

Poetry Series

**amy curran**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2008

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

**amy curran(23-07-94)**

My Name Is Amy And I Like To Make Up Poems

# Amy Curran

Do you want to find  
out about Amy C?

Well put up a chair  
and grab some tea.

You will usually find her  
eating all the food,

especially when she  
is in a bad mood.

She lives with her dad, Maz  
and Zara too,

Her favourite dinner  
is tatties and stew!

amy curran

# Asbo Kid

Bad kids graffitiyng on walls,  
putting stink bombs in the halls,

essence of drugs and burberry hats,  
bottles of alcohol and sewers with rats,

pulling the fire alarm just to spoil it,  
sticking 10 firecrackers down the toilet,

smoking underage in the back alleyway,  
gang and knife attacks in the middle of the day,

so watch out yah decent kiddie,  
you'll have an asbo hard to get rid 'eh.

amy curran

# Faithless Father

Ice-cold blood runs through my veins  
I see my family's faces, I see their pains.

Like a dog possessive of its bone  
I am that of my family so I killed them alone.

My eyes are the empty gates of hell,  
The devil's green eyes are mines aswell.

In the hall my uncle is limply lying there  
To think of what I have done I cannot bear.

His face is bloody and all distorted  
I really wish this mess was sorted.

My little girl wrapped up in her duvet tight  
She isn't supposed to look like this tonight.

The knife I use to slit her throat  
It doesn't make me want to gloat.

Her face is covered in blood a vivid red  
What am I thinking in my head?

And my five year old poor little boy,  
Dead beside his favourite toy.

I try to take my own life  
Using only but that very knife.

The razor sharp metal against my skin  
Made me shiver from within.

A bitter lemon is my heart  
Shooting through me like a dart.

I call the police and confess my crime  
Now preparing to do the time.

There is only one person who should have died tonight  
That is ME and by far am I right!

amy curran

# Goethe Institut

The Goethe Institut is quite hard to locate  
i've been there twice but never late.

There are lots of books to learn the language,  
you can study German while eating your sandwich.

The coffee machine is great as we know,  
cappucinos, lattes and lots of cookie dough.

amy curran

# Ice Cold

Ice-cold blood ran through my veins,  
she saw my face she saw my pains,  
I know no one has no cares,  
thats why i sit upon the stairs,  
i sit there myself, i sit there alone,  
looking through the window; lost and forlorn.  
The agony, the sorrow, the misery, the grief,  
how can anyone ever believe!

amy curran

# Kirsten

Kirsten helps me slag Rita,  
Shes so cool, you've got to meet her.

She is the most brunette~ist blonde i have ever seen,  
She likes her mug on her computer screen.

Mamma K is her name to friends,  
she trys to be cool and set the trends.

All yeh hear is Grant, Grant, Grant,  
She goes on and on in a rant.

Also K has money making schemes,  
she thinks about them in her dreams.

To make her happy, :)  
You must do,  
The following things,  
I'll give you a clue: : L

Buy her a house, : D  
Give her a car, :)  
Get her a man, : P  
Take her to a bar.: O

It will make her smile for a long while! ! ! ;) )

amy curran

# Silence

Little Child Crying  
In The Corner So Dark  
There's No Need To Worry,  
Mummy'll Take You To The Park.

She'll Give You A Hug  
And Wipe Your Eyes Dry  
'He Won't Do It Again! ' She Says  
But You Know That's A Lie.

More Than Often  
You Witness The Violence  
Daddy Stikes Her Hard;  
What Follows Is Silence.

He Storms Right Past You  
With A Cruel Glint In His Eye  
Trembling Violently,  
You Wished He Would Die.

Smiling At Tou Weakly  
Mummy Wipes Away The Blood  
Then Collapses On The Floor  
With An Unexpexted Thud.

Time Seems To Stop,  
Life Seems To End:  
That's When You Know,  
You've Lost Your Best Friend!

xxx

amy curran