

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Who ever keeps getting into my account needs to stop

Closed Doors

now that i have it all figured out
i cant believe your the one to doubt
i cant believe what you think of me
i cant believe i didnt see
to you im just a blonde perfect life type of girl
well honey that sure aint my world
i shouldnt have to prove myself to you
but i still feel as if i do
what is this some kind of contest?
to see who's life is more of a mess?
i guess i thought between us there was more
but now i can finally see the door
i guess we'll never be really close friends
and what we had before we could never mend

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My Calling Out

there is a part deep down in me
that will always continue to bleed
no matter how many times i try to smile
in my throat rises the bile
i can no longer fake happy
nor can i pretend to be all sappy
but when i scream and tears fall
there is no one to hear my call
in me fear gains its power
i feel as if im stuck in a tower
instead of help i receive sneers
is there really no one that hears
me calling out

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