

Poetry Series

Miley Gilmore
- poems -

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Miley Gilmore(Nov 23,1998)

I love miley is my life. I love poetry. I started writing poetry when I was 3.

Cabin

The sun shines of the wood like a reflection in a mirror. The sweet, sweet smell of pine trees perfumes the walls. The children play and laugh as they have a snow ball fight. The fire roars and cracks as loud as broken darkness wakes the children return. As the Moon rises the family falls into a sweet but deep, deep sleep. As they rise with the sun they do the preparations for the day. The children once again go and play.

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Free

The three stood there and suddenly all dirt and ash driped down to the floor and disappeared. For the entrance to the spirit world is only open to those who are free of all sorrow and they were transported to the kingdom of grace and harmony.

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Music

The rhythm pumps through our heart. The meaningful words replay through our head. We communicate through music. We can communicate Love, Hurt, Sadness, Loneliness, Pain, Anger, or any feeling we have. We pour over heart and soul into our music and we trust others with it. Whether it is with the whole world or just close friends. Music connects us, it is the rope that holds us together. Long ago music connected us. And it always will.

Free Verse

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Nature

The sky, the sun, the earth, the sun. Are all connected to which they are. They control everything that is, everything that was, and everything that will be. Past, Present, and Future.

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Remorse

She looked over too her true love's eyes and she saw something she had never seen before, disappointment. Then for the first time in her life she had true remorse. And from that moment on she was free.

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