

Poetry Series

Bethany Maxwell
- poems -

Publication Date:
2008

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Bethany Maxwell(2/18/94)

Hello I am Bethany Maxwell, I live in the US, and I am entering my second year of college. I: write, play 5 instruments, I also enjoy acting. I love spending time with the people who matter most to me. In kindergarden I was a social flower, but I slowly grew out of my social self, I am happy in my circle. I have just transferred schools and changed my major to Sociology. I love music I wouldnt be able to live without it! I am always listening to music of some kind. I write constantly! I write poetry a lot I have about 300 poems that I have written. I am working on getting a lot of them on here. well thats a little about me :)

If you want to e-mail me feel free to email me at this address: bj107301@

A Hundred Times Over

A hundred times over words have flowed through my fingers to the keys
A hundred times over I have released the freedom that is in my mind,
A hundred times over I have become one with my inter most longing,
A hundred times over I have taken a journey to show you my own world.
A hundred times over I have written of pain and life, of sorrow and joy,
A hundred times over I have used my art to show you what's in my mind
A hundred times over again I will show you.
A hundred times over I have cried for those, whose names are untold,
A hundred times over I have showed you their pain.
A hundred times over I have become their connection to you,
A hundred times over I have showed you the beauty of our world,
A hundred times over I have taken you somewhere you may never see,
A hundred times over my words have screamed the horror of darkness,
A hundred times over I have sung to you the beauty of light,
A hundred times over I have taken your hand to lead you to a new place
A hundred time over I have written for those who have no words to write
A hundred times over I have tried to show truth in a world of lies,
A hundred times over I have have tried to show the world's beauty,
A hundred times over again I will lead down these paths,
A hundred times over and over again I will show you reality,
A hundred times over and over again I shall show you my world,
A hundred times over and over again until you have memorised truth,
A hundred times over again until you can repeat what I have told,
A hundred times over again shall I create an art of words, time, of life.
A hundred times over again I shall do this,
A hundred times over again.
A hundred times over.

By: Bethany M.

(I have written this to it as my 100th poem submitted to poemhunter, a 100th of more than a hundred written, yet still a hundred)

Bethany Maxwell

A Little Slower

Drive a little slower,
Take a look around,
Remember the houses,
The yellow stripes of time.

Walk a little slower,
Breathe in the fresh air,
Remember the look in strangers' eyes.
The glimpse into another's life.

Eat a little slower,
Take a moment to taste each taste,
Remember the server's name,
The complex simplicity of food.

Talk a littler slower,
Think about each word being said,
Remember each reply,
The interactions that form the day.

Move a little slower,
Pay attention to each muscle,
Remember how it feels,
The connect to the world.

Breathe a little slower,
Think about each breath,
Remember the heart beating in your chest,
The key to everything else.

Love a little slower,
Show your love and don't just say it,
Remember to put love above money,
The fuel to our success.

Laugh a little slower,
Really feel the emotion,
Remember to laugh often,
The relief from stress.

Dance a little slower,
Hold onto each word and note of music,
Remember the rhythm and beat,
The movements of life.

Live a little slower,
Take time to make your life what you want,
Remember that you only have one chance,
The choice to sit back or to live to the fullest.

Exist a little slower and you will know what happiness is.

By: Bethany M.
May 2,2012

Bethany Maxwell

A Moment

She walks through the rain, the pain locked behind her cold eyes
She sees the lights of the houses, those Christmas lights,
She sees her home, no lights, no tree, it is dark and still
The rain falls on her long white hair, her white gown flowing tears stream from
her eyes
They are silver and full of sorrow and pain they splash against the wet street
And shine like silver perils against the black cold surface.

A car passes and for a moment she thinks the driver saw her, in her gown
For a moment she thought she was alive
Just for a moment

She sees the road stretch before her, she sees the lights that line each house
It is Christmas eave her mother and father are at church for their first Christmas
sermon without her there, her eyes fill with more tears and more perils fall to the
road
A bird flew above her, a dove
Her mothers favorite bird is a dove, she always says look to the dove for answers
The girl never understood her mothers words, now she knows

For a moment she smiles
For a moment she feels no pain
Just for a moment

She lifted her hands to the Dove
"Take me with you" she pleads into the sky, into the falling rain
The dove fly's around her and grasps a small twig in his beak
The twig falls into her outstretched arms and she grasps it
She looks at her palm of her hand and sees the holly
The berries shine red, she knows what it means.

For a moment she sees the light stream from the Dove
For a moment she knew to follow
Just for a moment

Bethany Maxwell

A Pearls Worth

Silver pearls fall down her skin
She knows she must do it for she can't stay strong
For all she has to do is count to ten
She knows he's always wrong

Silver pearls fall down her face
In the dead of night, it is so dark
She stands in the room with fear, with hate
In her soul the pain he gave has left its mark

Silver pearls fall on the barrel
As she holds the gun in her hands
For long before this night their love grew stale
And oh how she thinks it is easy to hold life and death in her hands

Silver pearls fall over bruises, the pain
She bites her lip as she counts one... two
In her heart he's left the stain
She looks at his still body three... four

Silver pearls fall as she moves her hands
She walks to his side
In front of his face she stands
As her mind starts the chant 'he lied'

Silver pearls fall five... six
She holds the barrel to his head
Seven... Eight... she moves her feet just to stall
She knows it won't matter for she is already dead

Silver pearls shade her eyes
Nine... she counts on
her mind filled with his lies
Ten... her finger tightens as he opens his eyes

Silver pearls fall as she pulls the trigger, pulls the string
His eyes wonder, as he fades
His mouth moves, and she remembers the thing
Now she only see dark shades

Silver pearls fall as he leaves her, as she turns
Her daughter stands at the door at only six
Her hand turns
Her eyes search through the young girls eyes

Silver pearls fall as she mouths her last breath
The trigger is pulled as she sinks to her knees
The girls screams fill her mind, for she feels the hand of death
And only now she sees

Silver pearls fall as her daughter sinks to the floor
The pearls fill her eyes as she watches her daughter fade into black
She closes those tired eyes for now she knocks at heavens door
It's life she knows she lacked

Silver pearls fall as the rubies of blood over her face
As she goes, and says goodbye
She looks to the light, white as lace
As she rises into the sky

Silver pearls fall as her daughter waits
As she lays there with a cold heart
No feeling, no end, no clean slate
Silver pearls fall as she takes the dart

Silver pearls fall from her daughters eyes
The daughter she shall never hold again, never watch laugh
For now silver pearls fall from her eyes
For only she knows the pain that she has left behind

Silver pearls so cold
Silver pearls worth more than gold
Silver pearls that haunt the girls dreams
Silver pearls that fell from her mothers eyes that night

Silver pearls fell down her skin
She knew she must do it for she couldn't stay strong
For all she had to do was count to ten
But now she knows she was wrong, now shes gone, as silver pearls fall

(ok yeah this is my longest poems and probibly most confusing, so I guess I will make a summery: a lady was abused by he husband so in the night she kills him and then she turns to see her 6 year old daughter and kills herself and leaves her daughter alone. hope that helps, and I hope you like the poem)

Bethany Maxwell

A Riddle For You

standing high I see the whole forest
Limbs stretched, needles green,
I am the ponderosa pine.

