

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Amanda Nelson()

I really only got into writing poetry very avidly in the beginning of 2009 (this year.)

English has always been one of my favorite subjects and I find it quite easy and enjoy it. I had my first blog for awhile before I shut it down. Only my best friends read it but they seemed to find it amusing. Then I went on to have several other blogs.

And I've always daydreamed constantly, chattered on and on, and always had dozens of opinions I was so very eager to voice. And whenever we were required to write little poems, haiku, or anything related to writing mine were always rather good for my age.

One summer when my family had moved into a new house, we didn't have the internet hooked up for awhile or the TV. I was bored out of my mind and just swimming all day didn't cut it for my short attention span. I began messing around on Word Document on the computer.

I couldn't e-mail, IM, rant, blog, or express myself in anyway other than writing on Word Document. I ended up starting a novel (still unfinished) and writing dutifully for it everyday until we had internet access again.

I'd always written little rhyming parts of lyrics in all my notebooks before, but I never thought so much of it.

I forgot all about the novel (called Pink=Puke) and only later, next year, did I pull it out again after my teacher had written on both my 1st and 2nd trimester comments about my writing. Things about how I take chances in it and he's eager to see how far I can go.

I sent it to one of my best friends and she replied back wanting to know who it was by. I was utterly shocked that she thought it was an actual excerpt from a real published book. I explained that I had written it and she said she'd sent it to some of her other friends and they all thought it was magnificent.

Another best friend, who I mainly contact through e-mail since we go to different schools, said she thought I would be a good author just randomly. By then, I'd started writing and had a few poems and unfinished novels. I'd never mentioned my writing to her or showed her any of my work but I wrote tons in our e-mails back and forth about this and that and the most random things.

So, I told her that I did write and the next thing I did was gather all my writing, sum it up in one message and forward it to all my besties.

They were all impressed and agreed that writing was a talent of mine.

Since then, I've written a lot and have gotten much better. I write poetry and have a ton of unfinished novels.

=)

Before I Knew

I don't know what to say
I used to be happy
I guess I thought you meant something to me.

It was all a lie.
A secret that you kept inside.
Something you never told.
Now it all unfolds.

You lead me on.
But you were wrong
to leave me hanging.
Your plan didn't work.
I realize now, you were just a jerk.

You twist my words.
Spit them out.
Change them into something.
And make me doubt.

Now, I don't know what to say.
You're looking at me expectantly.
I just know I used to be happy.
Before you came 'round.
I guess I thought I meant something to you.
Just a little bit.
Now, you're pleading that I do.
I might've believed that back then,
before I knew.

Amanda Nelson

Drama Queen

She twirls her hair with her finger.
She rolls her eyes behind your back.
She whispers things to others.
She's a drama queen, it's just a simple fact.

You tell her one thing.
It's told around as another phrase.
You can't tell her anything,
and try not to listen to what she says.

Her toenails are perfectly polished.
Her hair is styled.
The lips are glossed cherry.
Heck, even her fingernails are fabulously filed!

She'll break your heart.
And just walk away.
As you lay there, broken,
and shattered you'll stay.

She's pretty on the outside,
it's something you can't deny.
But her apparent outgoing personality?
It's one big fat lie.

On the inside she's bitter.
Maybe even broken too.
But admit it? Apologize?
That's something she'll never do.

Amanda Nelson

Dry The Rain

Do you know how I feel when you walk away?
When you say that the last time I'll see you, is today?
Do you know how much you mean to me?
That ever since I met you I've been insanely happy?

And the raindrops fall.
I'm trying to stall.
I don't want to say goodbye.
Not today, not tonight.
My tears fall too.
You don't know how much you're hurting me, do you?

This is not for the best.
So, just give it a rest.
I'll be fine.
As long as I know you're mine.

The wind is weaving through my damp hair.
It's blurry everywhere.
My tears cover my eyes.
You're saying your goodbyes.
I don't want you to leave.
Baby, just believe.
I don't want you to go.
Oh, no. Don't you dare cause me all that woe.

I know you're looking at me expectantly.
Waiting, just waiting.
But I can't say the words that bring me to my knees.
Good bye
I'm begging you, please.
I'm standing in the rain.
Wet with all my pain.
You know, I'd never do that.
When my hair is wet it gets hideous and flat.

But if it's you, I'll put it all aside.
I'll just stand by your side.
Never let you go.

Oh, no.
Never let you go.
Put aside my fears.
And stand here, my face streaming down with tears.
Baby, I've never felt this way.
I'd give it all away.
Just to see you smile
Just to get you to stay for a little awhile.

I know it's your way.
To fade like this, I've been waiting for this day.
I know that you never stay for long.
And even though you think it's wrong,
You'll never stay for very long.

Commitment's not your specialty.
But I'm begging you, please...

Just grab my hand.
Take me off to a faraway land.
Erase all the pain.
Heal my sores.
Dry the rain.

Amanda Nelson

Flames Will Never Burn

I hear their whispers as I walk.
I'm trying to drown out their ridiculous talk.
It's like this everyday.
I have a few things I'd like to say...

