

Poetry Series

Amy Ormonde
- poems -

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Amy Ormonde(January 13 1991)

Bonjour! ! ! ! Jai mappelle Anouk. Jai Dix-huit ans.

I Have been writing poems since I was in 5th grade. I have based all my poems off of real events in my life. There is A lot of truth and troubles behind what I write. I hope you enjoy them! ! ! Have Fun! ! !

lol

Merci Beacoup,

Anouk: D

A Never Ending Sin

The sadness of the day before
Anouk, there dead
lying on the floor
i told her
some day this would happen
warned her
that he was not going to stop
until he was happy
he abused her
and bruised her
many more times than once
he released her
kissed her
and she would take him back at once
it was a never ending cycle
of anger
and bloodied pain
and i told her this would happen
i told her some day
she believed
but never did leave
and now she is dead
as all can now see
he beat her till she cried
begged for mercy
fell
than whined
he than continued
his angered embrace
as he began to slice her face
he laughed
then sighed
cut her throat
and watched her die
he laughed
as she choked
gasping for air
then stumbled back on the floor
lifeless and pale

the video tape
continues to role
as he sits there laughing
in the sight of all his control
he was never caught
no evidence against him

Now you see
what this does to me
these nightmares
and these screams
are only subtle
to everyone but me
and as i lay there crying
he walks back in again
continuing his beating
a never ending sin

Amy Ormonde

A Surreal Dream

A dim lit room
only seen by candle light
flickers of the dreary light cast shadows upon the walls
people stand around
in mid evil dress and gown
dark reds and blacks
a silence comes around
I stand there listening
to the whispers and the echos
as I walk forth toward a table
dressed finely in a lace cloth
beautiful, with food a plunder
my dreams not silencing this thunder
on the table is laid a knife
a goblet of gold with a liquid red
that shimmers in the candle light
like nothing left to be said
i stand there looking down
a sudden stir of sound
I hear it coming from the corner
I raise my head
to view the shadow
I am astonished at what I see
a most beautiful lady of high
standing next to me
her voice is low and calming
velvet through my ears
she speaks to me
' je suis aller avec tu'
a sudden flash of dread
flashes through my eyes
I grab the knife upon the table
cut my hand and cry
I hold it over the goblet of gold
watching it drip into the liquid red
i pick it up
and drink it down
fire in my eyes
burn slowly to my soul

a sorrow filled resentment
for i am lost at home
and in the unwelcoming arms I stay
watching the blood stain
the table that which once held
the goblet of gold and the liquid of red

and as I stand there watching
the picture blurs to black
a surreal dream
.....that's never coming back.....

Amy Ormonde

Angel Please Guide Me

I watch as he walks by
steadily holding in
trying not to cry

He is once again faking
that smile that holds so gently
upon his angelic face

why does he try and hide it
when he knows there is someone here
that will always help him get by it

He resides in that corner
pushing out
the people that torment
the fiends that suffocate
and trample him out

he does not know that i see
the bruises
the cuts
all over his once smooth skin

One day i could take no more
and i began to walk up to him

'poor dear boy why do you hide
these secrets that you keep inside
are ones of sorrow
fear and pain
why wont you weep for just one day'

' I am here to bare my shoulder
let you lean on it
for it will not be more bolder
than to let you bare your head
if only for a moment
than let it be than'

' I am here yo help you cry,
open up let me inside
and you will soon confide
in me with all heart
I can see it in your soul
through your eyes
now please dear boy why do you hide? '

' I hide dear lady
for you shall see
god is the only one that will help me
and he with make better my sins
and i shall rest in peace with him'

'Angel please guide me
take away this pain
Anouk, my dear angel
it must be this way'

' My poor boy
why can't you see
I am here to help you be
death will not reside this pain
please dear boy
just listen to me! '

' I cannot listen, Anouk,
My dear angel
for you must see
I am no longer eager
to live this life,
you say that it must be,
but, Anouk my dear angel,
you do not love me.'

