

Poetry Series

andrea crane
- poems -

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Inferno

the heat i had
the coldness he gave
once so filled with love
now filled with shame
i live in a world
some people call home
if only that were true
i cant believe it now.
i had friends like everyone else
the man took that privilege as his hand.

once what was filled with warmth
is now filled with ice
my life is a inferno, all filled with lies.

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Life

for slash, one more to add. a dagger dipped n angel, bred. a sword made of gold,
fired by angel, blood dripping down to a stop am i alive or am i dead?

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Life (Final Part)

he is alone, alone in a cave a man made. alone and frightened. that is called life,
a death that sounds warm and welcoming, called suicide.

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Life (Par 3)

his humanity, along with his soul was lost within the clutches of the dark lord. he
twisted and pried thus making greed. he teared and twisted once more, thus
making lust.

he shot and he killed thus making death, but not death

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Life (Part 2)

is face, discolored and fierce, held the dagger for all the worth. he dragged it down, along with his soul, clipping off is humanity for noone but the dark lord.

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Life (Part 4)

his bod lifted, soul no more, now in the light of our lord. he burned and he
writhed, soon making hope. but soon ended, soon making his death.

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The End

the coldness i had, the heat he gave.
once filled with shame, now filled with hope.
he brought me back to a place i thought i couldnt call home.
he took my hand, and cought out my despair, saying three words i was bound to hear.

i love you
i love you
i love you
i love you
i love you

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