

Poetry Series

Anna Greco
- poems -

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Anna Greco(December 31 1993)

Hey, I'm Anna.
I'm just your ordinary teenage girl.
I'm not exactly the happiest person, but, I try.
Most of my poems are very depressing.
No, that doesn't make me emo.
I choose to use writing as a coping process.

I am welcome to looking at any poems but I will give my honest opinion, that may be good or bad on your part.

I started writing when I was thirteen. It all started when a girl was making fun of me and I made it through with my writing. Every poem has a story behind it.

I am open to making friends so send me a message if you want to chat. (:

An Upcoming War

Rumbling erupted throughout the ground.
The grass and trees stood still.
The damp field grew to become no sound.
Fire against your own will.

Light and wings from one end.
Rays shooting across the sky.
You know it's beautiful, but it's only for pretend.
Seeing is just another lie.

Darkness and grins from the other.
Shadows crawling across the floor.
Don't be afraid, brother.
We'll show you what you're here for.

With a struck match, a fire attacks the trees.
Darkness and light within the ring of fire.
Those who are weak fall on their knees.
Honesty balances out with the liar.

Trapped and caged, the opposing forces became massive.
The ground leaks a murky red.
Their unique tactics were known to be creative.
And this is the story of the war between the living and the dead.

12/17/09

Anna Greco

Being Dead Has Its Disadvantages In The After Life

See that fire?
That's my rage,
See those smiles?
They're fake.

The pictures?
They're burning.
All the memories,
Thrown in the fire,
Burning with rage.

All my dreams?
Drowning in tears.
Friends?
None, betrayal.

Happiness?
No such thing.
Me?
I'm dead.

Anna Greco

Buried Alive

I'm breaking out.
Clawing at the maple wood.
There is no reason to cry and shout.
Even though, I would if I could.

Slam my fist, feeling the blood fall.
The aroma of iron poisons the air.
I can't see anything at all.
But now I see you everywhere.

A deep chuckle escapes my lips.
The speckles of light dancing in the darkness.
The pathway to my sanity tips.
I may as well be lifeless.

I can hear my heart's fading beats.
It's becoming difficult to think.
I can feel a distant numbness in my feet.
I swear, I just saw an eye wink.

And now, my heart officially breaks into two.
I hope you feel some dread.
I'll be back, I promise you.
I'll be coming back from the dead.

-Poem One of the Revenge Promise series. The second one is Here Goes Nothing.

Anna Greco

Counting The Stars

I can't be superman and save you.
There's nothing left to save.
Your sinister side split your heart into two.
To think I still care for you.

I sit here and count the stars.
The same number as my scars.
The moon still shines ever so brightly.
You not being here isn't something I should take lightly.

I was on the ground,
But to you I was all around.
Funny how that went.
You left me with your scent.

You were here.
Only long enough for you to eventually disappear.
I don't know whether I should go back now.
I think it's something my mind wouldn't allow.

You used to be so bold.
Now just looking at you makes me feel cold.
What happened to you?
I knew you were too good to be true.

So now I just sit here and pick at the grass.
And wonder if you ever had any class.
I guess I can blame myself for this.
How I fell for a kiss.

I was engulfed by light.
It took away my sight.
It was your fault for leading it to be true.
It was mine for believing you.

So I continue to watch my fallen tears.
It is time to face all my fears.
I can't be superman and save myself.
There's nothing left to save.

Anna Greco

Enjoy It While You Can Hun, You'LI Be Expected To Wake Up Sooner Than You Think

My smiles were becoming less fake.
Laughing was becoming more real.
Pain was fading,
It was getting brighter,
I was finally happy.

I knew this wouldn't last long,
So I enjoyed it while I could.
Everything seemed so pure,
No more depresson or suffering.

Just happiness, joy, love.
Everything was going right,
Heading straight into my dream.
I expected it to happen everyday.

But then...
A wrong turn approached.
I never expected it to end so soon.
My dream crashed into pieces.

