgotten
wish that never got to
breathe for you took it
back and choked it.

With your lying lips
and cold hearted burn
you killed the passion
with one word. Love!
It hurts still.

Amanda Shelton
The Vampires Plight

I am digging a hole,
where my plot will be.
I dig deeper and deeper
into the day unto the
night.

As shadows lengthen
upon the melting sun,
the monsters waken
one by one.

I am dragging my coffin
full of stones and memories.

I'm always entertaining misery.

He's been my company
for some time now,
a hundred years maybe
more I lost count after
the war.

The shadows of infection
never far behind me,
it's scratching my back,
burning my skin as I
struggle to be free
from pains heated chains.

The scars are visible
upon my neck through
darkness and misery
I am brightly lit,
like a candle blowing
in the wind.

My smoke lingers on
in memories of life
long gone, an
unforgettable sent.

But misery lives on through the hunger I carry.

Doom is knocking at my casket door, asking for invitation but I don't answer it.

It pounds at my temples like a monster clawing through the dark grasping at my ankles desperately trying to devour me.

But my fire still burns brightly, this struggle is kindling to my flame.

I only grow stronger, as I drag my coffin farther, up the hills and to the valley down below.

My senses guide me through the unknown.

I am fighting the sticks and stones life throws at me.

I keep dragging my coffin wherever I go.

I know I am home wherever my coffin goes.

My vampire eyes sees well, not even the night can
blind me, my plight
bites me as well.

A reminder of the life
I once held onto so tightly.

All slips away with every
drop of blood that staines
this life.

A vampires plight I live
it well. As I slip into
the night.

Farwell my beautiful flower
may you have all you desire
and the night treats you well.

Amanda Shelton
The Vampires Plague

Pools and pools of blood
crash from this fleeting
life.

Slowly choked by the
vampires bite.

Life sucked dry,
as shadows retreat
morphing into the night,
such sweet dreams are these
of an afterlife is pleating
and pitiful. Says the vampire.

Kisses from the moonlight
right upon the night.

Flying through the shadows
leaping through windows,
hunting for a victim.

Ghostly faces loom from
the gloom, they grimly smile
revealing their true nature.

The plague of vampires
viscous and cold,
heartbeats no longer.

They shyly slink about,
hiding from the lights
humans use for sight but
still they are blind to
the vampires crimes.

Until the morning, all
is revealed.
Amanda Shelton
The Vampires Shadow

Like a rose slowly life
bloomed only to be withered
by the light of the moon.

Heart beats quickly as
feet run through the street,
the shadow follows not
too far behind.

Thirsting for the red flood
that flow's in the victims veins,
internal darkness yearns
for the heat, before its teeth
leaps forth from the depths
of the foggy night the
monster laugh's.

Its icy grip reaches forth,
as the victim slips into the
fog, there they are greeted
by the vampire. Its kisses
are cold and hard, it stings
slightly.

Its skin like bleached bone,
hard as stone, white as marble
just as smooth.

There the victim is laid down,
upon the dawn they will
be found.

Beware of the monster that
lurks in the depths of the
night, its cold embrace awaits
any who stray from the lights
of the street.

The last thing you will hear
is the Vampires laugh.

Amanda Shelton
Vampire

I can smell the heat raising from the stone above, the earth is warm but cold underneath the slab I lay, no breath I release.

I'm cold beneath the girth of the grave.

So cold am I, choking on the dirt, every night I awaken to the living, drinking from their fountain of forever dead but still I am digging.

Deeply burdened by the acid sun, bites my skin, burns my being deep within.

Ash and bone, I'm grinding the stone.

Dripping, bleeding, tasting the heat like a thirsty monster licking its teeth.

Hunger lives in between my teeth, grinning wide with eyes like Sapphire gem's.

Lips as pale as my skin, as ivry porcelain.

Salvation comes on the beams of sunlight
streaming from above.

So close I am, 
yearning for the 
taste of blood.

Amanda Shelton
Dear Rose Bud

Oh dear rose bud, how you blush in the morning sun.

Dear rose bud, How I feel about your rooted bud, your closeness to the Earth, your perfumed memories and your fragile stem.

Oh my rose bud, how I feel about your petals and your bashful ways. I admire your beauty and your fragrance reminds me of dreams of the misty forest's.

Such memories you provoke, such things you remind me of.

Soft walls of beautiful floral gardens, once again I am taken back to my secret garden.

With your pink, white, sometimes red hue. I love you.

Oh dear rose bud, I will never forget our perfumed mornings, our hearts will never part, for you live on through time and word's unspoken.

Until we meet again my rooted bud.
Climate Change

You watched me grow, 
my colors shined like diamonds, 
but you forgot about me. 
You forgot how fragile I can be, 
now I have fallen at your feet, 
yet you can't see me.

My tides break, My shores quake, 
and my coral fray washing away 
with the waves.

Climate change can be a serious thing, 
it's up to you how it changes.

You think you're so small? 
You think you don't cause change? 
Oh how ignorant you are, 
you are too blind to see, 
you even effect me.

Just because you can't see something 
doesn't change if that something is real. 
Just because you can't feel something 
doesn't make it less physical.

You think you are insignificant? 
Then look closer at your life, 
for even now 
you're affecting your surroundings 
just by being here.

Is that not the point to living; 
to experience and grow with 
those experiences?

Well I am serious 
we need to make a change.

Our Earth needs us to wake up
and take notice of what we need to do to help her to keep growing and stop life from dying.

Amanda Shelton
Winter

A golden wreath of falling leaves
is curling from the frozen trees.
The winter blows and chills
the forest,
in winter deep all go to sleep.

Through banks and frozen walls
the trees bow,
with ribbens of sound;
creaking deep the forest resonates
with ghostly mist's,
and forgot roots.

Winter swallowed the forest whole
with its gaping white mouth.

Amanda Shelton
Rain

I am Jealous of the rain,  
it dances and sings  
using every last breath  
it breath’s.

It's cool without trying,  
it's mean but still  
it brings peace and tranquility.  
It doesn't judge me or yell at me,  
It cleans and uplifts life  
beyond the hillside,  
It over flows and always grows.

I am Jealous of the rain,  
it helps me write a perfect note.  
Over time, you will learn;  
how I am inspired by the sound,  
that can bring down cities  
and towns.

I am Jealous of the rain,  
inspired by it's tune  
making me want to  
dance and sing.

Let me show you  
how one drop of water  
can cause a hurricane  
of change.

What a mouthful it can be,  
such strength and girth,  
it can give birth to  
a poem I call rain.

I am Jealous of the rain,  
I am Jealous of its power,  
its movement, and  
awesome strength.
Amanda Shelton