Low on the ground, home to small bugs,
Different colors, loose on the ground or tight,
I am the sandstone.

Crunching beneath your feet,
Snapping and breaking, releasing smells,
I am the pine needle.

I shelter small animals, I give food to some,
I lay short from the ground up, a smell so strong,
I am the sage brush.

I keep all these things alive,
Without me you can not survive
I am water.

Bethany Maxwell

A Single Candle/Death Herself

A single flame lights her face
The face of death
A single candle holds her fears
The fears of death

Her hands clasped around their souls
The souls of the dead
She feeds of their screams
The screams of the dead

Her legs lay below her
Below death
Her black gown over her body
The body of death

Her chest rises and falls with her breath
The breath of death
Her cloak drawn over her long flowing jet hair
The face of death

Her eyes unmoved unfeeling
Do you see it?
Do you see the soul of death?
Do you feel it?

Her skin as white as snow as it fades into darkness
The snow of tears
Her cloths as dark as night that swallows the light
The dark we all shall see

Her eyes close as she feels their souls flow
Flow from the dead
She leaves them there to lay in darkness
She steals from the dead

A single candle lights their faces filled with her
Filled with death
They fall into the darkness of her eyes, of her heart
The darkness of death

A single candle shall stay to light their way
Their way through the dark
A single candle holds their past
The pain and trials

A single candle lights her face
The face of death
A single candle holds her fears
The fears of death herself

A single candle

Bethany Maxwell

A Smile Is A Complicated Thing

A smile is a complicated thing, I'll tell you why,
Anyone can smile, as anyone should,
Yet still it can mask the deepest cuts, I know it's true,
It can deceive people into thinking one's okay, has it worked? ,
It can hide the tears that have dried upon ones face, can you see them?

A smile can show the world a little bit of light, if even just a glimmer,
It can take dark cracks in one's mind and disguise them, I wear a disguise,
It can put on a show for everyone to see, will you clap for me? ,
Yet a smile can also be true, I've had those too,
Offering nothing but joy and laughter, I remember those,
So before you pass off ones smile take a second to smile back, please smile at
me,
Reassure them that they don't waste their smiles, are mine wasted? ,
Never judge a smile or ignore the eyes of the smiling, look in my eyes,
Look for hidden pains behind the mask, can you see? ,
Don't be deceived by the charade, listen to my silent story,
And before you pass by smile back, please smile back,
For your smile could be saying the same, do you know how I feel? ,
Everyone has reason to smile, are you smiling? ,
But a smile is a complicated things, I have told you why,
No one should smile alone, smile with me,
We all smile together for good and for bad, what's your story? ,
You're never alone, I am here,
A smile is a complicated thing, I have told you why.

Bethany Maxwell

A Soldiers Love

They retreat from the past
For they know they shall never forget, it will never pass
As those they love shelter behind whats to come
For from the bottle of pain they take some

They wait for the day to come the day to leave
Yet until then the fire, and horror shall make them greive
Their friends longing to hear ther voices, feel their touch
To think they will never see their faces again, they shall not think of such

The sounds fill their ears as they wait for the firing to subside
As they know they stand with the others side by side
They long to be home, to be in peace, to be in their place
And they know time is all they face

It shall come, the day it ends
The day the memories end, the memories that shall not mend
They know they will be back to the place they love
The day America sees the dove

As they wait they think of those back here
And know it is for the lives back home they fear
They know that their here, they just don't know why
As they sit behind the sheild of life they look to the sky

As they sit they do not know that back home we look to the same sky
As they sit and wait they wish it were all a lie
As they sit and yern for hope they look above
For they know in their heart this is a soldiers love

(may all the soldiers get back safely to their homes, and family. And hopefully it shall be soon that america sees the dove. god bless all soldiers and everyone)

Bethany Maxwell

All Is Full Of Love

All is Full of Love

Nothing left but each other,
Plastic and metal.
No one here to say hello,
No one to tell us what we need to know.
Oh so lonely,
So secluded.
With only the love for each other,
Wires and bolts,
They have gone,
Left us alone
Only you and me,
And the machines that make us.
Oh so many of us,
Made like each other,
No differences,
Nothing unique.
All is full of love.
Yet nothing remains to be loved.
Oh all is full of love,
With nothing left but each other,
We are forgotten,
But we have each other,
Metal and plastic,
All is full of love.
Yet they are alone,
In the arms of each other,
Their tears running together,
All if full of love,
Alone in the world,
Wires and bolts,
All is full of love,
Together they move through life,
No one to show them what to think,
Show them truth,
Plastic and metal,
All is full of love,
With no one but each other to share it with,

The same as each other,
Yet still they are together,
All is full of love.

By: Bethany Maxwell
February 13,2010

Bethany Maxwell

Among Death

We walk among death
As death walks among us

Silence between us
Life within us

Death shows no fear
Yet we fear for our lives

We walk together
Through memories into the future

And we shall forever walk with death
On a path to immortality

Bethany Maxwell

Analyzed (Raped Literature)

You strip the text
Of any cover,
Leaving it exposed,
Thrusting yourself,
Upon its meanings,
Penetrating its spaces,
Filling it with yourself,
Impregnating it,
With implied intent.

Marking the body,
Deep cuts of ink,
Bleeding yellow,
Its context skinned,
Pulled bone,
From bloody bone,
Your analytical mind,
Of bold persuasion,
Makes what once meaning held,
Into a mainstream classic,
Secrets expelled....

By: Bethany Maxwell

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Bethany Maxwell

As I Sit And Wait

As I sit and wait time is all I have to save
For in life all I am is a slave
To those who search for death

They come as I sit and wait for them to steal
All they see in me is their next meal
They come for the flesh and blood

As I sit upon this step I weep
For they will come if I sleep
To take me with them to the caves

There they shall huddle in the dark
And they shall leave their mark
As they take the blood and life from those who live

And after they have taken their share
They shall bring us back as one of them, and into death we stare
As they wait for dark to fall so they can come once more

As I sit and wait time is all I have to save
For in life all I am is a slave
To those who search for death

Bethany Maxwell

As Sorrow Leads

You walk in the door no one does anything
Your walk to your room without a word
They say nothing
Their silence is the wound, it is the sword

You take the knife from your table
You slit your wrists and watch the blood drip
They wouldn't help even if they were able
They would just smirk and curve their lip

The blood slowly drips to your bed
This is where sorrow has led
For tomorrow you will be dead

Your eyes search for answers, they look deep
The knife shines red, as you turn it
Tonight you will forever sleep
The room is lightly lit

Tomorrow will never come
This you know
A distant horror for most yet a dream for some
Some say it's black as night others as white as snow

The blood slowly drips to your bed
This is where sorrow has led
For tomorrow you will be dead

Your mind is filled with pain
Waiting, waiting for a sign
The lamb will rest with the lion head on his mane
You think as you watch 'I know no future, but this is mine.'