My happiness scattered all over again,
Pain replaced it.
I am broken once more.
And now nothing is right.

I realized that dreams crash and fall.
I learned that they are never meant to stay stable.
There's a reason why they call it dreaming...
Your always expected to wake up.

Anna Greco

Filling The Empty

I'm filled with desperation.
To feel your skin graze against mine.
I'll recite you my declaration,
over another glass of crimson wine.
Cheers to not be sober,
as we fall asleep,
on this fair October.
Together so deep,
to awake with a startle.
For what have I done,
a headache begins to settle.
To realize we had a bit too much fun.
I stumble out to gather my clothes,
and lecture my frustration,
for I have exposed.
I'm empty with desperation.

Anna Greco

Glowing Balloons

Here I am again,
In a memory that I wish I could replay.
If only I could see you once more.
Just to picture your face again.
Only if I could before the strike of cancer.

Voices surrounded us that day.
Family and friends wishing me 'happy birthday'.
I just smiled back, but ran off with you to a different room.
You pointed at the keyboard at the computer, showing me what to do.
A game showed on the screen, the colors attracted my attention.

Up meant jump, down meant... Oh, I didn't get it.
Your patience helped me through.
A call of your name ended the glow of the party.
A hug good-bye, I knew that I would see you again.

A few weeks later, I didn't know your sickness would harm you.
My parents started leaving me home alone.
I wanted to see you in the hospital.
I was told that a five year old girl isn't allowed to visit.

My mother and father had a sorrow face as they arrived home.
Dried tears stung my mother's cheeks.
Confusion swept over, when they called me to their room.
The door clicked shut and my nightmare had begun.

Their voices were calm, but their eyes told the truth.
They told me that my cousin was not going to make it.
I didn't understand it, until they pointed out a true statement.
'Your never going to see him again, Anna.'

My throat started to sting and tears raced down my cheeks.
Tommy. My cousin. Dead.
He was only 10, and his birthday was only a few days away.
Why?

My mother cradled me in her arms as the storm past.

Tears welled in her eyes too.
I gently pushed her away, and ran to my room.
I finally realized that the party was my last good-bye.

It turns out, I had another chance to say farewell.
Years later, I was dragged to my nonnie's house.
We made little cards and tied them on balloons.
I poured all my anger, pain and sadness into that one card, 'I love you, Tommy.'

We all went outside, with our multi-colored balloons.
I stared up, blinking away a few tears, staring at the cloudless sky.
Other people let go of their balloons, it was a wonderful sight.
I finally released mine, and let everything go,
but I gripped on something else, happiness.

Anna Greco

Here Goes Nothing

Circles of light dim your eyes,
As they soar past the northern skies.
Twiddly doo, twiddly dum.
Your time has yet to come.

Hearts graze another,
Such a silent act upon the other.
I started this before you left,
After all, I'm accusing you with theft.

Take a step back.
Can you hear your bones crack?
I'm not done yet.
This is only your first set.

Do you remember us?
Are you ready to confess?
The knife touches your neck.
You look like a nervous wreck.

Let me go back farther,
Or should I not bother?
After all, you should remember,
What happened last November.

Uttered words of love,
You were visited by the dove.
Sweet, sweet, caressing words,
Our happiness was up to two thirds.

Now, tell me, little boy.
What made you end up treating me like a little toy?
Day by day, I started to gather dust.
You ended up treating me with such disgust.

Oops, my knife seems to have slipped.
This wasn't part of my script.
But I enjoy it, nonetheless.
Now it's your turn to confess.

If I recall, you took it all back.
It was all a surprise attack.
Slowly but surely, you were gone.
It's fine, cause I was already withdrawn.

That's not an excuse for your cold play,
Yet you did a marvelous display.
Now, my dear, please hold still.
I'm going in for the kill.

Anna Greco

His Declaration

I never knew how it all can start so slow.
A heartfelt conversation.
But we'll never really know,
And see how it turned to a loving dedication.

It all started with a smile.
Feeling a strong connection.
It'll be worthwhile.
So close to perfection.

