

Poetry Series

**Arabella Underwood**  
**- poems -**

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# Arabella Underwood()

# Apology

I miss your blue eyes,  
which used to watch me so intently,  
your sincere smile,  
which you used to give me so often,  
once you gave me all your love,  
and all I gave you was good bye,  
leaving your roses to die,  
I didn't see your tears,  
or hear your cries,  
but I know all I gave you was pain,  
I was scared,  
now heartbroken,  
because breaking your heart,  
broke mine,  
I know I can't heal things with a handshake,  
so I wish I could press reverse,  
to rewrite out ending lines,  
but I can't,  
so I'm trying to forget you,  
and though it's been a while,  
I still feel the same way,  
and maybe this is absurd thinking,  
but if you'll ever take that leap of faith,  
and give me a second chance,  
I swear I'll treat you right,  
but trust me when I say you're not enough,  
you're more than I deserve,  
so I understand if you want to block me out forever,  
but I just wanted to say:  
I'm sorry

Arabella Underwood

# Fairies

Did you see what I just saw,  
That something peeking at us,  
Delicate like a flower,  
The wings as thin as paper,  
The hair long, hazel, curly,  
How beautiful,  
Its dress made of crumpled leaves,  
Its eyes deep and meaningful,  
As it lightly skips and flies,  
It tries to hide behind leaves,  
But it cannot stay unseen,  
Gleaming with light,  
Watching and observing us,  
Frightened yet quite curious,  
But when it caught our gaze,  
Like some giants we must seem,  
So it quickly disappeared,  
Hiding from us,  
It flies into the forest,  
Where other lights must be near,

And though they are rarely seen,  
The stories seem quite queer,  
For those who don't believe me,  
Here's some advice,  
Listen to what your heart says,  
Ignore taunts on believing,  
If you see one have no doubt  
So be alert anywhere,  
Sense that they are among us,  
Gleaming with light  
Arabella Underwood

# Parents

Adults, Adults,

How boring they are,

With their work all day,

Those poor people have no time to play,

But now they give us a bad influence for they,

Don't let you trip your brother with wire,

Nor allowing you giving strange people fliers,

And certainly not giving strange people fliers,

For the time is too valuable to waste,

And in a haste,

They make you do homework neat and correct,

But every time I complain they reject,

School is important I now know,

And good grades help my life go with a flow,

School, School, School,

That's all they can think of,

But now I've had enough,

But still between us there is only love

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