

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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william shrount()

This Is Not A Dream

These words i write, they come to me
mostly in the darkness of the night,
as if haunted from the past
or perhaps a spell that was cast.
My love has been defiled
from the promises that did not last.
Your love has become my darkest dreams
or so it would seem....
My hands reach out to touch you.
My arms they long to hold you.
My lips call out your name
over and over its always the same.
I quickly sit up in my bed
as endless thoughts run through my head,
and then my heart begins to scream
as i tell myself its only a dream.
These wicked memories of the past,
how much longer will they last...
Everyday i try to make things right
yet still i cry in the darkness of the night.
Every night the same old dreams.
Every night the same old screams.
And yet worst of all,
or so it would seem.....
THIS IS NOT A DREAM! !

william shrout