I knew it was right.
Just one look says it all.
It can turn the world black and white.
The color was enough to recall.

Such a pretty face.
With a tint of old fashion.
I couldn't wait for his embrace.
We felt such a passion.

I never knew it how it all can start so fast.
A mixing emotion.
But we'll look in the past.
And see how it turned to a loving devotion.

11/23/2009

Anna Greco

Home-Run

One, two.

I have a right to blame everything on you.

Three, four,

You're going to find some more.

Five, six.

We all fell for your tricks.

Seven, eight.

You called us all your soul-mate.

Nine, ten.

Hit and run, then do it again.

Anna Greco

If Only We Were In Black And White

Trust is golden.
Just like words that you spoke;
Stabbed me in the back.
Tears filled my eyes.
As the cool knife pierced my skin.

Love is crimson.
Just like the blood that you made me shed.
Poured out my cuts;
A wince appeared,
Strike one; twist the knife.

Betrayal is emerald.
Just like the grass that we walked on.
Swayed in the wind.
A reminder of how it used to be.
Strike two; Care to give another twist?

Loyalty is orange.
Just like the fire we surrounded.
Burnt our sorrows away.
A day of happiness.
Strike three; A little more.

Caring is turquoise.
Just like the passion you first gave me.
Faded away so fast.
Will it ever be the same?
Yank out the knife.

Our relationship is the rainbow.
Just like the one's in the sky.
Drifting farther away.
Look at all the colors.
The rainbow doesn't look that beautiful anymore now, does it?

Anna Greco

It All Started With An Ending

It all started with a memory I wish I could replay.
I never knew how things were to turn out that day.
Started with hope, with a promise, with a drive.
I never knew I had the ability to feel so alive.

Turning my head, watching the landscape fly.
There was no need to ever wonder why.
All my dreams were coming true.
And it all began with me and you.

I still couldn't believe it when I pulled in your neighborhood.
I felt something I never knew I could.
It was excitement pulsing through my veins.
I had feelings overlapping in chains.

Seeing you, I felt my heart skip a few.
Giving a hug, I felt awkward too.
Going inside and sitting down, I often stared at the ground,
As if looking for something that needed to be found.

Eventually we got up and I hoped with all my might,
That things would go perfect tonight.
The odd feeling still didn't go away.
I wondered if it will today.

We ended up playing a game.
I must admit, it was pretty lame.
Yet I was with you, so it had to be fun.
Even though you were the person who won.

I owed you a kiss.
However, you made me miss.
It was quite humorous.
I could tell you did such because you were nervous.

Time flew by,
I didn't want to say goodbye.
But it wasn't over yet.
This was just the first set.

Sitting against the wall,
Saying nothing at all.
Your arms wrapped around me.
I didn't even feel the need to be free.

It was the fourth of July.
My, oh my.
It was getting late.
I couldn't wait.

Fireworks exploded, one, two, three,
As if they were only for you and me.
I heard it hadn't rained for weeks.
But lucky for us, rain kissed our cheeks.

I couldn't believe how much I fell,
And how much it hurt to say farewell.
I watched you as I drove away.
Knowing I would see you another day.

We had three more days together,
And to leave again, knowing I'd have to wait for another.
A month later after July,
I stated to believe everything was a lie.

When, really, it was a coping process,
So I could handle my losses.
The past was where it all would lay,
And it all ended with a memory I wish I could replay.

Anna Greco

Just Remember, Letting Go May Be The Best Thing Ever

Committing suicide,
Gets rid of pain.
Teasing never stops,
Insults after another.
My heart is in pieces.

I can't tell anyone,
Its stuck inside,
The secret is about to unfold.
Whats the point in living,
If no one cares.

Anna Greco

Let Me Call Out Your Name

Covering her ears, rocking back and forth.
Trying to block out the world.
Screaming at her mind.
'What should I do...? '

The room spins, and the colors blend together.
Trying to tease her misery.
Screaming at her senseless thoughts.
'End it.'

