

Poetry Series

zaz waz
- poems -

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zaz waz(2-23-1994)

Hello, my name is Mariah Anne Dahill-Moore.

I was born in North Carolina, and have lived here ever since. I go to a very small private, healthy school called Emerson Waldorf school. I have one older sister who is 5 years older than me. I have one half brother who is 11 years younger than me, he is from my dad. I am 13 years old and living a happy life!

Dreamer

Somewhere
Somewhere
Someone
Someone
Somewhere, someone is out there.
For you
For me
For us
Somewhere
Someone
But where?
But who?

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Fears

Nowhere to run to.
What's making you flee?
Sit down and breathe.
Kill the worries.

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Running

As she ran down the cold hard street
She glanced down upon her bare feet, and screamed,
She splashed through a puddle of blood.
The blood was pouring from her cold bare feet
She felt nothing.
It was as if a razor had sliced the damp soles of her feet.
She had felt nothing running down the cold hard street.
She couldn't stop even now.
As the pain was thrust upon her she couldn't stop herself,
She didn't know what she was running from
Or where she was running to
She had been running her entire life
And finally she had to cease
She collapsed on the cold hard street
She felt a sharp sting like a small dagger had been stabbed into her foot
But no, there was no dagger only sharp, painful, saline tears.

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The Secrets Of Life

These feeling are new to me. All feelings are new to me.

I am new to this world.

I already have the urge to go. To break down the door and run free.

To feel the wind in my face. To have the breeze run through my hair.

To know the feeling of excitement. To feel the rush of love.

To feel the sorrow of pain. To feel what the spirit is.

To know the secrets of life.

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