My poor boy walked away
and i cried in disstain
for what could I say
to something so dark
but sustained by beauty

Three days later

after my poor boy left
I watched in sorrow
as i saw the last of his casket

It was proped
and filled with pain

For my dear boy
took away his own pain

Now he is away
from the life we could have made

My poor dear boy
your dear angel
anouk
has one thing left to say

My poor dear boy
you showed me that day
that my heart did love you
in many a way.

(this is dedicated to my friend adam who took his own life. R.I.P.)

Amy Ormonde

Blood Lust

They say
Death is not what it seems

It does not replace the screams
in your dreams

It does not resolve those problems
that linger along with dread

All these years Ive had
of hate
of rage
of pain
of sorrow

With one swift movement
I could no longer be here for tomorrow

and I laugh at all the saints
because they know of all this hate

if death never solved
the desires we have
or took away our pain

Then why do so many
end thier lives
because of all their hate

Why do people run
and fear it
When death is nothing but a limit

I could, could take my life today
to show these people
How Im made

To prove them wrong
to watch them cry

Blood lust
is not a crime

and as i lay here
dabating my fate

you all laugh
and scream out
'what a fake! '

But wait and see
for I am me

and the things I think
are not what you may seem

so once again
I point and sing

blood lust
is not a crime
Now what do you think!

Amy Ormonde

Blood Script

man: *laughing* 'Really your serious? '

woman: 'Yes, i didnt cheat i swear i love you why would i do something and risk what we have? '

man: ' Listen boo, I know the game you think you've 'played' so well. I am sure you had no clue'

woman: 'really and what game is that... the same one you played to get to me back....listen hun you think revenge is sane....this stupid game.....is one you have always played. I'm sick of dealling loving you when your the one that can't stay true. i can't believe you blame this on me when hun your the one thats playing me.'

What a conversation
love is so hardcore
but can't you see this confrontation
is standing at your door
i remember when you said
Dear i love you so
and kissed me for the first time
and promised to never let me go
and then by some mistaken rumor
your love seemed to fade
and your friends told you i cheated
and i you couldnt help but blame
and i tried to make you sit
and listen to my words
and all you said is you don't believe
well my dear here is whats true
i never did cheat on you
and leaving that note in my locker
behind
was a cruel joke that never kept me blind
as soon as i read it i rushed to your house
but i was to late
for you had already dealt
and as i walked in

through that bedroom door
i began to break down
when i saw you lying on that floor
the blood that surrounded you
was something i could not endure
a knelt by your side
and began to cry
a few minutes sooner
and you'd still be alive
well my dear adam
i only blame myself
for you took your life
for no reason at all
I did not cheat
i did love you true
my dear adam
you did not have to go
and as i sit here
tear ridden
i look at your picture
thinking
why didn't
why didn't you think
why didn't you listen
but it is my fault dear adam
for i should have tried harder
to make you listen
it is my fault dear adam
your blood script is written.

Amy Ormonde

Burning Ashes

We climbed the highest mountains
and reached for the sky
our spirits ran as one
it was only you and I

our souls flew for so many years
we had all our dreams planned
we had no worries and fears
paradise was so close at hand

we had the world on our side
but the drugs led you astray
when you got stoned and high
you through it all away

you never wanted to listen
that doing drugs was wrong
now death has taken you in
i stand alone for you are gone

its painful to see you go
dont you see you lived a lie
damn it! ! ! why didnt you say no? !
your gone forever now
say good-bye

and pointless addiction
deadly ammunition
wasnt much of a life you led
you got stoned
and you got high
you drugged yourself to death

you were there when i cried
i was there when you strained
but now you left me to die
only your ashes remain.....

Amy Ormonde

Can Somebody Understand?

