

Six Short Poems

by lostblackheir

Six short poems. One of which I actually have published. Some of them didn't turn out right because nobody sees them the way I intended.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Six Short Poems

1.

Baby Sister

Baby sister

four years old

Baby sister

hair of gold

Baby sister

eyes so blue

Baby sister

I love you

Baby sister

cries all night

Baby sister

hold you tight

Baby sister

skin so cold

Baby sister

never grow old

Baby sister

once so bold

Baby sister

four years old

2.

If today were my last day...

I'd ride a thousand roller coasters

regardless of the cost.

I'd play in the rain for hours

not caring if I was cold.

I'd drive around for hours

with no fear of getting lost.

I'd kiss that guy down the street

never telling him why.

I'd rob the bank on the corner

and throw the money out the window.

I'd sing the baby a song

while rocking them to sleep.

I'd keep it from my family

so as not to see their sorrow.

I'd climb into bed

while praying for tomorrow.

3.

Promises

I promised not to tell Grandma

how I didn't fall down.

How Mommy's not really nice

when Daddy's not around.

I promised not to tell Grandpa

about the bruises I hide.

How Mommy's not really nice

and I'm sick of telling this lie.

I promised not to tell Miss Janice

how I didn't forget my lunch.

How Mommy's not really nice

and didn't give me one.

I told Jesus

when he took me in his arms

that Mommy's not really nice

and he shielded me from harm.

4.

True Love

I loved her

though she didn't know it

didn't even know I was there
she was so wrapped up in you.
You hurt her
but she would show it
always acted like she didn't care
she was so in love in love with you.

You killed her
and I can't stand it
that I was so scared
and never stood up to you.
She was my mother.

5.

Dear You

I hate you
I yell and I scream
I scream and I cry
and you hear nothing
and I hate you.

I hate you
your locked in your tower
so safe from the world
so far from me
you gave me this life
only to abandon me to my fate
and I hate you.

I hate you
I'm drowning in blood
my blood, your blood, the world's blood
and nothing can make it clean
I've fallen and shattered
and nothing can save me
and I hate you.

6.

Flowers

Nobody brought me flowers
to put upon my grave
and nobody brought me flowers
for Valentine's Day.

Nobody brought me flowers
to try and win my love
and nobody brought me flowers
the day I bore my son.

Nobody brought me flowers
as I drew my last breath
nobody brought me flowers
nobody but Death.