

Poetry Series

twilight simmons
- poems -

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twilight simmons(4 15 95)

i love backing caKES

A Ode Poem To You

My mother gave me an ode poem, oh how I love that poem
The scene of her perfume on it, the picture of me in her arms
This letter I keep with me all the time, I love it so much I sleep with it under my
pillow
To her nice hand writing, to the black ink she wrote in, she wrote until her ink
went low

My poem is great, my poem is wonderful, to the white paper she wrote on it's
beautiful
To the green words of the title, my poem she gave me is the best
I love how she gave the lip stick print on the top of my poem, sad to say she's at
rest
I will always love the poem she gave to me before she passed

To the words in the poem she gave me will always endure
Word by word my lovely poem is speaking to me gratefully
This ode poem was from my mom and for only me sincerely
I love my poem, oh how wonderful it can be

Its so wonderful do you want to read,
Take a look, take a look and you will see

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Haters

First let me start off by saying it was a type-o
So Juan Olivarez that comment had to go.
Fairie Helper what the hell what kind of name is that
I read three of your poems and I thought they were wack.
You want to diss my poems how bout ya'll get a life
Watch your back because im coming with a knife.
Just playing I aint no murder
One more thing before I go
I would like to say hi and thank you to all my
HATERS! ! !

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I Need You

You let me love.
You let me hate.
You opened up
those heaven gates.
You made it feel
like its ok.
You made me happy
all seven days.
You make me laugh.
You make me cry
Its like you kenw
all of my lies.
And when you mad
i ant to die.
Because I want you
and your not mine.
A second chance
is all i want.
To be with be
would just be fun.
Please take my back
dont hold it in.
Cause if you do
you'll never win.

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My First Kill

It was not my fault
you came at me.
The gun went off
you fell to your feet.
Now your face
i always see.
I will never have a good dream
im sorry please stop haunting me.

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Ronald Akins

I look down on you
as you lay there.
I want to runaway
but, dont know where.
Hearing mommy say 'f*** it
this s*** aint right'.
I try to fight back the tears
but, this time i lose that fight.

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