A dropp of wet
A tear
A shrill of dread
A fear

All these things
you think not for
but of
I have fear for many things
but death among all
is not one of them
and now i sit and ponder
as the life i cant understand begins to wonder
after life is there really more?
or do we just lay as a decaying corpse?
do you know what is really true?
or do we just sit trying to get through?
can somebody tell me
is death all we live for
or is my life worth something more?
I can't understand
I'm so confused
i'm lost in absence
of my own doubt
i'm losing control
I can't figure this out
can somebody understand
will anyone help?

Amy Ormonde

Challenge Life (Beat The System)

too much jealousy
too much cocaine
too much insanity
too much pain
too many warriors
in too many fights
too many lovers
alone through the nights
too many friends
who've gone away
too much explaining
but not enough to say
too many seek
but never find
too much love
that tends to be blind
too many insecure
who suspect the worst
too much waiting
when you're never first
too many unfaithful
too many confusions
too many questions
but not enough conclusions
life is so challenging
yet you should feel enchanted
it's just that too many
take this life for granted.

Amy Ormonde

Confessions

Angel of darkness
or angel of light?
A demon aware
or running from fright?

AN open casket
or a closed tomb?
Am I self inflicting
an already open wound?

Am I really self-suppressing this rage
or letting it build up
to wreak havoc on another day?

Am I crying these tears
or acting them out
letting them condense
to form something else?

Am I loving for love
or just reading it through
In the end will I ever truly love you?

How we all remorse ourselves
with unending questions
is it really worth the worry
if you already know my answers

How you all see through me
like an unopened book
Judging by cover
by beauty and looks
but really does it matter
how my story ever ends?
Forever is forever
and my end is the end.

Amy Ormonde

How Love Has To Deal

I'm Sorry for the pain i've caused
the tears we had to cry
the anger we felt so deep inside
the torment and the anguish that stood at our sides

But what more can I say
we had to deal
it was the only way

Now what happens
do we sit
or keep on laughing
are you going for the door
leaving me helpless on the floor
or can we work this out
between us and no one else

Your going to leave me here crying and in pain
you caused this bleeding and bruising and shame
Why can't you of all people understand?

I did nothing wrong
you upset me so i'm the one that has to fall?
Why must you swing and aim
When your the one that failed playing your own game!

Why must you be so violent
it's a shame

But in the end I'm the one to blame
For this pain
for this bleeding and this beating
Because I'm the one that took it all
I'm the one that loved and failed
So this beating is a remeberance
of how love has to deal.

Amy Ormonde

Losing My Mind

Take care of what you ask of me
cuz i can't say no
and even though i'm aware
I can't stop at all
Why am I so helpless
among all these things
Why am I lost
in the bleeding of this cut
Why won't it stop the pain and fear
I am wondering why I no longer see you here
left in the dread of my tears
you had to leave
just to watch me fall and break
the broken glass that I have to pick up
can never be repaired
I'm losing my mind
and you just stand and watch as our two worlds collide
How could you be so hearless and cruel
the words you said
still buzzing in my ears
ringing in my head
I'm lost in translation
I'm looking for love
Not a mental notation
and for what waits above
for me I can no longer can handle
your killing me
and all you say is
you don't love me
well these tears
and all the waisted years
losing my mind is just another
.....last stand.....

Amy Ormonde

Love Thrown Away

How are things this difficult
once so serene and free
now buried in a guilt ridden stream

Why are you so tempting
the lust I feel for you regretting

Who is this your trying to be
why are you trying to be something your not just for me

dont change
dont hesitate
dont begin to belong to something you hate

Stop It
Youll see
I dont like what your doing to me

Im leaving
im gone

Stop being an ass
stop trying to show off
its killing what we had
what we fought so hard to keep

Your drowning me your overbearing
back off
step away
I cant stand to let you see this pain

the tears
the surrendering

what happend to you
why are you acting this way
why cant you see what your throwing away

Just stop it

please listen
IM SICK OF REPEATING

Step back
walk away
take another look
at the love your throwing away.

