

Poetry Series

# Mary Huxley

## - poems -



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Mary Huxley()



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# Yours, Always

Let me hold you one more time,  
I'm fragile,  
My heart is racing, and I  
Can barely breathe beneath the weight  
Of all I feel for you.

The night is quiet,  
Yet my soul screams your name,  
Yearning for the warmth  
That only your arms can bring.

Stay a little longer  
Let time pause,  
Let the stars witness  
This fragile moment  
Where love and longing collide.

Hold me close,  
Let our hearts speak in whispers,  
For I am yours...  
Now and always.

Mary Huxley

# Jailed

Jailed in my own mind,  
Scared to walk forth,  
Handcuffed by my own thoughts,  
I'm sentenced to infuriation.

It was this same day I killed my own happiness,  
I was cold inside,  
I burned with great rage,  
Quenching for space but the pace and speed denied me chance.

Now in a death row,  
Being sentenced to murder of my own emotions,  
Looking around in my chamber,  
Here I am confidentially waiting to be executed,  
I already made my wish,  
Hope I will conquer this inevitable death

Mary Huxley



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