You don't even know me.
So, why are you gossiping?
You may never understand the way I act.
Well, being me will always be my pact.
You don't know why.
So, must you make me cry?

Their fingers are pointed, their eyes are glared.
I hate how I'm always whispered about, how they always make me scared.
They've got me watching my every move,
Turning around self-consciously.

I want to tell them,
I'm not a celebrity.
You're not the paparazzi
I'm really not that interesting.
You must be delusional and seeing things.
Just let your prejudice go.
Is there a reason you make me feel so low?

You single me out from the crowd, make up all my fears.
You whisper into each other's ears.
Thinking that I cannot hear.
But I understand every word you sneer.

Why do you hurt your peers?
How come you enjoy their tears?
Do you need a mirror to see what you've become?
The countless people you've stung?
It may be fun for you,
But your victims have never relished what you do.

I was one.
But I had a lot of pride.

I refused to go run and hide.
Because I remembered that I'm somebody.
I'm who I want to be.
I'm not who you think.
So with a wink,
Of my brown eyes,
And a flip of my brunette hair
I dismiss all those stupid lies.

I'm what I am inside.
The only people who make me want to look good,
Are the ones in which I confide.

So, now I know.
And, you can go,
Along with your lies.
But in years to come,
They will come back to haunt you and your pretty little lives,
Will fall apart
Like when I was younger and you made mine start.

You tore me up and made me crack.
But now I'm stronger and I'm back.
I will never crumble again.
I'll never surrender to your rain.
Your storm can boom and fume,
But I will never let myself believe I'm at my doom.

Maybe you'll never learn.
But that's okay.
'Cause your flames will never burn.
They can strike at my feet.
But they'll never stop my joyful dancing beat.

Amanda Nelson

It's Like I'M Flying

This is the first poem - well, technically it was a lyric - that I ever wrote. It was only when I was like eight. I fixed the spelling and grammatical errors but this is it. It really shows how far you've come as you look at your old work. =) I hope you get a kick out of it. It's sort of sweet, in my opinion.

It's like I'm flying through the sun and the rain.
It's like I'm swimming in a pool full of grace.
It's like the air around me is singing a song well it blows.
It's like a dream I'm in while I'm sleeping.
It's like the world finally came to an end.
It's like my biggest dreams have come true.
It's like all my wonders and questions are answered.
It's like I'm...
flying through the sun and the rain.

Amanda Nelson

Look What You Did

You can try to make it out as nothing.
You can go along with your ways...
You can pretend nothing happened.
and ignore anything I try to say.

But we both know
the truth, the truth that you
would never dare show.
We used to be best friends.

You can tell them all
you had nothing to do with me and even try to convince them
by tripping me and laughing as I fall.
But we both know it's all lies.

You were my best friend,
plain and simple. But then you decided you wanted more
than just little old me and that was our end.
You just threw me aside, not looking back once as I cried.

You pretended I never existed.
I might as well have been invisible.
In your 'Friends' book, I was no longer listed.
I was forgotten.

I started wearing black,
because why wear color?
No one cared about me anymore or how I dressed.
I fell apart and was soon a mess.

I locked myself in the bathroom
and got out the sharpest razor, the best.
And well I guess you know what happened,
I suppose you can imagine the rest.

When I see you at school,
you forget about me
and pretend you're cool.
But I know the truth.

You used to be my best friend,
we used to do everything together.
But then our friendship met a tragic end
because you decided you wanted something better.

Sometimes you glance at me,
out of the corner of your eye,
and I wish part of me hopes you see
exactly what you did to me.

Amanda Nelson

Love, Your Daisy

You can't steal my heart
It was yours from the start.
You can't force me to love you
If I already do.
You can't break me down.
When I'm already wearing a frown.
You can't make me cry
When I already want to die.
You can't stop me from this deed.
I have to do it; I'll finally be freed.

There's nothing you can do now.
It's too late for apologies.
Get on off of your knees.
When I needed you, you weren't there.
Now I can't inhale air.
Are you finally sorry?
It's okay, sweetheart, don't worry.
I'm in a better place.
I just wish I could see your face...

Tell my mom to hold back tears.
I know this must be one of her worst fears.
It wasn't her fault.
I'm an adult.
I made the choice.
I have my own voice, I'm better now, she should rejoice.

My dad needs to pick up that dry cleaning in a week.
And in the family room, there's that leak.
Just tell him that I love him, I always will.
Of this world, I've had my fill.
I really am okay.
Just give me a holler if you need anything.

Remember to tell Lily, that even though she may be real annoying.
She's always been a great little sister to me.
She's a smart one.
She'll do well in life and have lots of fun.

She'll grow up and fall in love with a great guy.
She won't go right up into the sky.

And now you.

I know that I love you more than you do.

Just go on with your life.

Find yourself a better girl and make her your wife.

Forget we ever had anything.

Because really, it was just me that had everything.

You had nothing

So stop fussing

Let's just face the facts.

I was never good enough for anybody.

I wanted to be right for someone, for you preferably.

But you left me lost and dangling.

On a rope in my room.

To face my doom.

Bye, baby.

Love, your Daisy.

