

Poetry Series

Tasha Thomson
- poems -

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Hey, well Im Tasha and Im 16. I write poetry, but I have only got into it, so my pieces may not be very good yet. I aim to get better though by taking A Level English Literature. I respect individuals opinions on my work as they will help improve my poetry and make me a better poet.

Alone

Alone I walk the streets at night
Alone I deflate myself with this razor-sharp knife
Alone I was, alone I stay
Alone I live this life like a bomb site

Alone I sleep, alone I eat
Alone I breathe, alone I cheat
Alone I walk, alone I run
Alone I weep, alone I shriek

Alone, the bubble in which I remain
Alone I puncture my wounded veins
Alone I am, no love to send
Alone I am, astray to the end.

Tasha Thomson

Childhood

Childhood was a time of innocence
When life was considered to be unambiguous
When the world seemed to be fair
When the universe was based around our little brown bear

Childhood was a time when we lived in dreams
Our future hidden behind life-size screens
When everyone appeared to be our friend
We didn't have to consider what would happen in the end

Childhood was a time when life was full of colours
We would all depend on our feeble Mothers
When sorrows never knocked at our doors
We didn't need to be concerned about wars

Childhood was a time when love was pure
We would all behave immature
There were no obligations
No need to fear the regulations

Childhood was a time which is now long gone
All our friends and family have all moved on
Childhood will never come back but
We all have memories untold, remembered until we grow old.

Tasha Thomson

Emo

Day by day cuts built up on my arms
People would stare at me, I was known as the girl who selfharmmed

'The Emo' they would call me
As I walked down the corridor
They mimicked my actions
Which led me to slash away more

I turned to my name
Which resulted in more taunts
What is wrong with me
I shrieked to my bedroom door

I hid myself away
Wanting to go home
I couldn't help my feelings
Of being scared and alone

Gripping the razor in the palm of my hand
Letting myself drift away to a far distant land
I tore away my skin, in hurried pain
Staring in the mirror drenched in blood and stains.

Tasha Thomson

Goodbye

Goodbye Mum I had to say
Last December on a winter's day
Everyone was telling me it was for the best
But for me it felt like an unwelcome guest

I miss you more than I can express
I'll love you forever, more or less
Getting told to try and move on
Is very hard as now you are gone

I know you're in the heavens above
Looking down on me with undying love
I try and reach out and hold you near
For you to whisper in my ear

I'll remember the good times we always had
Remember the woman I love like mad
I'll keep you close each and every day
And if I need to talk to you, I will pray

One day we'll meet again
Until that time all I can say is amen
Having you as a Mum was a great pleasure
And the word Mum I will always treasure

Tasha Thomson

Summer

Summer is here
It has to be the best time of the year
Music, parties and a whole lot more
You have a lot to be looking out for

Whether it's going to the mall
Or keeping up with the latest trend
You'll never want the Summer to end

Tanning
Sleepovers
Getting a new look
You may even buy the trending book

But before we know it
The clouds roll over
The leaves start to fall
The flowers start wilting
And it's back to school

Summer is over
Autumn is here
Bring on the start to a brand new year!

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