

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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stephanie Gardner()

i may only be only 16 but i write from my experiences that i have encounter in life, whether there hasn't been that many compared to many people.

but the ones i have faces haven't been the ones i learn from, going through depression due to sporting related injuries.

such poems are bout my personal times during the cycle of depression n my dreams, desires n passion whether its for personal interests or the effect on my position in the world.

All Time Low

for something so strong to come to alive both must have the same drive,
an over powering rush of blood can kick start beauty between two,
it can send thoughts of fear turn to excitement,
but excitement only take one so far -
that path start when hands are holding and mucking around with mercy within
time,
common as it is everyday all feels a strange play, but they will never see the
ending,
if it still continues as for one to see such a ride it's very inviting,

but deadly, to touch youth plays on the train without a care numbed to view,
depths of pain pushing brings limits and child's play has brought consequences
because of ignorance,
we all seek peace and silence yet that's what forms tears at hearts,
not reading the peace from snow to closed fires,
simple words can turn tables and will put us to rest,

stephanie Gardner

Boyhood

water droplets chase the embrace of stomach turning breathes,
together we hide justice like child's play fingering grips the scars as feathers
bleeds in my palms,
the sound of a smile continues the desirable but never less we have vision for
night,
summer sunsets as fore told white dresses dance amongst lost meadows as boys
lay in the clouds through windows waiting for the release an arrow in the bow,

but whom echoes back for reality,
ribbons laugh in motion guiding them in this storm,
our sheets are their secrets,
my chills during another summer time are obsessive filled feeding dead growth,
these beats for material compassion;
express a scorpion's promise though i'm not a subtle foe,
do you want the truth ot the truth?
being fearless of the unknown hasn't woken tears but,
rather trying chasing after wishes when it's not the place nor time,

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Endless Heart Ache

home-town heroes breathe morning scars of moaning cries for freedom as
history repeats,
one palace; birth origins of individuals found in the voyage of our eyes and lips,
my guard stands firm with the ring of fire yet my blood pours in the prints of
hands,
english solders proudly bond the endless wall of my passion -
winter's chill has arrived,

your coward sins grow the heartless army blown by a snake's kiss,
silent echoes of still words freedom over mercy,
closed eyes visit ever peace to waste space without ache,
laying six feet under stars tears fall washing memories,
this era stops as our eyes met as the beginning appearances tightly grips my
breathe;
ringing thunder to the mouth of god,
the next is the hardest part,
as i am still picking the sense that have turned to the floor,

stephanie Gardner

Reading The Signs

time i ask of you to shield the repeated cycle,
as these distance steps keep me wake from the core that controls my tears,
as it twist the path from the puddles that will forever live as i breathe,
and still my thoughts rush to sail your feet such of all,
gentle echoes of words belonging to the next continue,
lay within this bleeding heart wrapped in baby's hands,

though many tongues of reality the smashed glass in these feet my chance of
freedom can be asked beings through black magic,
one position sparks utter shame but movement one creates has dirt on the tears,

my paintings hold the selfish yet purest gun shots,
why i feel beauty within a fresh,
but perished rejection?
knowing the truth,

stephanie Gardner

Second Chances

If my heart is broken, then such a connection crates a river of fallen pieces?
so such this wings watch me,
then why it take for four to keep me breathing?
open eyes cry the at facts of perfection whom shuts my words,
walking blew the colour of sleep,

magic's voice rejoices and acknowledges as too last year's hope,
these paragraphs mean nothing to the naked though the blind my world is
reborn,
i don't need another one link of world peace without you,
or my dead roots,

i have nothing to say to you when in fact that's what i have said to you, though
eyes
observe the different definitions of the messages that for some reason still exists,

questions arise for the operation of dreams as those will be axed as they grow
without
feeling,
like driving solo forever through tunnels that didn't exist; the relationship of all
life
must connect one way or another,
emotion or less this promise will determine the path that shares memories,
really having him in my appearance rusts the bars of protcetion,

speaking for nothing yet new though my world is close to my perfection in
pictures,
again from these blood drops you have produced a scar that maybe shouldn't of
been created,
stadiums of my country's men will shield the strength for now but my tattoo runs
deeper,

nevertheless, my false fifth whippers his tongue of the further,
so tell your school boys to keep dreams for they may live off due to your
cold actions,
but i have mercy of those motion,

for quires beyond my power these ideas mountain as a duty i wish to destroy,

yet to the moment i breathe are a foreign language for you smile that speaks
thousands,
it will never change? until clocks separate our body, then will your being see the
truth
i cry,

i to myself make no sense to your knowledge still my city distance sighs,

this isn't my poetry, its face isn't beauty well not in the opinion,
though my piled emotions have never met beauty's feet, yet his presents seeks
my pain
through you the figure,
so then define poetry, it like the emotion is once more encountered of the
individual,

(my life is surely close to perfection and i can't ask for anything more,
i have been given a second chance and i thank that faith, for which i love life,)

stephanie Gardner