Amanda Nelson

My Birthday's Today

My birthday's today. I'm so glad.
My birthday's today. Now I'm sad.
My birthday's today. I gave you tons of clues.
But you couldn't figure out the big news...
I've talked about it before today a lot.
It was my birthday today... Daddy, you forgot.

□

I got no presents from you,
Not like other kids do.
Their fathers always know.
But...so?
You're still a great daddy, right? ? ?
Yeah, I'm fine... it's alright...

Just because you drink that nasty beer sometimes,
And you don't read me nursery rhymes...
That's perfectly fine.
I'm yours, your mine.
That's all I need to hear.
I'm not going to let that dreaded tear...
Fall.

It fell. I cried.
You asked what's wrong with me. I 'sounded like I was gonna die.'
Well, daddy, can't you see?
You forgot about my birthday, you forgot about me.
The day I was born.
Oh, daddy! I'm so torn...

I lied today.
Are you happy?
My teacher asked me what I'm doing for my special day...
I didn't know what to say...
I told her you were taking me to Disney land
And that we would have a picnic at the beach and play in the sand.
She smiled sweetly and said I must have a very grand dad.
Daddy, I felt so bad.

You don't even remember,

Dad, just listen! Look at the calendar!
Look at the month; don't you realize it's November?
The first,
The day of my birth.
The day I came into the world...
When I was just a little girl...
Daddy, I'm still small, eight isn't very old...

My birthday's today. I was so glad.
My birthday's today. Now I'm sad.
My birthday's today. I gave you tons of clues.
But you couldn't figure out the big news...
I've talked about it before a lot.
It was my birthday today. Daddy, you forgot.

I'm ashamed of what I told.
I'm sad you don't remember.
But, most of all,
I'm sad it's November.
The first.
Well, I guess what losers say really is true...
first is the worst.

Amanda Nelson

Not A Fake Story

Why can't you forgive me?
You forgive others happily.
But to me you give a cold shoulder.
But, really, how could my life be any colder?
I've said I'm sorry.
My apologies are not a fake story.
Please, just listen.
Okay, fine, don't. But you don't know what you're missin'

Is this a trust issue between us?
Just forgive me already! I'm starting to cuss.
I know that I seem angry and mean.
But you weren't there, you hadn't seen.
I told you my agonizing words of apology.
There's nothing left I can do except be friendly.

I've forgiven you before.
So why can't you show me that same open door?
A door to friendship, laughter, and smiles.
Because it seems there's been infinite dials.
Why won't you answer your phone?
I hate being all alone.

We've been friends since... forever.
Our friendship just couldn't get any better.
So, just listen, breathe in.
It's not like I committed the worst sin.
I didn't do anything.
But still you moan and cry and say I need to die.
But, all I have to say is, why?
So, what? It was just one tiny little white lie.
You'll live, you'll be fine.

Why would you want to be their friend? Come, and be mine.
If we don't make up now, we'll lose our time.
So, forgive and forget.
Don't keep on worrying. Just let the world go on, let it.

Remember that first day we met?

You, with your hair in tiny brunette braids.
That memory just never fades...
Me, with my little blue dress.
And my hair a mess...
We were best friends instantly.
There were no delays, no time in between.

So lets not put off our friendship any longer.
Let's find when we were young.
The words you said to me really stung.
But I'll make you a promise, this one I'll keep.
If I forgive you, then you must forgive me.

Amanda Nelson

Summer Guidelines

Summer is supposed to be fun.
It's supposed to feel right.
You're supposed to get sun-burn
and stay up all night.

It's supposed to make you smile.
You're always expected to be beaming
and when you splash into the pool,
your neighbors should hear
cheerful summer screaming.

You're guaranteed to hang out with friends
and have lots of laughs.
You should go to the lake or local river
and maybe rent a few rafts.

You should throw yourself into your summer.
You have to make the most of your time.
If you follow these simple rules,
...well, your summers will be so much better than all of mine!

Amanda Nelson

Unspoken Rages

All I have is filled notebooks.
Scribbled out pages.
Written poems,
And unspoken rages.

I could write it all.
It would come out true.
I could let the pencil fly.
But, somehow, my voice refuses to speak to you.

I fake a smile.
I'll write the story out at eve.
When you ask me to tell the truth,
I lie and say I am.
And then quickly leave.

My anger bursts in manuscript.
My tears streak the paper.
I wonder why,
When I'm writing I feel so much safer.

I had it all planned out.
I knew what to say.
But when it came the time...
Well, let's just say...
Tell you, I never may.

So, for now, I'll let the lead skim across the page.
I'll continue to show the real me in my notepad.
I won't let you ever know,
What it knows.
That I'm really truly sad.

Amanda Nelson

You Had Me

How you sing,
how you smile,
it all makes me stop and stare for a little while

the way you walk,
way you dress,
oh, you're such a beautiful mess

you don't care
'bout a thing
you just walk,
hold my hand,
I don't think I'll ever understand

there was a lock
on my heart
you broke through it with ease
now you've got me, here on my knees

how you did it, I don't know
it breaks my heart every time you go
I wonder if you see
how much you mean to me

you broke through the lock gracefully,
in one fluid movement,
you had me

Amanda Nelson