Amy Ormonde

My Death

I can watch as this blood trickles slowly
leaving my once pale skin
red and lonely

I can see as my life leads before me
I can feel how my troubles once bore me
I can die in this presence of lonely
feeling once more the satisfaction, if only

I can fall just like the rest once before me
I can be buried 6feet under, adore me
I can watch as you cry to the paster
I can see as the lies growing faster and faster

I can see the fakes that stand before me
weeping thier tears
as if they once adored me

I can see my laughter
because I know
for once in my life
I can finally be alone
without this fakeness
and these fears

I can crumble down to nothing
and wipe away these tears.....

Amy Ormonde

My Light Winged Angel (Leslie Alexis)

My light winged angel guided me
through the torment of another being
He made me see
My 'loved one'
did not love me

He cared and he listened
he did not hesitate
when I told my situation

He sat and said
'listen now'
' Abuse is how they get control'
'You must leave him'
'You must get help'

well my angel
I now see
what you were always trying to tell me

You took me under your wing
and made me understand
That real love was not going to be with this man

My light winged angel
you saved my life

And to you I would give
every sacrifice

My light winged angel
I love you so

My light winged angel you do not know

How much you did
and saved my life
I sat there still
doing nothing but crying

and thinking....'Thank-You'.....

And this my light winged angel
is what you did for me
you saved my life
and took me in

My light winged angel
I cannot say
how much I owe today
for your kindness
and this I must say

I love you
My light winged angel
Friends forever
and today

(hehehehehe Thank you leslie sooooo soooo sooooo very much, you are a true
and dear friend, and forever, I hope we will always be)

Amy Ormonde

My Wing You May Have

My blessed child
when reading this,
I smiled.
I smiled for the while.
Angel of mine
My wing you may have
For its exist but to shelter
To shelter you.
Angel of mine
My wing you may have
For you have given them to me
Angel of mine
My wing you may have
I promise to be there for eternity.
My blessed child
when reading this,
I smiled.
I smiled for the while.

By: Leslie Alexis

Amy Ormonde

Northern Cross (Inspired)

The flowing current
slowly wading
the break of water slowly fading
off the shore
to bare the sand
that once was walked on
by many a man

I stand alone
watching this beauty
surface and then reemerge

I see now how it works
this gentle rapping sound
against the worlds soft earth

No matter what it touches
it's beauty always flows
leaving behind more beauty to show

It does not care
that I am staring
standing here
watching in admeration
as to how something so lovely cannot seem to stare

I begin walking
watching
as this tide flows in
waiting
wanting
to see it again

But I release
to let it be
leaving it
to tend to the sand
as it washes away the footprints
of many a man.

Amy Ormonde

Not Finished

jumping for joy
or increased gain
running to love
or from it
increasing happiness
or regretting it

some questions remain unspoken
some words unbroken
some heart lost
in a secretive dance
but is it of love
or a summer romance?
Is this dedication
or a mental notation
are you here for long
or just for a song

you see know
don't you?
Love is sometimes never true
and in the end
when it's all through
you will look again
won't you?

well trust your heart
for I did mine
and in the end
I truly found someone
worth my time <3

Amy Ormonde

On My Own

I wish i felt a fear
a shrill
of dread
a tear
but all i bear
is this fear
of burden, of anger, of depression and rage
i can only fake my happiness
to cry
to care
i dont need help in independent i can heal myself
I dont need your hand to help me up
im able to stand
I dont need your love
im pushing you out
i need you though to do one thing
To leave me alone to let me be
To set free myself
to take care of what ive delt
on my own without any help
i need to grieve
to mourn
To discover what ive lost
of sadness helped to cure
but so suddenly its gone
so greatly its gained
my shadow ashamed for what in doing to myself
the blood thats leaving my skin
the ground im sitting on turning red
now im dead
drowned in my sorrow
in my blood
I can now retreat from the dread
and join you once again
to talk of fake fate and fear
to relize the burden ive been and become
now that im gone my conscience leaves and only now am i
..... Set Free.