Glancing around, her hands search for an object.
Trying to listen to the voice.
Screaming at her stupidity.
'No. You know better than this.'

The world fades, turning to haunting memories.
Trying to mortify her.
Screaming at her strength.
'You're causing them pain.'

Reaching in the drawer, something metal and small fits in her palm.
Trying to hold her back.
Screaming at her blindness.
'They'll be hurt if they lose you.'

The past crossed her path, scarring her.
Trying to convince her.
Screaming at her headaches.
'Not as hurt as they are now.'

With a click, bullets were loaded.
Trying to calm her senses.
Screaming at her confusion.
'Everyone deserves a chance to live.'

The room spun again, twisting the memories down to a black abyss.
Trying to show her that she is alone.
Screaming at her optimistic side.

'Except you.'

The metal felt cool on the side of her head.
Trying to show her she belonged here.
Screaming at her stubbornness.
'Don't...'

It all became black.
Trying and succeeding.
Screaming a whisper.
'Pull the trigger.'

Anna Greco

Light Vs. Darkness

I see light,
That's all I want to see,
All I ever did.
The happiness overflowed,
As the pain rose and flushed out.

The pain is gone.
All of the depression,
Will not harass me anymore.
No more scars,
No more suffering.

A fresh new start.
I forgot what pain was,
I have no interest in remembering.
Day after day,
I start to feel something that I don't know,
Something that I forgot,
Something that wasn't meant to be remembered.

But all I do know,
That the light that I once saw,
Is fading..
I'm all alone now,
And left in the dark.

Anna Greco

Love Is Only Blind (Nothing Too Serious)

Shaking hands glide across the crisp paper.
A note to you, my love.
The meaning on the dead paper is hidden.
Care to play Hide n' Seek?
'Scribbled words, nothing but letters.'
You must be blind love, you must be blind.

The answers are written on my face.
Hearing those hurt filled words.
Yet, you may not of noticed the pain that I carry.
I may seem unbreakable.
I am extremely fragile.

For my wounds do not bleed.
But the scabs that they leave,
Will turn into hidden scars.
Care to play Hide n' Seek?
'Cuts and scratches, nothing serious.'
You must be blind love, you must be blind.

This crumbled letter is the end of me.
My 'heartful' laughter, my 'small' smiles.
Say your last farewell.
To my 'unbroken' skin and 'painless' eyes.
This my love, is the hidden end.
Care to play Hide n' Seek?
'She's not serious about ending her life, just attention.'
You must be blind love, you must be blind.

- Meaning: Okay, yes, deep meaning. I will explain. The first part, 'The meaning on the dead paper is hidden.' Is the poem. Yes, this poem. Then the little quotes [In the poem, not here.] are a boy saying that he doesn't believe their is a meaning which causes more pain. Then the quote from the girl is, 'Will turn into hidden scars.' Is pain that is not viewable to the naked eye. Then the boy replies saying how its only scratches and cuts, and that she is unbreakable. Then... 'This, my love, is the hidden end.' Is the girl saying that since he won't change his harmful actions, she is ending it with her life. [Ahem, sick of pain.] Then he replies that he doesn't believe her. She gives up giving him hints and then she ends it with. 'You must be blind love, you must be blind.' Which is telling him

that he is... Well... Blind in seeing her future actions. That quote is repeated in the poem.

Anna Greco

My Own Flesh Sky

It's cloudy on this warm day.
The stars are hidden by a blanket.
I take a heavy sigh as my mind wanders astray,
and I keep telling myself not to fret.

I nibble on my lip.
I am locked behind my own shadow
and I gaze at my sanity tip.
I wonder if I am really that low.

Crash this all beneath me.
I'm hidden in a dark abyss.
Let the blood dribble down my knee.
This is something I wanted to miss.

I don't know what I'm feeling.
This sadness tends to repeat.
As if there is always another meaning.
A pile of stars compel against my feet.