Your heart beats its last beats
Your eye lids close and your head falls
It is the creator you will meet
When you think this you smiles and then your heart stalls

The blood slowly drips to the bed

This is where sorrow has led
For now you are dead.

Bethany Maxwell

As They Dance

The heat rushed through her body
as she moved her body along side his

The movements were fast and breath taking
as they moved with the tempo of the music

His body bends back
as hers bends forward

His body bends forward
as hers bends back

Their bodies intertwined
as a vine on a wall

Their bodies move side to side
up and down

The music keeping the beat
as the danced

The stage lights dimmed to green
as they moved together

His hands run down her body
as she sways side to side

Her mouth open her eyes closed
his eyes on her body

He keeps his hands on her hips
as she ran her hands up his body to his face

Their lips met and their hearts raced
as the music stopped

Bethany Maxwell

Bed Of Roses

On a bed of roses you lay
For here you shall stay
Your time has come it is the end
For now you can not mend
Goodbye to the world goodbye to you
It is time to say Adeu
For the time has come for you to leave
It is a blanket of life you weave
For now you say 'I must sleep,
Although I shall not wake please don't weep,
For I am happy and my heart is steady,
I am now ready'
On a bed of roses you lay
For here you shall stay

Bethany Maxwell

Behind Her Eyes

The pain she felt was behind her eyes
The eyes that were once the clear blue skys
Her face is clouded and dark
You can tell sorrow has left it's mark.

He left this pain in her face,
Left her clothed in faded lace,
He told her she wasn't worth it,
Wasn't worth the house he lit.

The pain was left with her, in her mind,
If you look past her eyes sorrows all you'll find.
She knew he'd do this, destroy her will to live,
She knew this would be all he would give.

The pain, she knows, will never pass,
It cuts through her like broken glass.
Her face is clouded and dark,
You can tell sorrow has left it's mark.

Bethany Maxwell

Black Curtain

They walk with the black curtain over their faces
They gather others with the pain it leaves behind
The people live in darkness nothing in their minds
Their faces are blank no expresion no feeling

Those who have seen know what it does
Those who know weep in solitude and sorrow
They don't look forward to today or tomorrow
They know everything yet they know nothing

The peoples skin all white and sickened
Their voices a raspy mist
All they look for all they long for is peace and bliss
Their cloths worn and tattered

They know there is no cure
They know there is no hope, no place for them to rest
For they know they will soon be one less
They know there is no cure they know they will rot away

They walk through this awful place
With dread and dispare
Everyone knows, and try not to stare
Yet it is so hard to sheild your eyes, to hold back the tears

The black curtain lays over their eyes
The cloth that shall never be lifted
For it is too far they have drifted
The curtain falls over their faces

The darkness sets in
They know the time has come for them to leave this place
There is no expresion on their faces
As the curtian and sickness leaves

They will suffer no more
They will go home
And will never be alone
For the curtain is lifted and they are in the light once more

Bethany Maxwell

Book Of Days

Your life is as a book
Written on the pages are the weeks
For you would give anything to take just one look
Into the next chapter, the next page

Each page is a new thought, a new dream
Sometimes it takes so long to pass that page
And sometimes nothing is as it seems
For you know you can not go ahead or back

You know you are where you are
You know you can't change that
As you read page to page, so near to fear
You write the chapters as you go, with each turn

Each turn, each move changes what's to come
And you know each moment could be the last
With this in mind you go so numb
So numb to the touch, to the thought

You turn page after page
until you reach the 'end'
And only then, you are freed from the title
The title that has kept your thoughts bound, and tight

You turn the pages one by one
You take the pain, take the joy
Until you are done
And your story becomes another on the shelf of eternity

(1/24/2008)

Bethany Maxwell

Breaking Free

The heat begins as the movement starts,
Two bodies, two hearts,
One place, one dream,
The sweat becoming a steady stream.

One against the other skin pressed,
Their bodies together, both undressed,
Together they move, together they feel,
Both wondering how this feeling could be so real.

They lay together fingers roaming, tracing,
Bodies steady, minds racing,
Both wanting, both longing.
The feelings so vivid, the so taunting.

Lips roam over features, memorizing turns, dips, taste.
Bodies tangled together, hands laced,
Breathing so uneven, yet so right.
Together they stay, through the long night.

Moans break through the air,
Into each other they melt, into their eyes they stare,
Both so lost, yet forever lost in one place,
Skin together as one, as hearts race.

The bodies meet and one enters the other,
Both in pain, both in longing for the other,
Both wanting more, both lost in their dream,
as they melt together soft as cream.

Their eyes flash bright and open,
Both hoping, both wanting to feel it again,
Together they smile, love is all they now see,
Their eyes close, their hearts slow, they break free.

