

Poetry Series

**Sarah Nugent**  
**- poems -**

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# Sarah Nugent()

A Young Adult who writes to express, writes to tell stories in a form of a poem.

# Craving

I'm no criminal but im not innocent  
I'm not healthy, im ill from being awake  
from all those nights of crying  
craving to touch a sharp blade  
to create blood on my wrists  
to drain me of my will  
to kill me and satisfy my need  
for wanting to be dead.  
i carry with me everywhere.  
im not me cause i hide behind  
my cartoon mask  
helping others to smile and to hide my sorrow.

Sarah Nugent

# Fallen Hero

Day by day  
My hero slips lower from her penastool  
Hour by hour news seems to turn negative  
more violence occurs threw my eyes.  
Can she pick herself up and solve her solutions  
winter to summer  
more marks are being noticed on her arms  
drunken figure on the ground  
will she pick herself up and fight back  
tell him she isnt his punch bag?  
walk away please  
breath  
peeking thorough the blinds  
blood spluttered on the wall  
please let my hero live again  
please let there be a happy ending  
with my hero being alive....

Sarah Nugent

# Life

let life take me in a direction  
let life make a reaction  
let life flow me to the person i love  
let life bring me a white dove  
let life bring me happiness  
let life make me hateless  
because without life  
i would be drawn to a knife

Sarah Nugent

# Little Girl

She gets up and wipes away her tears  
theres no solution  
there no hope  
she seems to want to be loved  
but no one seems to take notice of her  
she grows weaker by the second  
no one on the street seems to see  
that shes bleeding  
she looks down to the floor  
no shadow?  
only a motionless body of what seems to be  
actually her  
she's crying out for help but  
no one can hear her  
in front of her is a car  
the car bonnet is dented  
and out of the blue the driver runs  
to her motionless body  
crying out to what he has just done  
she recongises her mother coming out  
of a shop her face is horrified  
she also runs to the body  
'no my little girl no' her mother sobs out  
the little girl realises shes a ghost  
and that shes dead.

Point of this poem is so drivers can see how much is at stake if you go past the speed limit. dont make my poem come true...slow down.... dont speed up

Sarah Nugent

# Look

look at her  
looking at him  
me looking at them  
they look perfect dont they? ?  
I'm his but she wants him  
I can tell from his eyes that he wants her  
cold chills run down my back  
if only i could run away.....  
hide from everyone.....  
Be alone

Sarah Nugent

# Mirror

Tell me what you see,  
Is it a woman who's green eyes stare blazing at you?  
Or it is that she was affectionate towards you so easily?  
Does the butter knife peel through the flesh too softly,  
So that the evermore resistance of her cold heart can be penetrated to quick .  
What once was, is a stereotypical woman, hurt and afraid to be hurt again.  
To pull away at love but come closer to touch to feel what once was. Warmth  
To gain that happy place again that is now content into darkness, pulling,  
twisting, tearing out the sockets of the fibre of her mind.  
What does she see? No one.

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# Nightmare

I look out of my window  
at the night sky  
thinking of you and the last time i saw you.  
tears trickle down my face  
tasting the salty tears.  
i cant seem to stop crying  
its like a flowing river from my eyes.  
why am i crying? ?  
why am i up at this late of night.  
does it matter no one knows my pain?  
the fact that i get a bad vibe  
from the people i love.....  
the fact that my nightmares  
are about them.....  
and the fact that i could be driven.....  
to killing them? ? ? ? ?  
i love the rain its soothing  
especialy cause it relates to all the nights i wake up sweating because of what i  
saw....

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# Output The Noise

stars turn to clouds  
whithering in its differences  
anything to lead the slowing days  
is a savior  
always hoping to get back to deep sleeping  
dark slits of hurtful words  
towering snickering everywhere  
darkness becoming the answer  
hours of ignorance and arrogance  
prying for that helpful hand  
kicking out the gorging vultures  
picking and tearing at the confidence  
smashing up the walls of optimism  
take the units not caring the damage  
smoking filled lungs beating wildly  
opening and closing that vibrating box  
shreak of fear and pain pang inside

All is silence  
toe to head in filth of a car engine  
blood clotting a machine bodied heart  
breathes quickening  
limbs pulsing its last movement  
gone..  
gone where the daylight has disappeared  
gone where the sound is made

Gone where the screams of a young boy had his life taken

Sarah Nugent

# Path To Suicide

Hours pass.....

sunsets....

shes lying there on the cold hard concrete

staring at the colour red dripping from her palms

how? ? she thinks

but then reality hits her hard

next to her is the left over smashed wine bottle

with some of the shattered pieces covered in blood...

her blood....

life had pulled her to the path of suicide or at least attempted...

who would give a damn about her, shes whispering quietly so hopefully

no one can hear her.... she can feel her energy slipping away from her

motionless body as she hears somebody calling her telling her she will be ok...

she will live but then again would she try again and finally get away with killing herself.

Sarah Nugent

# Pick Myself Up

I pick myself up from off the ground  
wipe away the dirt and tears from my eyes  
i hope 'he' does not come round  
he hurt me bad  
not physically but mentally  
I'm mad, going insane  
aswell as that I want to die  
but I know I wont bring myself to do it  
which is why im taking my moms advice  
and picking myself up  
from off the ground

Sarah Nugent

# Quotes That Appear Though Eyes

sometimes the brightest cloud holds its darkness from the world  
creating barriers of protection from the piercing wind  
the smallest plane can send the cloud gasping for togetherness  
with its emotions and secrets.

strings on a fabric can wither in the sunlight, turning to shades  
pulling with rips upon its body, like the world has started earthquakes.  
season changes, new and old faces appear, feelings jump to highlands.  
love take another step towards believing that acceptance is worth it.  
believing in yourself is worth all the greatest awards ever condoned on a  
beautiful creature with many qualities..