Amy Ormonde

Originated Carnation

Though the soul cannot be taken
by the blood that had just dripped within it and passed that poison onto the soul
it once created
to be confined by dreams of torment and sacrifice
by tormented soul only goes but without one beat
among thy heart and drops into the hole that once deceased
could be brought upon again
and the originated carnation that once bloomed so lonely
has now been tossed into flames
my spirits lifting even farther into the
realm it did not create
my soul
my wings
my desperate calling
now i know my tormented soul has now been taken back to my home

and every time i make a sound
my wings will no longer soar
i know what i wasn't thinking
my name and my sweet fate
is now carelessly bound and burned away.

Amy Ormonde

Pleasure Was No Sympathy

I was quiet in the corner
He whispered in my ear
'come closer'

I could feel something begin to race
My heart
as it began to swell and violently pace

He picked me up
then sat me down
on the edge of my bed
I began looking around

I was fearing at first
as to what we may do

and then he walked back into the room

His angelic face
peering down at me
touching me gently
as though to swoo me

Hey laid me back
kissing softly
I could feel temptation
as my heart bethrough me

He began to arouse me gently
and softly
as though to know what it was I had wanted

as he caressed
I could feel the pleasure
all through me

watching in silence
he knew what to do to me

as slowly as we had began
our clothes where off
and we had sinned

he was watching in enjoyment
amazed by all his poise

and then he laid on top of me
and I began to moan

Pleasure was no sympathy
as I am glad at what he did to me

and i laid there in his arms
he said ' I love you'
and I was gone

Amy Ormonde

Sorry I'M Pissed .

flaming
disengaging
hostile
recreation
pain
what else is there to gain
people being crudely cut
democrats
republics
F*%K them all
their just a part
I cant stand
these half strung a.....
really why do they get treatment
when all they do is slure
untrue comments
all they do its and complain
really their all i hate
just sitting there
high an mighty
really all you do
is spite me
the things you need to know
you @*%^&
is there is going to be a fit
of rage and anger
a rising up
a new generation
you dont seem to give a F%^&
but all you do is sit and complain
on your lazy a**es
all day
why should innocent ppl be cut
when your getting raises
and a sh%% load of luck

Amy Ormonde

Special Dedication (Adam: ())

'Missing all the happiness
thinking of the laughter
missing the very best
saying it'll get better
thinking of how it use to be
missing what seems gone
dying with the emptiness
your memory lingers on.....'

Amy Ormonde

Starry Skys

I am sitting
stareing at these star filled skys
wondering
pondering
Asking my self why

I sit and think
how lucky I must be
to have a friend
who has taught me
many a wonderful thing

Amy Ormonde

Tears

Im lost
Confused
Unopened
I did something I should have never
Now I sit and wait in sorrow
For a another unopen letter
Why must I be so stupid
Why cant I just let live and be
Why must I torment me?
Where is this rage
going to end
When are these tears
going to begin
I see now what I should Have did
I should have let you
Throw and hit
I should have let you have your fit
I should have let you
Have your way
But in the end
all I must say
Is Im the one that took you in
Im the one that let you sin
Imthe one you Hit and beat
and these tears that flow are coming from me
and as they flow
I will see
You were never ment to be!

Amy Ormonde

The Blade

In my dreams
I lye in wake
Waiting apou another fate

I watch as all Ive done an seen
Begins to repeat in front of me

I begin to shake, Tremble, and cry
as what i see is but half the lie

How do these threats come soo far forth
creating for me an once burdend curse

Now I see how uncontrolable this can be
as I begin to see how this death will always be

as I lay there I can see how dreams have come to me
as i lay there I can see my death has burdend me
as i lay there I can feel
the sharpness of these pains
the blade of never ending lies
cuting straight through me

Amy Ormonde

The Burdend Black Rose

It's twisted I know
But true
I can only feel love when i'm dreaming it through
While this rose that burdens me
is lying on my chest
I watch as people stare at my loneliness
I sit up stunned as they walk past
Growing fear inside
The red rose wilts as the black rose blooms
Please come back
turn what was once red back again
Take away this hate that stays,
As the black rose waits in silentness,
as I decay beneath its beauty,
I need love but I can't feel it,
Won't except it,
I need to open up but the black rose holds me still
love is what i'll never get,
I know it's twisted but true I can only feel love when i'm dreaming it through
The black rose burdens me
until I decay,
\then the black rose turns back to red
to reap me once again
another time left once more among the dead.