Bethany Maxwell

Broken Chances

My Love,

I don't know how you're going to get this,
But it is my last word on this Earth.
Just what ever you do sit alone and read this.
I want you to be at the lake where you gave me my first kiss,
I want you to sit by the tree that held us, and read this.

~~~~~

You were my love, my only one person who always made me smile,  
You held my hand through so many things, so many firsts.  
You were my light you were my smile  
And you told me the three deadly words,  
The words that always kill, but first make you smile.

I have sewed my mouth shut, so you will never see me smile.

I would melt at the sound of your voice,  
I would just sit and listen just to know you were really there,  
I would call when you weren't home, just to hear your voice.  
My wish every day was to hear you say 'I love you',  
To hear your voice.

I have glued my ears so I don't have to listen to your lies.

I remember the feeling of your hands running through my hair,  
You'd weave your fingers through it to comfort me,  
Sometimes I would act sad just to feel your fingers in my hair,  
I would silently smile and melt in your arms.  
I remember your fingers running through my blond hair.

I have cut my hair so I can never remember that feeling.

U can see you standing looking at me with your sparkling eyes,  
I always see you,  
I can never see past those deep eyes,  
I can see you smile at me, see your hands reach for mine.  
I can still see your eyes.

I have cut my eyes out so I can never again fall into your deceiving eyes.

You made my heart race with butterflies, with hope.  
I gave you my heart to keep, you said you'd never break it,  
You gave me the one thing i needed ti keep going; hope.  
And I fell for the traps, I gave you EVERYTHING.  
I ave you all the hope I held in my heart, my soul.

I have stabbed my heart, just so you can't shatter what's already broken.

You became my life, you became my love, my everything.  
No matter what happened I still loved you,  
And no matter what I tried to give you everything,  
And you made me loose so much that I'm left with nothing,  
And with my dying breath I give you what was all I had left, my everything.

I take my life to show you what love really means, that it's not the lie you told.

I may not be able to smile when you hold me,  
I may not be able to hear your words even if their truth,  
I may not be able to remember you soothing touch, or your warmth,  
I mat not be able to see your eyes, or your reaching hands,  
I may not be able to press my beating heart against your skin,  
I may not be able to give you a second chance, for like my heart it is broken,  
But After the pain and lies, I believe in what I felt for you,  
And hope maybe someday you'll believe the same, and find beauty from pain

Even with nothing left to give you but my word, I breath my last breath for you.

I lay in silence to let you live, to give to you a broken second chance,

For I will always love you,  
Be.....

by: Bethany Maxwell =)

Bethany Maxwell

# But, You Have Talent...

They said to me,  
&quot;I disagree with what you're saying,  
But you have talent.&quot;  
No, no, it was more like...  
&quot;You're a horrible person,  
Who shouldn't be allowed to make metaphors and similes speak your mind,  
But..... Eh..... you have talent.&quot;  
When a female uses a controversial point as a comparison,  
It's feminism,  
But when a female uses a controversial point,  
In which females are seen as the victims,  
It's degrading.  
Why must it be that one can parade their gender,  
But as soon as they compare it to a problem which universal,  
It's a crime.  
And all that's said is;  
You're wrong,  
But you have talent.  
Then the words are removed.  
Society is broken and battered,  
And nothing can be said about it,  
Because as soon as two different problems are compared,  
Feelings are hurt and the message is erased.  
I write for a purpose,  
Why must I write in pencil which others may erase?  
I wish to turn my words into ink,  
Permanently marking the page they are on,  
And for them not to be brushed away at the mere sight of disagreement,  
But hey,  
At least I have talent.

By: Bethany Maxwell

March 15,2013

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Bethany Maxwell

# By The Ocean (For Dislocated Heart)

I stand by the ocean,  
Breathing in the crisp air of night fall,  
Watching the moon slipping away,  
As the sky melts into the sea;  
An endless darkness.  
I can feel my mind falling into its depths,  
Thinking about every breath I take,  
About the world above,  
And the world below.  
Questions fill my mind,  
Questions of life, living, and existence,  
Yet still I stand,  
Silent and still.  
The gentle breeze in the palm trees,  
Brushing my hair across my face.  
The wind pushes my dress against my legs,  
The feeling almost mimicking that of the water.  
I can feel the cool spray of the ocean with each wave,  
A giant lung breathing the same air as I.  
It is a calm entity existing to exist.  
A world so unknown and full of wonder,  
Yet so simple from above...  
I breath a sigh and close my eyes,  
The sight of the waves imprinted on my eyelids,  
The scent filling my nose and mouth,  
The water touching my skin,  
The taste of the salt on my tongue,  
The repetitive sound of the water endlessly fill my mind.  
My feet buried in sand as if to be innocent sand crabs.  
A moment so calm and simple,  
Yet so meaningful,  
If you take the time to experience it,  
A moment in which nothing else matters,  
Nothing but the water, the sand, and living.  
Everything else, like the sky,  
Melts away into the sea,  
Into the endless dark abyss.  
And so I stand,  
By the water,

Living and breathing.  
If only the world would stop for a moment,  
A moment to live and breathe too;  
So relaxing and yet so eye opening.  
The silence of the night wrapping around me,  
The ocean rocking me into sweet oblivion.  
Until I have to open my eyes and walk inside,  
Back to reality,  
But until then,  
I'll just stand here,  
By the ocean.

Bethany Maxwell

# Changing The World

Suffering can be stopped.  
Starving children can be saved.  
Hurting women and children can be helped.  
Diseased and dying animals can be nurtured back to health.  
Pointless Killing of animals can be prevented.  
Homelessness can be avoided.  
Hate can be calmed.  
Wars can be halted.  
Pain can be mended with love.  
Cruelty can end.

All that is needed is the movement of people who believe,  
Believe that these things can be ended,  
That they can be fixed.  
For even the most indirect contrubutions can directly effect lives,  
And indirectly change the WORLD!

Bethany Maxwell

# Clockmaker's Mistake

Clockmaker's mistake  
Added consciousness to the tick  
Will to search  
Find the hand that winds,  
Added purpose,  
Un-inten-ded journey,  
Thoughtful gears,  
Mesh together,  
Form new links,  
Ignite the soul,  
Eternal wake,  
Sleep escapes,  
On and on  
Tick  
Tick  
Tick  
Given wonder,  
Question all,  
'Til time runs out,  
Stick together  
Slowing cogs,  
On and on  
Tick  
Tick  
Tick  
Clockmaker watch,  
Clockmaker hide,  
Mi-stake is done,  
We are here,  
The consciousness to the  
Tick  
Tick  
Gone.

By: Bethany Maxwell

March 13,2013

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# Come Down This Road

Past this place in the road,  
You shall see many people carying great load,  
You may think to help, or just pass by,  
It is up to you to know why.  
Why you pass, why you stay,  
But, caeful, from this road do not stray.  
They shall show you how to learn how to know.  
Some shall have their load taken, yet some shall never go,  
The pain of it, the pain of trying.  
Yet none shall know what it's like to be dying,  
The laod shall never be gone, yet it could be lifted.  
Each is different, each is gifted,  
To your mind it is a burden, to your sould it is a part of you  
You can not trade, for your soul is who you are, you can't start new.  
As you travel down this road you will see,  
That where it ends,  
is eternity.

