

Poetry Series

Nicole Mead
- poems -

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Nicole Mead()

Horses

There are many horse breeds
That are running wild and free.

When it's hot and there's shade,
They like to stand and graze.

They can be tall
Or very small.

Some are good
When there's food.

And some are bad
When they're mad.

When their ears are pinned back,
You better watch your back!

If their ears are pointed up,
Then something's up.

If they runaway,
Quickly get some hay.

When they gain your trust
Riding is a must.

When you give them a shower
Sometimes they smell like a flower.

Horses will shy away
When you take out the bottle of bug spray.

And by the end of the day,
They will be dreaming away.

Nicole Mead

Hurt Inside

I need a way to heal the hurt inside.

With no one to talk to, I feel more and more like someone confined me inside a prickly fence, so I have no way to escape.

I'm just a flea that can't seem to do anything right.

There must be someone.... Anyone that can heal the hurt inside.

All that's left of me is the hurt inside.

All that I ask for is for someone to heal the hurt inside and that no one will scold me or make me feel more hurt inside.

Nicole Mead

My Butterfly

You are my butterfly
So graceful and beautiful
You are my loving butterfly
I'm so glad that I have you as my butterfly
I love you so much and that will never change
You are my butterfly
But not only are you my butterfly....
You are my special mother.

Nicole Mead

Ocean

Ocean, Ocean
Full of motion
Even though it's full of fish,
Poor thing is, they go on a dish.

Nicole Mead

Sitting By The Fire

I'm sitting by the fire
My feet are warm and my body is tingling
My hair is blowing through the breeze
The fire glows intensely with embers bursting
And shooting out up to reach the night sky
I'm sitting by the fire still feeling the warmth
Throughout my body
Sitting by the fire
Sitting by the fire

Nicole Mead

Today

Today I felt the sun
When I was having fun.

Today I gave the horses hay
Because it was a beautiful day.

Today I had ice cream
Because we cleaned the stables and weren't mean.

Today I went to bed to rest my tired head
Tomorrow is another day.

Nicole Mead

When I Ride

When I ride, I feel the wind blow through my hair
It feels as if I'm flying through the sky.

When I ride, it feels like a dream,
But only this dream is reality.

When I ride, I know I'm riding an angel,
Because she glides as if she has wings.

When I ride, I don't want to stop,
But I know that my angel will always be ready to fly.

Nicole Mead