The atrocity keeps pressing play.
I wince as the moon rumbles to the ground.
I knew there isn't going to be a delay.
The gravity chokes away my own sound.

I gasp for another second.
I feel thorns tear apart my skin.
As the sky starts to mend,
I can't win.

A mirror erupts from the dirt
Fragile cracks pierce the air.
The scratching doesn't hurt,
but the flesh begins to tear.

Crimson begins to leak.
Bruises burst.
Decaying starts at my cheek.
I don't want to see me at my worst.

The mirror starts its mockery.
My mind hurls sideways,
as stars weave around my trickery.
The moon begins it's full phase.

The blanket embedds within me,
collapsing everything in its way.
It won't allow me to disagree.
So, here I will stay.

Gravity opposes.
Not a light in sight.
Leftovers covered in crows.
It's cloudy on this cold night.

Anna Greco

Polo

Check.

This is all just a game.

Passing it back and forth.

Saying everyone's name.

Clinging on it as if it had money's worth.

The cool water relieving heat.

Team one and team two.

Splashes and tackling to avoid defeat.

Those down were only a few.

Chemical fluid singed my eyes.

I still fought with my dignity.

It didn't matter if I had friendly opposing ties.

they still brought forward atrocity.

Suddenly, I got knocked back,

dunked right under and unable to rise.

They gave me my attack.

I couldn't even open my eyes.

Choking back fear.

I continued to fall low.

The end is near.

Friend to foe.

Checkmate.

Anna Greco

Reviving The Dead

Why is it that,
love can be so magical,
yet be so,
terrifying?
From day one to the end,
you're always thinking, either,
this is the best time ever or
when will it end?

I always think about you,
do you wonder about me?
I always remind you that I want to be in your arms,
Yet it's silent, do you even want that?
Just let me think, for one moment.
Do you feel the same way?
I love this feeling.
I hate this feeling.

I remind you on what I love hearing,
yet, either I'm deaf,
or you're mute.
You said you can't live a day without me.
Either you're lying
or I expect too much.
Thoughts need to be heard.
Words are unspoken.

Every so often, thoughts collide with me,
they give me death itself.
Pain that is so unbearable that tears can't even heal.
It swarms against my heart, stabbing it,
laughing as it cries out.
Tears stain my cheeks,
and I clutch my chest,
'I'm okay, ' I say.

The quote is true,
'hearts are often left broken,
with words left unspoken.'

I laugh at it though,
hearts aren't broken, oh no.
They are left burning with words,
that we always want to hear,
that you never say.

Everyday, I will wait, telling myself,
'I'll hear his words, someday.'
The words, 'I love you, ' don't always fix things,
they just patch up the cuts that were made.
They make me feel warm, for a bit.
I know you're thinking something else,
so why can't you just say it?
11: 11pm is fake, I know now.

Oh, heartburn, why?
Why do this to me?
I know my thoughts are easy to ignore,
yet you ruin my happiness more than anything.
Heartburn, let me speak.
If your going to singe my heartm
don't give me scars that are always there/
Just, for tonight, make my heart crack into two.

Love is a fear of everyone,
a heart broken is left behind.
Smiles turn to frowns.
How can it turn something,
from being so beautiful, into something terrifying?
We fly, we soar our skies.
We fall and crash into pieces on the dead ground.
'We're okay, ' we all say.

One day, one day,
I promise you,
love will not be there for you at the worst.
And we'll let our tears be the sun,
the scars be the memories,
the dead ground be our home,
and finally, we'll gasp the truth,
'we're not okay.'

~

(Note; I am not referring to a physical heartburn. I am talking about the rejected feeling that you get whenever someone denies you.)

Anna Greco

Silent Screams

My soul is screaming,
but I hold it all in.
All my tears.
They wish to escape these crystal eyes.
I won't let them.

There he is.
I call him 'father'
No, not god.
Hell no.
The complete opposite.

My journey goes back and forth.
Hell to heaven.
It won't choose.
Am I hell's sacrifice?
Or heaven's glory?