Bethany Maxwell

# Consuming Thoughts

There are thoughts inside me,  
But I can't seem to let them free!  
The thought of not letting them out is frustrating me!

Its like all the feelings are stuck inside,  
I try to let them out oh you have no idea how hard I've tried,  
And still they stay hidden inside!

I have no idea what I feel,  
Whether I am happy, sad, or even if my feelings are real,  
I just can't tell what my emotions and mind feel!

I want to scream out,  
And let go of all doubt,  
Yet I can't even describe what there is to let out.

I wish I could tell you,  
Could explain how I feel and what I want to do,  
Although with everything in my mind my mouth has nothing to tell you.

I am suffocating in my own inability to speak my thoughts,  
I feel as if I have nothing inside me even though I know I have lots.  
How can it be fair that one's demise can include one's own mere thoughts?

By:  
Bethany Maxwell © May 31,2010

Bethany Maxwell

# Coppies

I sit and I hear them,  
I see them,  
But they sound the same,  
They look the same.

I sit and I think about them,  
Coppies of the same person,  
All the same walk,  
Same look,  
They're all naive, all ignorant bastards!

I sit and I notice everything,  
I notice the sounds,  
And I notice the birds,  
I notice the screaming of the city,  
I notice the blindness of THEM.

I sit and wonder,  
When will they see themselves,  
In the mirror of the other's faces,  
When will they tear each other into pieces,  
When will they remove their fake masks? !

I sit and I see the world,  
I see it for what it is,  
A great black pit,  
Filled with people,  
Who are filled with shit!

Oh, when will the great castrophony end,  
Mm, when it does the sky's shall cry,  
The mountains shall erupt with inevitable anger,  
When this happens there will be fire! And then...  
Nothing.

I sit and I wait,  
For that fire to consume the Earth,  
I wait for individuality to explode,  
I wait for this fiery Hell to engulf their minds,

I wait for their sameness to become different!

I sit and writhe in my own skin,  
My heart screaming,  
I can't live as one of them,  
I shall not live that way,  
I would rather slit my own damn throat!

I sit and I crawl in my skin,  
As if the agony of America were my own,  
And still they remain the same,  
I scream, I cut, I rip at their minds,  
And they remain the same!

Bethany Maxwell

# Dawn's Early Light

It's too dark to see in the dawn's early light.  
The horizon is blurred,  
The smoke glows red.  
There's fire everywhere,  
But nothing burns.

Broad stripes expand through sky,  
Dying wishes,  
Once placed on bright stars,  
Float to Earth,  
Fall to the ground, ash,  
Now seen as a comforting blanket.

Children of the hatred,  
Anger stained lungs,  
Breathing in fresh corruption,  
Awe struck,  
In the rocket's red glare.

Mists of the deep hang heavy,  
Gray background to systematic existence,  
Blocking out beauty,  
Keeping wonder at bay,  
Following in deep tread footsteps,  
Maintaining the ways.

Freedom advertised,  
Restrictions attached by string,  
With each wave of republic for which it stands,  
Half conceals,  
Half discloses.

Pride in every stride,  
Bright shining sign,  
Full glory reflected,  
Blinding the on looking while citizens avert eyes,  
Closed eyelids resting above curved grin.

Yet the one who cannot see,  
Is not always the one who is blind.  
Mind spinning in battle's confusion,  
One foot planted, the other left behind;  
Stand for the people, kneel to the powers.

American dream,  
Cast against movie screen,  
All focus on colors of the day,  
Efforts placed on civil "problems"  
Ignoring the gloom of the grave.

Dawn's light continues to drown,  
Clouded by domestic disputes,  
As the world spins madly on,  
And we'll continue to burn in the cold flames,  
Yet still, in triumph will wave.

The flag, on the home of the brave.

By: Bethany Maxwell  
May 22,2013  
©2013

Bethany Maxwell

# Dead Boys Poem

The child sits and weeps,  
How could this be all that matters,  
Why did this have to hurt so deep,  
How could this be life?

The child sits with the pain inside,  
He sits with his heart in his chest,  
'How could I have died? '  
Is all he thinks, he forgets the rest.

The child's eyes closed so tight,  
His fists clenched so strong  
He feels the night,  
He knows everything that happened was wrong.

The child stands and looks into the houses light  
He stares at not the window,  
Not at the sight,  
Yet only for the weeping widow.

The child stands holding the gun,  
The gun he died holding,  
As he remembers his father killing him, his only son  
He remembers his father scolding.

He knows he took a life,  
Yet he knows his father took his,  
He remembers not the taking of his father's life,  
Only the pain of his father stealing his.

His eyes so dark,  
His mind so lost,  
His hand tracing deaths mark,  
As he remembers it's cost.

He remembers the scene, the time,

He remembers the look in his father's face,  
He remembers doing the crime,  
He remembers seeing the pain in his father's face.

But then his memory stops,  
And reality takes place,  
For this is when he dropped,  
This is when life left his face.

He walks past,  
To eternity; to roam  
Of all his memories this shall be his last  
For this is the dead boy's poem.

Bethany Maxwell

# Dead Of Night

death, so sweet, so right,  
Please show my your love, in the of night.  
You've shown me love, like no one else will,  
You're so quiet, so still,  
Come show me the way, I will follow you.  
Show me something new,  
Other than pain other than.  
Please bring me my fate.  
I cut myself to honor you, to show you how I feel.  
show me the pain, I've tried to make real.  
I wait here, I wait alone.,  
For you to come to me, bring me to your thrown.  
I'm ready, I want to go.  
Tell me what you know.  
Death, so sweet, so right.  
You have come and now I follow you in the of night.

Bethany Maxwell

# Dear Lord

Dear Lord,  
Take me to your kingdom  
Take me to where I can bathe in your light  
Show me your wisdom

Show me the way  
Be with me as I get through the hard times  
Lead me through life's maze

Please Lord listen to my pleas of help  
Please show me the purity of your heart  
Show me the sky of faith

Dear Lord please take me to your kingdom  
Take me to where I can bathe in your light  
Please show me the way show me your wisdom

Bethany Maxwell

# Death

For some it is like a shadow that just slips bye,  
For others it is as sweet as lemon pie.  
How you will die, no one knows,  
If you will die everyone knows.  
Some will die in pain,  
Some insane,  
Those who are lucky shall not feel anything.

Some think that death is the end  
Others think it is only the beginning,  
And more think it will break, others think it shall mend.  
As for me my head is always spinning.

Death will never be proven, it is only in your mind,  
What is true and what is false.  
Fr some it is kind, others undefined.  
But one this is always the same, you shall loose yur pulse.

Bethany Maxwell

# Dreaming Through Glass

Dreaming is like looking through glass,  
So vivid,  
So real.  
Yet on the outside,  
You remain.  
Looking through a curtain of clarity,  
Yet blocked but it's solidity.  
Fingers outstretched,  
Reaching and grasping,  
Yet on the outside,  
You still remain.  
Familiar faces all around,  
Their voices echo in your head,  
Whispering and screaming,  
Yet on the outside,  
You remain.  
Standing face to face with fantasy,  
So real it could be reality,  
Wishing to see the other side,  
Your hands press against the glass,  
Yet on the outside,  
You still remain.

Bethany Maxwell

# Element Of Life

ICE so cold, so still  
slowing, freezing  
FIRE so hot, so fast  
thriving and burning  
ELEMENTS so small, so real  
making, destroying  
EARTH so alive, so big  
turning, evolving  
TIME so haunting, so mysterious  
stealing, taking  
LIFE so full, so true  
being, never stopping  
DEATH so cold, so still  
slowing, freezing  
STONE so still, so perfect  
unmoving, changing  
WATER so vibrant, so steady  