Sarah Nugent

## Read Like A Book She Is..Is She

Do i read like a book?  
Do i look depressed?  
the thing is only one person can  
its hard to say to everyone that they are truly fine  
when they aren't cause  
they wanna die  
they wanna disappear  
if life were easy I'd fake everythin but I'm not a brick wall  
I'm a person who has a problem that cant be resolved  
talkin to some one wont help  
it just complicate things  
I'm always mocked  
I'm always quiet  
but inside I'm breaking  
I'm screaming  
I'm crying  
I'm hurting.....

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# Reality

Damaged woman made by man  
does she see the true and false  
years of company to him  
yet he was the devil with his usage of drugs  
does she notice her offspring is damaged?  
can she see her middle child is hurting, suicidal  
can she see her eldest is in pain  
and does she see the youngest following too?  
she makes everyone know shes the victim  
but does it mean she ignores the advice and hurt the children again?  
is she really a victim anymore or someone making other people miserable?

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# Romeo Story

Droplets of water falls  
on his soft face  
empty in his thoughts...his pain  
he looks down upon her sweet expressionless face  
his eyes are slowly moving down on every damage  
he has witnessed impaled on to her  
why did his loved one have to be dead?  
tears gently run down his wet face  
memories flicker like a flame through his vision  
and he pulls out of his jacket pocket a gun  
inside he feels like the world has ended  
through his eyes.....  
his last words are ' I never wanna be parted from you..my love'  
and pulls the trigger.  
blood spatters across the cold concrete  
another teen boy takin his life just to be like romeo?  
no.... its a boy who couldnt live without his juliet

Sarah Nugent



# Seeing

Gliding across the room  
to her waiting gentle figure  
could this be what she hopes to achieve  
could he feel as similar as she does  
or would he just use her and throw away.

her flowing fabric trail across the hardwood floor  
time is taking its time as all eyes are on him.  
to her he is like a statue, perfect  
as if made with the hands of angels.

no words come out of her mouth  
as she holds her hand up to his smooth marble skin

now all eyes are on her  
she doesnt care if they rip her part with their cruel words  
because all she cares about is what he says about her.....

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# She Who Lives

Blessed be  
By the morning star I wake  
with a frown for every memory  
for every pain I bear  
Breathing like a shattering glass  
Looking at the image of ones self  
with bitter anger taste of salt  
Bursting out of the balloon  
control breaks  
all thats left is ash

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# Stuck

she sits upon her bed  
wiping tears from her eyes  
'what have i become? '  
'how did i end up like this'  
this person who hopes she fails.....  
.....at everything in her life.....  
she seems to have no one  
to fall back on  
to comfort her and tell her that everything will be ok  
everything seems to be black and white through her eyes.  
'do better' 'be better' everyone says to her

but who will say' i will help you through your sorrow, i will protect you from all  
the pain that is tearing you apart'

no one.....she seems to be alone.....

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# Tears For Love

staring across the midnight sky  
her tearful green eyes sets on a star  
wishin...prayin only to be noticed  
since all she can do is watch in silence  
touch her, feel her pain  
when ever she touches her blade  
scaring, bleeding making it hurt.  
she cries till have someone  
she aches to kiss someone  
her hair falls slowly down her dripping wet face  
whilst she bends down to her cold floor  
holding on to her dead cat  
the only thing that loved her.

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# Teenage Girl In Pain

I'm sat on the edge of my life  
clinging onto the memories that are full of happiness  
the ones that could stop me from ending it.....  
my family seem to convince me that I shouldn't do it  
but the truth is  
there driving me to it.....  
I feel as though I'm in a war  
which I cannot resolve  
she wants me to hate him  
he wants me to hate her  
they want me to pick a side  
they don't even know that  
what they're doing is tearing me apart  
I can't sleep cause I think of what they would do in my nightmares  
I can't even be social cause I break down in tears  
why do I have to be the sponge to mop up her tears  
I don't want to be a rag doll being pulled side to side...  
she wants me to be this  
he wants me to be that  
what do I want? ?  
what am I?  
who have I become?  
I don't want to hide my pain  
from the people I love...  
but I can't tell them for it will cause them worry  
so I keep it bottled up which means  
I have a breakdown making it worse.  
I don't want to cry any more.....

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# Unnoticed

lifting the weight of his eyelids arise  
reflection seems perfectly dull his features  
the only thing traveling on the mind  
who will care about the person in the mirror?  
her? him? them all? ?  
the world seems like a fish bowl  
blocked and empty...  
love seems like a frog thats turned purple  
impossible.....  
does all those pretty things notice me?  
do I ever catch one of their species attention?  
from up and down, catching the odd negative thing  
I dont see any glitch upon the whole picture  
dragging the soles of feet he sighs deeply..  
will anyone love me.....

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# World

world let the people breath  
let them have the strength to live  
to live their life without difficulty  
let the sun shine down onto the people  
who need it the most  
let love take flight on young lovers  
who have yet to learn by their mistakes  
let them not have to feel pain  
the way I have to.....  
let young children be watched  
by the angels above  
let adults pick themselves up  
and try again to make themselves better  
let the people who are struggling  
to figure out their problems

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