

Poetry Series

**Amy rhian Oleary**  
**- poems -**

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# Amy rhian Oleary(15-01-87)

# A Decision Better Made!

Everyday she couldn't wait for nightfall,  
To watch moonlight reflect his eyes just one more time,  
Yet one more time but 'yes' she knew that he would call,  
And carry on their dream so full of lies,

They'd watch that same moon in the swell of the starry water,  
Such a beauty apart of their lives,  
They shared the sadness masked by laughter,

She hated to think her love had just been waisted,  
Given years to a guy who's heart had turned to ice,  
One side a secret love her heart had already tasted,  
Such a gamble both were willing to pay the price,

It was hard to watch a loved one hate upon you,  
When you're self feel a victim to love and shame,  
This girl she walked and chose but virtue,

And watched her loved ones move in with love life games,  
Her reason was if she had chosen either,  
She would spend her life trying to remove the chains.

Amy rhian xx

Amy rhian Oleary

## A Picture Painted Clear

A tear from my eye, like blood from my heart, they never saw me cry, even when so far apart, still now they see me giggle, only then I would be joking, now they read my riddles to find my heart was truly broken! They'd look so deep inside me to see some sort of tear, to somehow find what I would hide, a picture painted clear, my body it was wasting, my backbone broke in 2, so sweet to bitter tasting from defending things I did not do! So badly bruised yet so tight lip'd now they see a different pattern, a taste of poison in which I had been dipped, I sighed my soul to Satan! Awaiting my turn when my heart will tell tales, truths about each and every one, only then I will be smiling for days, as my heart now belongs to sweet heaven above!

Amy rhian Oleary

# Boomer Boy!

Oh boomer boy, oh boomer boy,  
i loved you from the first time i held you,  
an unforgettable sigh you gave,  
when you had found a mother to love you,

they gave you life so you could take lives away,  
but that way you'd not live many days,  
so i taught you that there was more to life,  
we even walked hours in the rain,

a girl and her dog, your my favourite best friend,  
you just sit there and listen to me speak,  
you know all my deepest dark secrets,  
now they threaten to take you away, how could they?  
if you were a human we would die the same day  
we would die and have no regrets,  
i look at your face all wrinkled and white,  
i embrace your big head so tight,  
i tell you i love you, i do,  
although all the hard times you do make us laugh,  
above all,  
i wish you would let me give you a bath!

for my beautiful American bulldog Boomer! ! !

Amy rhian O'leary

# Dark Heaven! !

Oh dark heaven, take me away  
Place me in to that sky above  
away from this evil disgrace,

My heart has gone numb,  
because of your thoughtless missuse,

they say it only takes a dosen  
to get so far into space,  
My life at an end moving alone at a slow steady pace'

i turn to look at your picture,  
but by now i cant even see your face,  
Oh dark heaven my soul  
you can take forever,  
my eyes will still belong to earth,  
for their i was once a begger,  
a begger for lust and love and peace,

for their i did not find,  
my only love is far gone now,  
stolen from me i was so blind,

Although i leave my heart with you,  
my soul belongs to heaven,  
i've found a way to breath again,  
with a love that is so true,  
i only took eight or nine,  
but the packet said no more than two,

really their is no headache no sore throat or muscular pain,  
it was my sanity i needed to save,  
a coward by name,  
an angel by night,  
no! i could no longer be brave.

Good night, sweet dreams good night my babe,  
cos up here you can't ring or write letters,

but my eyes are there with you leading the way through,  
binding you tight with my feathers,  
i love you sweetheart i just hate this pain,  
Good night, sweet dreams, sweetheart, goodbye!

Amy rhian Oleary

# Heaven Is Too Far To Run!

D you know how long i've been waiting  
for the corner to come my way?  
i'm stuck in this narrow stairwell,  
fighting through each and every day,

they tell me its just a little while,  
the corner its not far to come,  
but all i really want to do is sit,  
cos heaven is too far to run,

i try to look for an opening, they seem to pop up now and then,  
the sighns are coloured bright purple,  
but when i decide to take a chance,  
i end up doing a pearfect circle,

how come i feel no emotion,  
i have felt each pillar and post,  
maybee its a good thing after all  
that you are the the thing i miss most!

Amy rhian Oleary

# Love

Miracles come from love,  
the solutions that come from loving mind are without limit,  
the willingness to love- to regard eachother as equals- is the assence behind all  
miracle making!

Amy rhian Oleary

# My Angel! !

Oh heaven kindly gave you away,  
for my protection,  
to bring me peace and direction,  
so sighthly you led my soul beside yours,  
i slept bound in your feathers so true,

my heart it felt love but for whom not a clue,  
that presence so warm all along it was you,

if the sun may beam upon my fair skin,  
you were my shadow that cooled me within,  
if life led me star, you came along and showed me the way,  
only to find the softness upon my skin each night, could only be you!  
your wings bound me tightly from the wind when it blew,  
the continuouse beating of my heart was for the love you felt for me too,  
they threatned to take you back if you let that love shine through,  
i was inlove with an angel and i never even knew,  
i am apart of you as you are apart of me,  
now we bound eachother every day,  
so with my love and his feathers we can both finally love free! !