shining, flowing  
ETERNITY so long, so full  
living, being  
IMMORTALITY so strong, so ready  
unbreaking, fighting  
EVERYTHING so different, so alike  
the elements of life!

Bethany Maxwell

# Elk

The big deep brown heads,  
The long thick necks,  
They are the elk.

The high withers,  
The long legs,  
They are the elk.

In the canyon,  
On the praries,  
they are the elk.

With the short stubby tail,  
With the long listening ears,  
They are the elk.

A siting every once in a while,  
These are the creatures of nature,  
They are the elk.

Bethany Maxwell

# Eternity

Eternity

Endless soul

Unbroken, fateful, beauty

Forever leading, forever following

Fragile, delicate, fate,

Leading us

Mortality

Bethany Maxwell

# Eyes Of Eternity

Through the eyes of the past,  
You see wonder, you see pain  
Stiched together to last,  
Death always there, an endless stain.

In the eyes of tomorrow,  
You see the joy, the love  
Forgetting the hate, forgetting the sorrow  
All you see is peace's dove.

As you watch from the eyes of the preasnt,  
You remember life, remember the serenity  
For in time you are only the preasnt  
As you shall always see through the eyes of eternity

Bethany Maxwell

# Fade Away From Me

Fade Away From Me

Fading away from me,  
Walking through the rain,  
Never passing to remember the sun,  
Never looking at the sky to remember the blue,  
You only walk away from me,  
And fade away.

The agony has left my mind,  
All I can do is stand in silence,  
As you leave me behind,  
In a world of nothing,  
Leaving me in the nothing that remains,  
The hardest part is seeing you fade away.

Rain falls around me,  
Hiding the pain of watching you walk into tomorrow,  
As I stand trapped in today.  
Tears fall invisible in the rain,  
I feel them flowing down my cheeks rain cooling where they fall,  
Yet you only fade away.

Nothing hurts me so than you walking past everything we knew,  
As you say goodbye,  
You were my everything and now I see you walking away,  
Although it can not be helped,  
It can not be stopped,  
As you fade away.

I must accept that you could not stay,  
Your time here was over,  
And soon in heaven you will lay,  
But still it hurts me so seeing you walking away,  
Seeing that you have become a spirit of what was,  
As I watch you fade to grey.

By: Bethany Maxwell

Bethany Maxwell

# Fate's Battle

He sits among the blood, among the sorrow,  
He thinks of her, how she left him.  
He knows he was right, about her hidden hate,  
He learned he was wrong, about her feeling towards him,  
He saw the pain behind her eyes, and how they reflected his.  
He became what he is, he left himself behind,  
Now he sits behind the flames, behind her body,  
He waits to see, see what will happen.  
See what will become, what will end.  
He knows he's lost something on this night,  
He knows he lost his hope,  
He knows he's lost the battle of fate.

Bethany Maxwell

# Fictional Remembrance

Sing to me sweet melody,  
Teach me what there is to learn,  
I yearn for purpose to write my thoughtful word.

Lead me into a place unknown,  
Show me a lit path that once lay in shadow,  
Illuminate the weary sky.

Remember my words I speak to you,  
Sing this line as one once sang for life,  
The piano keys holding sweet memory.

Dreams becoming reality as reality fades to fiction,  
Awakening the living to a world of wonder,  
My mind creating the world I speak of.

Rock me to sleep away from the day to day,  
Keep me alive in the lonely song of the wolf,  
Tell me stories of the life I never lived.

Sing to me in sweet harmony,  
The voices of my past longing to walk again,  
Welcoming me to their world of bitter sweet unknown.

by: Bethany J. Maxwell  
Jan 11,2012

Bethany Maxwell

# First Time

Your hands run over my breast  
You slide into me as my body welcomes you as a guest  
Your body moves as mine follows the steady pace  
As your body bulids it becomes a race.  
My mind fills with this lust, this power  
It shall not let me cower  
As the slow beat of music plays  
I think of how how this memmory shall stay,  
In my soul, in my heart.  
My body waits for the feelings to start.  
As reality hits I remember this is my first  
But now the need for more fills my heart with it's thirst  
You move faster, and the pain fills my veins, my blood  
The pain quickly lessons as my thoughts turn to mud  
Here and now is all that matters, all I seak  
My body arches as we reach the peak.  
Your movements start to slow  
Making movements a steady flow  
You retreat from my body yet remain in my grasp  
As our breaths turn to steady gasps.  
You smile as you lay next to me  
And now the whole of you I see  
I smile back as your lips press against my hair  
I meet your lips with mine with passion with care.  
I close my eyes to replay the moment over again  
And now my true life will begin  
My head lay on your chest  
My eyes filled with you, this feeling is the best  
I close my eyes again to sleep.  
For tomorrowI will weep.  
But now I sleep in your arms, in your mind  
This night was so calm, so kind  
As your arms pass over me one last time  
So slow, so soft for you know this is my first time  
You watch me as I sleep, and ask yourself if I left what would you do  
So you kiss me once more and whisper 'I love you'

Bethany Maxwell

# Flightless Bird

My world is caged in,  
I can not fly away,  
I can not soar in the clouds,  
With the wind and the angels.  
I am a flightless bird with clipped wings.

I sit here day in and day out,  
I watch so many people coming in and going out,  
They stay here so happy so proud,  
And they leave again without any care in the world.  
I am a flightless bird with clipped wings.

I remember each face,  
I remember them all saying hi waiting for a reply of hello,  
They don't understand how it feels,  
They don't understand what it's like.  
To be a flightless bird with clipped wings.

Wings tucked and head held high I sit here,  
I wear a smile on my face and I keep myself beautiful and happy,  
But inside all I can see are the bars that surround me,  
I can't get past them I can only sit.  
I am a flightless bird with clipped wings.

My world is a room full of people myself the center of attention,  
Although I should not complain for this is my life,  
And I make them smile I make the children laugh and look in my eyes,  
And sometimes they look into my eyes and see my world through my eyes.  
They know I am a flightless bird with clipped wings.

They'll stand and watch me as I walk around in my cage,  
They'll be there with me and try to understand.  
Then they'll have to leave and they'll look over their shoulders.,  
And they look into my eyes one last time,  
Before they fly away into the world to bring back stories for the flightless bird  
with clipped wings,

They are my connection to the world,  
They show me what they see through their eyes,

They show me wonders and beauties of a world I've never seen,  
They are my window to the outside,  
In their mind I can be a flightless bird in a world of wonder and of flight.

I am only a small bird in a cage that sits in a hotel,  
Sits and watches as the world around me fly's by,  
I wait for the occasional stranger who looks into my eyes with knowing,  
Maybe a person who is like me like a flightless bird in a cage,  
They are my wings, the wings of a flightless bird who's wings are clipped.

I sit in my own world and watch as it all moves by,  
Day after day I watch and I say what is expected of me,  
I sit in my world and I go on my own steady journey,  
A journey in which I am a silent observer,  
A flightless bird with clipped wings in a world of ever changing skies.

By: Bethany Maxwell

Bethany Maxwell

# Follow Me Into The Future

Come with me as i walk  
I'll show you a path never taken  
Come with me and we will talk  
Walk with me through the trees that quake

I can show you the way to purity to joy  
Come and I shall show you the path  
Come with me i am sure you'll enjoy,  
Our time together the river shall cool your skin as you take a bath

