

Poetry Series

Sharon Collins
- poems -

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Sharon Collins()

A Conversation With War

Even in death you fire and shoot
I bury my boy to a gun salute
Then you hand me a medal
and call this Valor
you took my son
my brother
my father

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Sharon Collins

A Fools Pardon

How many times can you turn away
Not hear the tales on how he strays
and hold on tight come what may
Girl, every dog must get his day

Will girlie nights make it better
Then sit alone with his dick pics letter
Of girls he's taken and continues too
Do you know right now what he's up to?

O my sweet girl just grow a set
Its over now with no regret
you've been betrayed and you're upset
But he'll never stop he'll always stray
and every dog must get his day

He's slept with most of your best friends
He cannot change or make amends
and still they "like" your facebook wall
The hyenia's pack who laugh at you all

His family were not much better
The were asked why don't you tell her
Its cruel and wrong its so unfair
Show this girl at least you care!

I hope in time you resolve to harden
Deny this liar a fools pardon
He'll never stop he'll always stray
And every dog girl get his day

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Because You're Mine.. Love On Line

When considering play on the internet
Where countless lonely hearts have met
Tis a catalogue of female pretties
None too shy of baring their titties!

But woe to you who will be sorrier
For playing the penis keyboard warrior
There is a fly in this sweet ointment
Which leads to bitter disappointment
When in your inbox photo's sent
Your wife will read to your torment

The horror when she discovers
You've surfed the net to find more lovers! ! !
Women wild beyond your dreams
They were "up for it" it seems
The World Wide Web a spiders layer
Where wanders in the deceitful player

Safe at home in your pyjama's
With the wife and kids and no real drama's
Then you're done.
She blocked, deleted.
But she's got all the evidence you cheated! !
The ability to be cold and cruel
Is inside everyone, you fool

So woe, you men, you will be sorrier
For playing the penis keyboard warrior
The sweetest rose contains a thorn
Don't underestimate the woman scorned.

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Sharon Collins

Broken Dolls

"Its a long road back to trust" he said
Like I was the one who broke it
When all I got was a glass half full
Till I pressed the button called " f**k it"

It never fails to amaze me
How women squander themselves
Does it have to take
Such heartbreak
To really wake up to ourselves

Do we have to underplay intellect
Pretend we're brain dead and sweet
That we don't notice the games you play
Your manipulations, deceit

Women are not China dolls to play with
Throw against the wall and discard
Pick us up again and play with
We grow tired of that old card

It hurts when we hit the wall you see
We shatter like broken China
Maybe one day you will see us
As so much more than vagina.
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Sharon Collins

Forget-Me-Not

Forget-me-not, remember me
A quarrel or a kiss
Different lovers you may take
But I'll be the one you miss

A daisy chain, a daisy chain
of love me, love me not
In your memories I stay
Forget me not your thought

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Hobo's Last Lament

A silent society who've lost the light
A pavement for your pillow
Night after night
I'm cold and wet and hungry
Can you spare me some change?
I want to know his story
So I ask him to exchange

I used to have a home, he said
A wife and two kids
We both had mental health concerns
Our life just hit the skids
We went for help from social work
They took the kids away
I think about their faces day after day

Now I'm down to nothing
So I just sit right here
Nothing but my thoughts, my dear
Nothing left to fear
Each day is the same for me
Cold and driving rain
Couple more of these, he laughs
just kills the pain.
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Inseparable Souls

Our souls were never strangers
bonded from the start
We could travel a billion years
Our hearts will never part

Know that I will find you
in history and time
Chemistry will pull your soul
To stand next to mine

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Love Like A Fool

I'll pretend that I am stupid and I don't really see
All the hurtful things
You do to me

I'll pretend that I am deaf and don't really hear
I do this because, my love
I want to keep you near

You think I do not notice the lies that you tell
All the other women
Under your spell

You think I'm a fool for this, a backbone I should grow
But the reason I do this
Is because I love you so

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Poets

He'll choose a flower
And in a vase she'll bloom
And for a while
she'll scent his bedroom

Her petals they are sure to fade
Like the promises of love he made
He won't choose one
He won't care
With Rosebuds blooming every where

So, heed my verse, ye bonnie lass
Poets are just chasing ass
From age gone by the poet be
Like oor randy Rabbie.
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Secure Love

There will aye be someone prettier
or someone smarter too
But that disnae matter, love
Cos they will never be you.

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Sweet Surrender

His words upon my heart string play
A harmony that won't go away
The lovers hands in foreplay sway,
And his breath,
in sweet surrender

We tried to fight what can't be ignored
We succumbed to be explored
We might be judged
as if we're wrong
We were compelled
the feelings strong
A love so deep, so spiritual
A love so unconditional

Each day thereafter feels brand new
We move in love's sweet residue
Who would have guessed it would be you
I'd breathe in sweet surrender.

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The Ballad Of The Mourner

The snowy blanket where he lies
We were not ready for this goodbye
In silent pain,
the teardrop cries
Hits the snow and makes no sound
Awake this man beneath the ground

Softly, Softly now we tread
No days or nights to wake in dread
With traffic jams inside your head
Shake thyself
You are not dead
Arise and face your day

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The Beautiful Broken

I want to dance with the one who breaks his own heart
who knows only how to love too hard
or not at all

The one who doesn't see his own magnificence
but devastates everyone else around him with it

Who's broken bits when pieced together
Shine with the radiance of a stained glass window

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The Brutal Truth

Her mind lived tidily, apart
from the truth and pain
Bolt now your door against his heart
and wail against the rain

That little band he gave to you
that shone upon your hand
That life you thought you knew
Didn't run as you had planned

Now sit ye lass in a quiet room
A narrow room with all
the pretty things he gave you
They won't quench the gloom at all

To everyone you act surprise
What you already knew
This is no shock this private lie
There were no "I love you's";

You'd heard about him years ago
sucked it up and stayed
The fraud of kids, a family
You lived a life betrayed

And yes, you have my pity
Just not the type you're selling
I bare no guilt or lack of morals
For being the one who's telling

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The Cut

He rendered me into the Shadows
Never allowed to be free,
to hold his hand in public,
And say he belonged to me.