Amy Ormonde

The Way We Use To Be

I love to live and live to love
but how can I love if your far from.....
the way we use to live and breath
Why must we forget these truths these dreams

I surrender to my weakness
to have all feelings decrease
just to have your presence here again
would only endanger me

but i love this love too much
and treasure all that time
i'd never give it up
if I had no reason why

but in the end
it all does sparse
and the question that lies before us is....
could our love ever part?

I guess it's true
I and you
Our loves to strong
to cut it through

So must we wait
or can't you see
the stories done
this is the end of you and me.

Amy Ormonde

This Ring

This ring on my finger
is a sign of love and truth
this ring on my finger
is a sign of love from you
and i sit here
and stare
as the beauty is surpresses
begins sturring everywere
cropping out imaginations
for me and you to share
its a gift that brings wedding bells
white doves
and the gifts of peacful song
its a gift that brings children
a caring home
...a dog....
its the fun times
and the sad
its the love we will always have
it's me and you
and love that's true
and this long life ahead of you.

Amy Ormonde

Ticking Time Bomb

My heart it races
Quickly paces
opening up doors to many new places

I watch as i tremble
shake with grief
as the ticking time bomb
gets ready to release

I can feel it pumping
gradually jumping
taking off in a heat filled function

Its tired
and draining

what did i do
I cant help but explain it

it was a crime of love
a passion of hate

but what could i do
with no time to debate

we jumped on eachcother
like a rainstorm with thunder

our bodies colliding
in a heat so inviting

or passion uncontrolled
as we started to flow

the juices of love
so delicately flowing
as the pleasure between us keeps steadily growing

and then all

of a sudden
the time bomb explodes

releasing
a pleasant noise
of kisses and moans.

Amy Ormonde

Walk Away

How things seem to shadow
the love in your eyes
and how that day we spoke
I could see that, loving, die

and as I stood there waiting
for a dream that never showed
I began to cry
for you said you had to go

I begged for you to stay
look at me, not away
stop walking in the wrong direction
and take a stand by me

you spoke your words
filled with hate and rage
and then began to walk away
I broke down a million times
listening to my unobserved cry
thinking of that last seen picture

you on the floor
blood spilled and drained
A high scream of pain
a tear filled eye for rage

how could you be so stupid
unthoughtful
unaware
why did you listen
to the people that were never there

the rumors spread
the slander done

but was it really all that fun
did it amuse you to take your life
did you die in happiness

among that dull lit light?

How did you know that what you did was right?

how did you know-

when you could take a life?

how could you do this

it's so unfair

how could you leave me standing there?

how could you make me watch the ending?

Taking your life 'very upsetting'

and now I sit here thinking

how could you walk away

if you never read the ending?

Amy Ormonde

What Happens When Nightmares Turn Real?

What happens when nightmares turn real the nice dreams u once had are now
dreams of dread the quiet moments in your head filled
with screams and then laughs of terror people get killed harmed of
injured

but then what happens when fantasy becomes reality and sorrow overcomes the
world and silence drops from the sky like the way ur gonna die and u see whats
going on is nothing but the lullaby of a tormenting song

the fear you never had once comes back to u again and ur flag of freedom burns
in ur prescence as u walk down the street soaked with blood filled tears you
realize yous dreams are now real but what happens when u realize your dreams
are now real

but then again what happens when you figure out u control your nightmares then
what happens when what you just saw u did

what happens when nightmares turn real what happens after you know that you
control the dread? ?

Amy Ormonde