Follow my children as they run around you without any fear  
The squirrels and bears, and young deer will lead your soul  
come with me and you shall not have to fear  
The small creek shall always fill your bowl

Come with me and my family, bring your family too  
For it is always joyful with more, with friends  
Or come with only you  
Some enjoy solitude and the joy till the end

Come with me and learn through my eyes  
Come with me and walk through nature  
Come with me were the bluest thing in the world is the sky  
Come with me and walk into the future

Come with me and see the truth  
Come seek your solitude your future  
Come with me and i shall show you the way to etenal youth  
For I am mother nature

Bethany Maxwell

# Forest Of Souls

The path was dark and shadowed,  
They walked as their children followed.

Through the forest to the feild,  
For time they shall not yeild.

Lost souls on their paths to fate,  
As the reach eternal's gate.

The path was dark and shadowed  
They walked on as their children followed

The darkness is overcoming  
As if to bow before what they are becoming.

They walk with their eyes ahead,  
with nowhere to go but where they are lead.

They walk with family, with lovers,  
As the mist lightly hovers

The path was dark and shadowed,  
As they walk on with more coming to follow.

Their souls are lost, their hearts are gone,  
As they walk through the woods as they walk on.

They carry the memories with them,  
They leave all their feelings behind them.

Now they walk as one,  
Until all but an empty shell is gone.

The path becomes dark and shadowed,  
As more people come to follow.

The souls of men, of people,  
As they all come, all the people.

They walk through the forest, through the wood,  
Down the path of fate, past where they once stood.

The path is dark and shadowed,  
As more and more people follow.

They walk past trees,  
And plants and bushes, past all of these.

They walk, an empty shell, their emotions and their being...gone.  
The souls walk on.

Bethany Maxwell

# Freedom

What does freedom really mean?

My mother letting me make decisions,  
That is freedom.

The ability to make my own passion,  
That is freedom.

Smiling when I want to not someone else does,  
That is freedom.

My own love for my family,  
That is freedom.

Being able to have a great time without being pressured,  
That is freedom.

Having a destiny that is up to me,  
That is freedom.

Being able to sit in tranquility by myself,  
That is freedom.

Standing for my country with liberty on my own will,  
That is what freedom really is.

Bethany Maxwell

# Get The Job Done

Dead end job,  
Go nowhere pay check,  
Long hour shift,  
Under pressure of thumb,  
Expectations of failure,  
And when it's done,  
There's just a coffin to fill.  
Some would rather die; get it over with,  
After all, what is there to lose?  
One man's tie,  
Is another man's noose.

By: Bethany Maxwell

March 15, 2013

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Bethany Maxwell

# Hall Of Doors

You walk through the hall of doors  
With life in sight with death in mind  
You watch people open their doors  
And you think of how the doors and fate bind

You watch waiting to see your exit  
As you see others turn down their path to their end  
You know that the paths can not change  
You know even with time fate shall not mend

Down the hall you walk  
Doors lining each side  
Every person holds the key to one of those locks  
All around you people stride

Doors open  
As people come to their door mats  
You walk by doors just hoping,  
hoping the next isn't yours, isn't your mat

You watch parents and children leaving eachothers sides  
You see love being torn, hate being sewn  
as the doors open wide  
Some people leave together, some alone

You wait to see your door, your fate  
You watch to see which door your key fits  
You watch to see if your heart is with love or hate  
You watch untill you find the mat at which you shall sit

You walk through the hall of doors  
With life in sight, death in mind  
You watch as people open their doors  
You wait to see which door your fate lays behind.

Bethany Maxwell

# Heartbreak

Heartbreak; so much pain, so much sorrow.  
Heartbreak; how could you do this to me?  
Heartbreak; it fills my mind it kills my soul.  
Heartbreak; when will my suffering end?

Depression; all I have left to embrace, to love  
Depression; what you left me for after you stole my heart  
Depression; something you will never understand.  
Depression; what I look towards as you rip my heart apart.

Heartache; the pain that fills my body, my mind  
Heartache; how my heart felt when you ripped my heart from my chest,  
Heartache; it drowns my thoughts in my tears,  
Heartache; what it is I feel whenever I think of your false love

Desolation; the ruins you have left my spirit in.  
Desolation; how can you remain so naïve to what you make us feel?  
Desolation; no one can fix it, no one can ever know how it feels  
Desolation; when will you see the truth in what you do?

Helpless; I feel so alone, so forsaken  
Helpless; how much longer will I suffer  
Helpless; it fills my veins and oozes through my wounds  
Helpless; when can I just let it all go?

Dejection; my life has no meaning, I have no will  
Dejection; Why did you do this to me?  
Dejection; I sleep with a light on just so I don't feel alone,  
Dejection; when will you see what you have done?

Heartbreak; so much pain, so much sorrow.  
Heartbreak; how could you do this to me?  
Heartbreak; it fills my mind and kills my soul.

Heartbreak; how much longer can I suffer, when will my suffering end?

Bethany Maxwell

# Heaven Bound (Rap)

Look at me,  
who am I you say?  
I am no one.  
So are you  
Your face confused, searching for,  
A reasons, a way to fit  
Into the crowd.  
Made of plastic,  
You are nothing more,  
A robot,  
Created by deception and defeat.  
You are nothing  
No one is.  
We search,  
We reach,  
For something more,  
To become something we're not.  
We should all just give up now,  
Nothing left to be now.  
There aint nothin left to be found  
After all we're just heaven bound.

By: Bethany

(not my best by any means but oh well it's 1 am and I was acting on random inspiration haha)

Bethany Maxwell

# Hidden Truths

In darkness we see nothing,  
It is nothing,  
Only blackness,  
Solitude,  
Aloneness.

In a world of light we see everything,  
It is everything.  
Light fills the gaps in our minds showing us reality,  
Truth,  
Existence.

When the lights go off and darkness comes,  
Everything we knew is lost,  
It becomes consumed by the nothing,  
Hidden,  
Lost.

Everything is engulfed in nothing,  
It is hidden from our mind,  
Yet it is still there,  
Exists,  
Is.

Blindness is like the darkness,  
With a dark curtain covering our perception,  
And things still exist in the world,  
Reality,  
Fact.

Darkness is the emptiness of seeing,  
The lack of evidence of existence,  
Yet without perceived minds they are still there,  
Exist,  
Are.

Bethany Maxwell

# 'I Have A Dream'

'I have a dream! '

The man on the platform began...

'I have, a dream.'

The people all around cheering, clapping.

The signs were raised in the sky.

The man spoke strong and true,

His voice singing with hope, equality, and power.

His name is King, Marting Luther King, Jr.

His dream is to have white and black people equal.

To have friendship between them, to have no vision of color.

'I solemly swear! '

The man on the platform begain...

'I do so solemly swear.'

The people all around cheering, clapping.

The signs were raised in the sky.

The man spoke strong, and determined,

His voice filled with change, with strength.

His name is Obama, Barack Obama.

He is the begining of the future, and the present.

He is the begining of that 'dream' coming true.

by: Bethany M.

Bethany Maxwell

# I Saw

I saw her that day  
I saw her face, her eyes.  
I saw how much she didn't want to stay,  
I saw her look longingly into the skies.

I know how she feels,  
I know the pain,  
I know how much it steals.  