Her happiness always before me
Accepting second best
Till I didn't quite know who I was
And it left me quite depressed

It really wasn't her fault, you see
The guilty lay with him and me
But she'll never know how hard it was
To cut the love of my life, free

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The Darning Stitch

A darning stitch in time
Attempting to repair
All the holes and tears
That you put there

Every time you'd pull
you'd draw me in so tight
patching love with words
that never felt right

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The Dispossessed Warrior

Each religion is diseased
With battles fought and won

Values loaded with belief
Yet fired from a gun

Teachers of intolerance
Who wear the robes of peace

Still my soul cries out to you
When will injustice cease!

'Love' and 'hope' and 'charity'
All are named and claimed

Yet they all result in hypocrisy
of the hated and the shamed

Religions damning finger
Condemning and oppressed

I remain your faithless outcast
For you leave me dispossessed

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The Faded Ribbon

I kept the faded ribbon
He held within his hand
His name I hear in every song
still played in Orange bands

A bowler hat, a beating drum
King William, proud and gay
Lest we forget the mothers son
Laid Green beneath the clay

Casement, Pearce and Connolly
A boy named Bobby Sands
Were branded, named a traitor
For fighting for their lands
Lest we forget this poppy day
to whom the British handed guns
And spare a thought for Ireland
and her native sons.

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The Glass

How deeply treasured a glass can be
Given with heart from a friend to me
Many a cheer and a faretheewell
A simple glass with a story to tell

But this time friend, a parting glass
Life's hourglass poured too fast
Your time had come, you couldn't stay
Yet still, we'll miss you every day

This glass is raised in memory
To friendship and missed company
For were you here, you'd n'er see us weep
But rather hear our laughter deep
So wipe the teardrops from your eye
And raise your glass, to say goodbye.

Sharon Collins

The Irreplaceable Man

Each car that drove past
I'd hope to find your face
The search for what was missing
Twas you I could not replace.

The loss of you
left in me
An aching bleeding hole
I had surely lost a love
Who understood my soul

O' when you returned to me
The love in our embrace
I swore I'd never loose again
This man I can't replace.

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The Loser

I grew too fond, it turned to love
For you to whom I would never belong

I tried in vain, hoping you'd see
Reaching in pain, choose me, love me

I craved the love, you gave to another
But I knew I was nothing, never a mother

Constantly beat
The despair of a loser
Knowing in my heart you'd always choose her

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The Snake

She cried a glass tear
From the moment it began
For she had squandered love
On an unworthy man

For when you love a snake
Your love he will forsake
His skin he might shake
But the snake is still a snake

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The Thief

In the dock I stand accused
Guilty of the crime
Of loving you and taking you
To selfishly be mine

I know my judge and jury
Will sentence me to life
But I will take the punishment
To steal you from your wife

I will not swear on bibles
Nor pledge to tell the truth
I will keep our secret
Until we fade from youth

Yet I wonder if you'd visit me
In this unrequited hell
With love my only witness
In my silent prison cell

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The Undoing

Sometimes a heart gets worn out
No dreams left to be dragged across the floor
No more let downs, anymore
Its a kindof quiet "undoing"
this void between: being and becoming
Yet you know your hearts still drumming
With all that used to be "me"
before it got strained and drained of life
to satisfy you.
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Sharon Collins

They're A Waste Of Money

I keep my flowers and cards
I never throw them away
They're in a little shoebox
I'll open when old and grey

They'll remind me of the loved ones
Who never missed a year
To remind me I was valued
And make me shed a tear

Love letters from an old beau
A valentine or two
To run my fingers across the words
And remember the "I love you's"

With love from mummy & daddy
You're our special birthday girl
I know when I find this one
I'll pine to cuddle you

Whenever I'm sent flowers
I know the scent will fade
But the sentiment's written in my heart
with every word you've said

I'll always press a flower
To treasure the time you took
You showed me I was valued
and find one day in a book

So keep your cards and flowers
Never throw them away
They were chosen for you
and given with love
From those you'll miss one day

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Three Little Words

What if the trees might never bloom
Or the chance to hold again this woman
What if the night might never turn to day
Or the chance to hear her say, don't go, stay

What if the days, the hours the weeks we spend
Forgetting that time is not our friend
To wake one day with the regret
Of three little words, we never said

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Sharon Collins

To Those I Miss

O' stay my love
Just a heartbeat more
for I love you from my very core

Upon this day
I can't be brave
To hear the dirt fall in your grave

For I will long forevermore
To see you standing at my door

My heart will n'er be complete
Till heavens gate our hearts do meet

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Sharon Collins

When You've Torn Our Friendship

You've left me feeling injured
alone and torn apart
Yet even when I'm crucified
You've never left my heart

You've made such misconceptions
Accusations too
When all this time a simple truth
I am in love with you.

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Sharon Collins

Where Warriors Stride

I walked in fields
Where Warriors stride
The names of them untold
A battle field
A poppy red
Marks graves for braves so bold

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Sharon Collins