Part of my life is hell.
Family problems.
Part of my life is heaven.
Friends.
My home is where hell awaits.

Mortified screams.
Growling voice.
Frightful eyes.
A death filled glare.
I feel one's fear.

Memories cloud my mind.
Is that normal?
For one to feel not her own fear?
Either way,
It all still haunts me.

Her screaming echoes the van,
As large hands grasp tightly at her hair.
His power overcomes her own as she lands on the concrete.

His yells attack her fear.
The words and frightful yells of 'stop' bounce off his chest.

Does a father have this right
The mortified yell of my sister attacked my heart.
I shared her pain, everything I felt.
My words meant nothing to him at all.
His footsteps faded as he walked away.
Relief swept through me.

I knew he wasn't gone for good.
I just wish it would all go away.
For all the yelling to end.
For all the fear to aside.
Everything to just go away.

Only if my friends were my family.
Only if there was nothing to be scared off.
This tears finally fell.
The barrier cracking against my grip.
Is it possible to drown in your own tears?

Her pain collides with my own.
All the people that tease her fragile soul.
Including myself,
I should be closer at her.
I should watch my actions and words.
Her heart won't be beating for much longer.

I could be a better person.
I'm the one to blame.
If her life ends, I'm the reason.
Even though, I try to be the girl that doesn't.

I'm sorry.
I have to live through it every day.
If I could go back, I would.
I hate hearing your crying moans or agony.
It all burns inside.

This hurts even more,
When I'm not the only one that thinks of this.

I'm the burden.
My parents blame me.
They said that I should be more kind,
Well, what about them?

No one ever hears my cries.
It's as if I'm screaming, and people are holding their ears.
They even think I am okay.
Well, I'm not.
I'm sick of living with someone that abuses.
But what can I do, when full of fear?

Ha, he enjoys our fear.
He even seems to enjoy this pain.
And maybe even our tears.
The word 'abuse' was something I denied that he did.
But now, as I think, I beg to differ.

Every day is different.
But so far, every night is the same.
A black murky cloud full of memories.
A pillow stained with tears.
And a heart struck with unwanted pain.

Anna Greco

Stranger

I had a blank stare,
as she fought off your grip.
I screamed at you, feeling my heart tear;
your anger did more than tip.
You yanked and pulled;
she fell to the floor.
I'm not fooled,
you treated us like men in the war.

Tears spilled down my eyes.
I wanted you to leave and become calm.
I hoped that all I watched were to be lies,
but then my brother's ear met your palm.
All he wanted was to defend her.
As I watched the action unfold,
I felt more than fear
and I was too broken to do what I was told.

Nothing I did worked.
You screamed at us all.
Everywhere you lurked,
the tears continued to fall.
I collapsed to the ground,
my breathing became weary.
Everything was bad all around.
My body was becoming difficult to carry.

I tried to call the police.
I didn't know what to do.
I can't do anything on my knees.
I just wanted to help you.
You didn't listen to a word.
I couldn't stop crying.
Everything felt too absurd.
I just felt like dying.

So much sickness.
I was shaking.
You didn't care, so emotionless.

Our fear for the taking.
Everything was lost as your words began to unweave.
Strength to hold was something I lack.
'The next time you do that, I want you to leave,
and don't even think about coming back.'

Goodbye, Daddy.

4/17/10

Anna Greco

Such A Pretty Girl

She was such a pretty girl.
Always up and about.
Her happiness even made others twirl.
Reached up for the sky before she'd call out,
'No one will ever bring me down.'
Her confidence was so pure.
Everyone knew her smile from all the way across town.
If you were downed with an illness, she'd be your best cure.

That was, until you came around.
You gave her everything.
She didn't even need a crown.
You were her other wing.
She figured that she found the right guy.
You never brought her close to the ground.
Until she found out, everything was turning to a lie.
That's the day she never made a sound.

With a twist of fate, she was being dragged to the floor.
You started to take back everything.
A piece of her fragile heart tore.
Along with her other wing.
Such happiness turning into dread.
Her eyes trailed to the sky,
And she lifted her head,
'I'm sorry to have said a lie.'