Amy rhian Oleary

# My Bottle Of Port.

One day it came to me clear,  
A glass bottle was floating so near,  
At the top it said 'don't have no fear'  
It looked just like a bottle of beer,

Unknown to me this was my fate,  
That inside contained something so great,  
I got home and I pulled out the cork,  
And fished out a letter with a fork,  
On the back it said ' dear finder of my port'  
'Please save me you are my saviour,  
keep me and I will repay ya'

So I took my own bottle of port,  
And drank it without any thought,  
I glued my heart to a picture of me,  
Then I threw it far out to sea,

Did the keeping of his bottle save him?  
Or did I need to find him to save his lonely skin?  
So I have kept his, who will keep mine?  
Now I only wait, am I wasting my time?

Amy rhian Oleary

## Now Your Gone

A touch of your lips for the very last time, you gave me a part of you and told me it was mine, you stroked my cheek all sodden in tears, and told me I'd be in all of your dreams, I dreamed alot of things, you were always there, my feelings so strong longing for your smile, I wanted you to come hold me a little while, at times I see you and look into those eyes, I see memories from the past, Even though deep inside I new it couldn't last, but afer all this time we still stand so far apart, holding so close eachothers hearts.

Amy rhian Oleary

# Recipe For A Beautiful Daughter! Writen By My Mother Kerry Olearyx

2lb of self raising flowers,  
4lb of warm, loving heart,  
1/2lb of sugar sweet to eat,  
2 oz of beautiful eyes that sparkle like diamonds!

1/2lb of tuff cookie crumble,  
3lb of the sweetest smile,  
that just melts your heart,  
4oz of mixed sayings,  
that confuses us all,  
and a touch of blue dye for decoration,

to prepare!  
mix the flowers and the sugar together,  
to get that rich looking texture,  
rub in the tuff cookie crumble,  
to help it stand up by itself,  
dropp in those beautiful eyes,  
that sparkle like diamonds,  
add the sweetest smile,  
and mixed sayings,  
heat in the oven for 22years,  
then drizzle the wonderfull blue dye over the cake,  
this is served in a bed of love and tender care.

this isn't m&s cake,  
this is my beautiful cake, Amy xx  
with love happy birthday xx

Amy rhian Oleary

## Red With Insecurity.

Like hot burning fire it rises,  
from beneath the surface of my skin,  
they are all aware of this constant breakout,  
it comes when you laugh cry giggle or shout,

this is insecurity which is deadly when it kicks in,  
because red it comes when it knows it can win,  
the more you think of it the more it continues to deal you such sh-t,

green with envy and that's enough,  
only those back down who aren't so tough,  
grey with greed,  
but not those who succeed,  
good things come to those who wait,  
and evil will come to those who hate,  
so black for those who won't let you be,  
red it comes with insecurity,  
yellow for those who look to the sun  
and blue for those who make bad things come,  
a colour for every thing that I feel, so what is the colour that can help you to  
heal?

Amy Rhian O'Leary

# Rollin The Dice!

Now c'mon baby smile for me,  
yor eyes they smile for me too,  
you glow with beautiful sunshine,  
your glowing just like the moon.

Now c'mon baby give me a grin,  
i miss those ips every day,  
i just want to hear you laugh again,  
baby i just wanna play.

you used to look at me proudly,  
now i feel youve lost your way,  
baby im proud of you always,  
so dont worry we'll be ok.

so c'mon and show me a smile  
sparkle those stunning blue eyes,  
stand tall, turn to me,  
and we and carry on rollin that dice!

Amy rhian Oleary

# Through Childish Eyes

Waiting in the doorway as she so softly whispers,  
i'll exp; ain to you when your older dear,  
now have you seen your sister?

walking down my childhood street,  
things just havn't changed,  
Even through now mature eyes,  
i see great memories around, all pictures framed,

Evidence of tree top swings,  
still knotted on the branch,  
embeded in the thick old bark,  
are my initials followed by a nice big heart.

Walking past the 'great big stones',  
still begging to be climbed,  
all edged and textured weathered holes,  
once big enough to hide behind,

now i sit upon the stone,  
my legs swing in and out,  
as i remember this was once my throne, to banish all thats bad,  
the bushes are trimmed and the fence is all fixed,  
the grass still kept well groomed,

i think back to the question i had once asked my mother,  
and why she never could answer,  
her life so cruel instead of so beautiful,  
my mother she never told a lie,  
this pretty sweet world and life wherever you look,  
mam, why do we all have to die?

Amy rhian Oleary

# Where Do You Take Your Heart On Fridays And Saturdays?

Monday we are just starting over,  
Replaying our lives like puppets to each other,  
we held each other so close yesterday  
But by wednesday we are just living seperately in our own little way,  
Thursday you can hardly stand my voice,  
then friday comes you've made youre choice.

Where do you take your heart when you take it from my arms?  
who do you give it to when its left my shaking palms?  
does she take good care of it like i did all these years?  
when you give it and she takes it, do you tell her that its hers?  
like you told me it was mine,  
and ive held it all this time.

So when you arrive home with your heart on a saturday night,  
and its past the tick of time,  
please can i remind you that this heart was once mine,  
im glad urs is still special because mine it feels raw,  
so from me can you tell your heart i dont want it any more!

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