

Poetry Series

**Miranda Will**  
**- poems -**

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# Miranda Will(January,25,1994)

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2008:

My pen name comes form a nick name my uncle gave me when I was little. I am his favorite nice of 6, he is my one uncle that I do have contact with. My last name is my grandpa's last name and he has passed on. That is how I became Randi Jay Williamson.

2010:

I have a tendency to say what's on my mind before thinking of the consequences, and often hurt the person I try not to hurt. I have been separated from all my friends and most of my family by their choice or gods. I have one really good friend that does understand what I am going through, because he is too going through something similar. I am thankful to this sight for giving people like me a way to let out my feelings in poetry as well as read others that I can relate to.

2010:

I am going through some really tough times right now. I found out that I need to have surgery on both of my feet for a problem that will only get worse the longer I wait. My mom made the appointments on April 5th 2010 and August 10th 2010. I will have so much free time that I will hopefully come up with some new poems. Until then, LOVE EVERYONE EVERYWHERE.

2012:

So This year I am a Senior in Highschool and I have not had much time to write poetry. I have alot of poems, but I have to type them up.

# A Snowy Sunset

Snow Snow on the ground  
Sun is sinking down down down  
Trees trees covered in Wight  
People gasp at the sight

Snow Snow on the ground  
Animals scurry all around  
Snow Snow in your hair  
Stiffness and cold in the air

Snow Snow on the ground  
People sledding down down down  
Hot Coco and coffee inside  
Why not go for another sled ride

Snow Snow on the ground  
The sun has set past the ground  
Lights light up the city bright  
People every where say what a sight

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# The Sad Story

By: A friend

For: Everyone in the world, this may come in handy when you are lost.

The sad story

Every day I open my eyes

I wonder if I will ever see

The one whom I'm destined to be

My heart is slowly dying

and for that I can't stop crying

With all the love in the world

I can't find any,

even though theirs one to many

You could say I'm just a fool

that love hits me in the face

and I just act cruel

But that's not true

I have my reasons

either it's fake or leads to a bad conclusion

There was once one love

Who I thought was forever

but that name is gone, lost some where

Maybe in my future we will meet once again

and my heart will be filled with all the love it can take in

But for now I'm dead

Until that one true kiss

that will wake me up from this hell I'm in

And for that I'm sad but not for long

just until I find one true love

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# We Are Sisters, We Are Twins!

Three years ago you were the Freshman,  
I was the Sophomore,  
We connected like no one else ever has.

I know when you're sick,  
You know when I'm hurt,  
I know when you're upset,  
You know when I need you most,  
We are sisters, We are twins!

We never have to call each other,  
We just KNOW!  
I could be ready to jump off a cliff,  
You would call me,

WTF would be the first words out of your mouth.  
"What are you doing, I got a bad feeling all of the sudden?"  
I would tell you and you would talk me out of it.  
We always call each other at the perfect time.

We dress alike without even calling each other,  
We know when the other needs us most,  
We are the same,  
We are sisters, We are twins!

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# Where I Am From

I am from a small close knit family,  
From a place where stuffed animals are the best listeners  
I am from a house where tripping over milk cans are normal  
From a yard where UFF DA means S + hit

I am from blankets that keep me warm  
From, a bed, where my mom and I talk  
I am from a Kitchen where something is always cooking  
From a plate of lasagna I home made

I am from a family who values heritage  
From my grandpas lap and his stories  
I am from a shoe box where pictures are kept  
From a place where memories are never forgotten

I am from a neighbor hood full of trees  
From a yard where trees are obstacles  
I am from a back yard where my dogs run around  
From a hole that they placed exactly where I would trip

I am from a spaghetti dinner shared with the neighbors  
From the sweet smell of fresh cut tomatoes  
I am from a porch where an old wine barrel is a table  
From a bench where all my problems are solved

I am from a place where Mr. Big came  
From an Uncle, though no longer there still helps me  
I am from a place where Mr. Big is the best listener  
From a family who cares

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