

Poetry Series

Amy Jayne
- poems -

Publication Date:
2009

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

Amy Jayne(05/12/98)

Heya guys! Nice to meet you! I'm Amy. My biggest hobby is writing poems and you guys must like it aswell. When I found this amazing website (which was 31/10/09) I was on here 24/7. I know it sounds crazy but this website is my life! I love ! : -) I come from Bradley Stoke but now i have 2 homes because my mum and dad split up. So now I have a home in Cardiff and a home in Berkeley which is in Gloucestershire! Lots of hard words here! I don't miss my mum and dad not being together anymore but I get upset when I'm at my mums or at my dads I miss the person whose not with me! It's a little wierd but right now I'm trying to think of a poem about my mum/dad being split up and how i recovered dreadfully. Anyway, I broke my arm when I was 18 months. I write with my right hand. I have short brunette hair and I have small blue eyes. I have one sister whose name is ruby. She's adorable. If you asked me who I prefferd Peter Andre or Katie Price then I'd say 'boo-hoo' because there relationship is 101% perfetic! I dont give a damn about it. It's there crisis and to be honest it seems like the public are sorting it out for them! My biography is going to be huge when I'm older! So you'd better keep a copy of it now! Otherwise you'd have to be paying £10 for this small section! I'm soooooo only joking! If you asked me 'what's your name' nicely then I'd say 'Amy Jayne, what's yours? ' if you asked me it abruptly then i'd say 'bum-fluff! What's yours? ' hehe. Now you know half of my biography the other half will be safe inside the book! ! See you later if I'm famous! Or I just meet you randomly in the streets! Amy Jayne xxx

Autum

The leaves rustling underneath my feet,
The time that me and him will meet,
I am searching high and low,
Soon I'll have no-where to go.

I meet him on a wooden bench,
If it rains now I'll get drenched,
But then he appears suddenly beside me,
We then introduced, and walked away to have some tea.

His hand was gracefully in mine,
It felt like he had stopped the time,
We crossed the road and saw Starbucks straight ahead,
The I heard a screech and I hit my head.

When I woke up in the morning,
I saw a man beside me was yawning,
It was him! The man I met in the park!
When he saw me awake he gained such a spark.

He started to cry as I did too,
'I didn't even know what had happened to you! '
I hugged him hard and realised that this was awesome,
Its all thanks to Autum!

Amy Jayne

Beautiful Butterfly

You drift to me,
Like an eagle swooping down through the sky,
You come to me,
And you sit on my shoulder like a magpie,
You kiss my cheek,
All so sweetly,
But suddenly there's a whisper in my ear,
You have to go and disappear.
I cry and complain that you cannot leave,
But you cannot understand,
You fly and fly,
Your wings will be flapping until you land.

Amy Jayne

Come Dine With Me

Come to my house after dawn,
Wait on the grassy lawn,
Till I open the door,
When you leave you'll want more.

Well, were going to have special buns,
For dessert we'll have tons and thousands,
Of magical sweets,
And tremendous treats,
Come dine with me.

I'll put tulips on the table,
I will turn off the cable,
And light the glossy candles,
Please remember to take off your sandals!

I'll set out the rug on the marble floor,
I'll let you in then shut the door,
You'll give me flowers,
Big as brick wall towers,
I will want more.

But then you tell me you have kids,
You go to the pub and put on bids,
You have a wife,
You have a good job,
And now you've torn my dream to shreds!

Amy Jayne

Fairy Tales

I remember reading a book about fairy tales,
I still think that men are as tough as nails,
I feel like I will be Cinderella one day,
Or maybe Sleeping Beauty in a bed I'll lay,
Maybe i'll be Snow White,
In one of Belles dresses I'll be such a sight,
I could just let my imagination run wild,
My thoughts would have to be piled!
I remember reading a book about fairy tales,
I still think that men are as tough as nails,
I feel like I will be Cinderella one day,
And now I'll just leave this poem because I have nothing left to say!

Amy Jayne

Fly Away (Nonsense)

When I fly away,
I'll bring you today,
With me you'll come,
Because I know your the one,

Flying past tree tops,
Heading to Barbados,
Holding hands by eachovers side,
Better watch out or we'll collide!

You know you can't slow down,
If you win you'll get the crown,
Better speed up don't act a clown,
Come on now were passing town!

From down below they'll think were bats,
But what we need now are flying mats,
Don't slow down you'll scare the cats,
If we finish you will complete your SATS!

We are flying!

Amy Jayne

My Angel

The glitter on his wings,
The sparkle in his eyes,
The pain in his face,
Why I have to think why,
His face is so crooked,
Why is he crying so,
I need to go up to the angel and let him know,
That he's my angel,
No-body elses just mine,
But if he doesn't love me then he'll give me a sign!

Amy Jayne

My Grandad

His nickname is jedward,
Because his last name is Edward,
He has a grey beard and grey hair,
And his wife, my grandma, they are such a pair,
He is always loving and kind,
He has an amazing mind,
My grandad is the best grandad ever,
I wouldn't want a grandad better!

Amy Jayne

Sixteen

The happy birthday bells running through my mind,
Santa was very kind,
It's the day of my sweet sixteen,
The day which your all on my team.

My mum bought me a PSP,
My dad bought me a P.C,
My nanna bought me ,
My sister bought me a new bed,
My cousins bought me a telly,
My auntie bought me food to fill my belly,
My uncle bought me a trip to go underwater in tanks,
And the present I gave was a word called thanks!

Amy Jayne

T.V

Why do we need our T.V?
When we have a P.C!
It's just causing pollution,
But we do have a solloution,
Put the T.V's in a bag,
Run around and play tag,
You'll end up in a good mood,
To get your T.V unscrewed!
So next time you watch a programme,
Get a hammer and paper scan,
Unscrew your T.V and watch iplayer on your P.C!
If all the boys and girls get into a fuss,
This is what you do to them: YOU COVER THEM IN DUST! !

Amy Jayne

The Flickering Flame

The flame flickering left, right, up and down,
All of these procedures completed without a sound,
A flame would succeed in what it could,
And whatever life would.

Just think what a single flame would feel like right now,
The privilege of being commented appreciatively like 'wow',
The flame can enlarge and grow the size of whatever size you want it to become,

Being a flame is alright for some.

A flickering flame can become anything,
From a single flicker to the privilege to sing,
The humming sound of a billion particles of light,
The bigger the flame, the better the sight.

How many candles are flickering tonight?
The dimmer when the bulbs out of sight,
It's cold when the candles disappear,
But light another match? They re-appear!

Amy Jayne