

Poetry Series

Morgan Elliott
- poems -

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Morgan Elliott(April 26,1995)

Just a girl stuck in her own little world.

Control

I have my own mind,
I'm not your puppet to be mastered.
No strings to pluck and pull
Can't bend me to your ways.

Free will is a powerful thing
Yet you throw it away.
Giving it to the first person who
shows an interest.

You do it again,
Making the same mistake
Over and over.
You conform to what's easiest
You think it's the only way to survive.

So how does it feel when
They throw you to your knees?
To bow before them,
Their puppet on a string...

Morgan Elliott

Dreaded Words

Tip-toeing, holding tongues, ignoring,
giving up.

It's easier than speaking up,

Just giving in.

You hate the conflict

Don't want to fight to win.

So you push it down again,

All you left unsaid.

The words desperately

Claw at your throat

Wanting to be screamed.

But you choke them back once more,

Always getting harder to ignore.

Disappointment settles in your heart,

For yourself, the world, for dreaded words.

Because you know it's only a matter of time
before you slip.

And they rip out of that locked and

Vaulted space in your chest.

It scares you to think of being

that out of control,

But secretly hope it could be

that simple.

Morgan Elliott

For Better Or Worse

Love. A simple, easy, four letter word. The look of it so innocent and pretty. But pull apart its facade and you get to the heart of the messy matter.

What is love? The love of a mother for her children, a husband for his wife, a brother for a brother, a friend for a friend. It comes in so many different forms and can sometimes be unknowingly deceitful. Because love can change, can it not?

Love can build, fade, burn or crash. It can be fierce or gentle, deep or shallow. It can be everlasting, or like a change in seasons. It can destroy, and it can heal. It can complicate and make sense of.

For all the different kinds of love, one thing remains the same. No matter how it comes to you or leaves you, you are left irrevocably changed. For better or worse.

Morgan Elliott

Ignored

Always pushed aside,
Ignored
Never acknowledged.
Left to collect dust with all the other
Disregarded Thoughts
Hopes, Worries, Conversations.
Added to the ever growing pile
That sits too
Heavy on your heart
Causing the empty space in your
Chest to seem even more hollow,
Making you feel even more invisible.

Morgan Elliott

Self-Imposed Lonely

Suspicious rise, never trusting.
Nervous looks and wary glances over your shoulder.
Screaming words that never really mean anything,
Silence that says too much.
Tug and pull, arms-length, never let them in.
The built up walls didn't want to crumble, no matter what you did. Closing off,
self-imposed lonely.
Scared of what it would take to crack.
Left wondering if any of it could ever be taken back.

Morgan Elliott