She was there,
But you never were.
She looked at herself in despair.
Did you even care for her?
Such a pretty face.
She misses her twirl.
Now she's tripping on her own lace.
I was such a pretty girl.

Anna Greco

Tonights War

Screw you and your insecurity.
You would think that you had some sense of maturity.
Don't think to give me consequences.
Cause, hell, even I have much more senses.

You think you can tear me down.
Yet I highly doubt you can touch my crown.
So, go ahead, keep em' coming.
I'll promise you that I'll keep on fighting.

Open your cold eyes.
You better enjoy these clear skies.
Cause once night rolls in.
You'll be wishing for daylight again.

Lightning strikes the ground.
There seems to be no one around.
Flames touch the sky.
And my heavens will be asking 'why? '

Halos, wings, glitter, oh my.
It seems my angels have control over this sky.
Take your horns and tails to another territory.
I don't want you ruining my heaven's glory.

Catholics and Satanists,
and maybe even some Atheists.
They'll be sleeping soundly as we fight for power.
It's better than watching them cower.

Oh no, the sun is rising.
That's right, demons, escape the lightening.
We'll just fade away in our clouds.
I don't want to have any witnessing crowds.

Angels and Demons galore.
I bet you'll be begging for more.
So go ahead, train with all your might.
I hope you'll be ready for the next war tonight.

Anna Greco

Untitled

My words to you,
you're someone I never knew.
You won't feel any dread,
so I won't put this through your head.
I'm done trying to hide
feeling dead inside.
I've lost alot of friends,
who have no interest in making amends.
So, I guess it's true.
I lost you too.

Anna Greco

Welcome To The Show

Beautiful like a flawless doll,
With eyes that match the lonely moon.
And lips that threaten guys to fall.
As will her perfect personality will tease them all afternoon.
Hair like silk and body slender,
A guys dream come true.
She'll leave words so tender,
As if she was something new.

I watch her in the corner,
Knowing I couldn't walk like her.
I am known as a loner.
Someone that no one were to prefer.
I am a toy with dust,
Wishing I could be that girl,
A beauty with someone to trust.
Someone to caress like a precious pearl.

One by one,
Two by two,
The doll has her fun.
Gathering only a few,
Starting with one to play with,
And adding another when boredom came along,
But her love for them were only to be a myth.
Yet they kept returning to her, as if they were their favorite song.

I observe as she plays,
They were her puppets hanging by a string,
It angered me like a firing blaze,
I knew what type of war she would bring.
I'd grab a love, only for it to be taken instead,
I was nothing compared to she.
I may as well be dead,
Because no one would ever know what it's like to be me.

Anna Greco

You Only Get One

Sitting here, watching the days go by,
and I often wonder if every relationship is a lie.
One by one, I watch them go.
Only to have fallen so low.

Bullets loaded, one, two, three,
each of you have it aimed at me.
I hold my breath and stand still,
and I wait for all of you to fire against your own will.

First guy up, you were known to be mysterious,
yet you left me quite delirious,
I didn't know I had to tear around a wall,
but there you were, watching me fall.

You shook your head as you turned around,
leaving me there as I made no sound.
It's a good thing you missed my forehead,
or else you would have left me for dead.

'He had horrible aim, '
I heard you say as I struggled to forget your name.
Were you here to show how it's done?
Or was his just for fun?

Questions answered.
You obviously didn't have that gun mastered.
So, go ahead and walk away.
It was a relief that I wasn't your victim today.

One bullet left,
but the final guy rather get away with theft.
Stole my heart and left the track.
I swore to myself that I would get it back.

Turning my back against the memory.
It's too much for my mind to carry.
Noticing in the distance, I see a crowd.
I watch them hush themselves, as if being too loud.

I notice the gun from the very day.
It didn't move an inch from where it lay.
Standing up, I face the lot.
'Take your best shot.'

Anna Greco