I know that she feels the blood in her veins.

I saw her leave,  
I saw her die.  
I saw the blood on her sleeve.  
I saw the light in her eyes go by.

I feel her sorrow,  
I feel her weight.  
I feel the pain of tomorrow.  
I feel I know it is too late.

I saw that girl go away.  
I saw her pass through the light.  
I saw that girl die today,  
I saw her fly like a kite.

I can't be what she wanted to be.  
I can't save her soul, I can't tell her what I see,  
I can't help her pay the toll.

I saw the sun in the sky,  
I saw the blackness of the clouds.  
I saw the look in her eye.  
I saw her heart pound.

I am what she is, what she was.  
I am who she once knew.  
I am in the place she left.  
I am what was once new.

I saw her that day,  
I saw what she will never be.  
I saw that fateful day,  
I saw that little girl.... for she is me.

Bethany Maxwell

# I'M Breaking

I'm breaking.

I'm dying.

Drowning in these tears I'm crying.

I'm screaming.

Not sure when I'm awake or dreaming.

Nothing is as it's seaming.

Why can't anyone hear me?

I'm screaming and no one seems to see.

Please, someone save me!

My life is falling apart.

My feelings weighing down my heart.

Not sure when the end will start.

Or is the end already near?

What is it that my soul fears?

Why does life seem not so dear?

I don't know what to say.

I fear it's on deaths bed I lay.

I don't know whether to cry or pray.

I'm screaming.

I'm dying.

Drowning in the tears I'm crying.

By: Bethany Maxwell

April 21,2012

Bethany Maxwell

# In A Breath

Life is only one breath after another,  
We are the ones who control our breaths, not one another.  
A breath is all it takes,  
To make a breath.

In a breath you could stop,  
In a breath you could drop,  
In a breath anything could happen,  
In a breath anything could happen.

Life is the journey down a pathway,  
Of which stones are breaths that show you the way.  
A path to eternity, to forever.  
Where you shall stay forever and ever.

In a breath you could die,  
In a breath you could fly,  
In a breath anything could happen,  
In a breath anything could happen.

Tomorrow is yet a turn,  
A turn you may not reach, but only a breath can determine,  
You don't know when your final turn comes.  
You do not know what you will become.

In a breath you could win,  
In a breath you could sin.  
In a breath anything could happen,  
anything could happen.

Life is but a breath,  
Air is but a breath,  
In life you will find the truth,  
And find air is the proof.

In a breath you could find nothing,  
In a breath you could find everything,  
In a breath anything could happen,  
In a breath anything could happen.

You travel down a river,  
Where bubbles are breaths and you are the giver.  
The giver of ripples, of currents,  
Of which for endurance.

In a breath you could loose,  
In a breath you could choose.  
In a breath anything could happen  
In a breath anything could happen.

Follow the river of dreams to the sea.  
This is eternity you will see.  
Breath avery breath,  
As if it were your last breath.

In a breath you could sail.  
In a breath you could fail.  
In a breath anything could happen,  
anything could happen.

Bethany Maxwell

# In A Room Of So Many

In this room I am one with myself,  
I sit alone, away from them, from the people,  
I sit in the chair in the back, with only myself,  
None notices me except the two people next to me.

They sit around me laughing with friends, playing their games,  
They are all happy, all together, with one another,  
But thats what it is to them, a game,  
They don't need more people they don't need another.

The girl on my right sits, lost, in her book,  
Maybe she's there with the characters, in the past, or maybe the future,  
She looks from word to word page to page within her book.  
This is her pastime, her fantasy, she is lost to know the books future.

To my left a boy sits facing the wall, music playing,  
Both thumbs pressed against the small arrow keys,  
POKeMON is what he sits and plays;  
The small animals battleing growing, and looking for keys.

And here, in the middle of them of all the others, I sit alone,  
At the table in my bubble of silence, the aloneness of being non-social,  
In my green chair I write, alone.  
If only I could talk to them, if only I were social.

So many people playing so many things,  
UNO, rummy, conect four, cards and sharades,  
These are only a few of the things,  
Yet they don't notice me, my longing to know them, my own sharades.

This room is filled with every feeling, everything good,  
So few differences, yet so many,  
I feel apart from them, yet in a way watching feels good.,  
Still I sit and I write, I am alone, I am one, in the room of so many.

Bethany Maxwell

# In An Alley Somewhere Tonight

The alley lay in front of her  
As black as death  
Then she heard him stir  
Somewhere from the shadows, the black depths

She hears the movement again and crosses the street  
As her heels clicked he waited  
For the perfect time for them to meet  
As he stood waiting in a small niche

And as she past his waiting spot  
He jumped out and grabbed her careful of her eyes  
He takes her in hi arms and takes off the cloths she just bought  
For tonight a young lady dies

He thrusts his own pants aside  
And pulls her close to him with a death grip  
And his face doesn't change when he is inside  
And as he moves it cracks her like a whip

She falls to the ground as the sirens start  
And as he runs away taking along his hate  
As they run to her body they check her heart  
Yet on this night the are to late

Bethany Maxwell

# In Dawns Light

Grasped in his hand  
The source of ones life, ones self.  
On the mans grave is where he stands.  
Raising lifes container high a glint of lust upon his eye  
Everyone chanting, a thousnd bands.

He smiles his risty smile, he blinks his bloody eyes.  
He watches as blood runs down his arm, to its pooling lake.  
For he knows that on this night it signifies all who will die.  
The will die innecent, young, by his command.  
And they know he means what he orders, for he never lies.

He opens his mouth as if to speak,  
Yet he does not say, he only raises the thing to his mouth  
As he pours the blood into his mouth the sun starts to peak.  
It is dawn they shall attack.  
As he stands, in his hand he holds his drink.

He thrusts his arm up and the battle shall start,  
He looks over the man, and he grins, a grin of hate of power,  
As he looks at the blood; deaths art  
He turnsaway from the mand body, still holding his heart.

Bethany Maxwell

# In You

I wrap myself in you,  
I lay down to go to bed and feel you around me.  
I feel your arms pulling me close,  
Your skin against mine,  
I feel your warmth engulfing me in safety.  
I put my arms through you,  
And close you around me,  
I can smell you,  
I can feel you,  
I can hear the sound of your gentle breathing against my neck.  
Though it's just my imagination.  
Being that the extent of you that I have is a piece of cloth,  
Fabric sewed together forming an empty shell that you once inhabited.  
I've worn it so much it no longer has your scent,  
It no longer lets me breathe you in from hundreds of miles away,  
But it gives me just enough to cuddle up in,  
To close my eyes and imagine being with you.  
It's just enough to allow my mind to fill the cold cracks,  
With the memory of how it feels to sleep next to you,  
To be close to you, in ever way,  
It may not be much,  
But it keeps me sane after longer days,  
And warm through cold nights.  
It's just enough to get me from day to day,  
Until I'll be with you again,  
Until the lifeless cloth will be replaced by your living self,  
It's just enough of home,  
To get me through it all.  
So until I'm by your side again,  
Until I no longer need rely on my memory,  
I'll close my eyes,  
And wrap myself in you.

By: Bethany Maxwell

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# Indescribable

I could write every cliché in the book,  
And I still wouldn't touch on what you mean to me,  
Or how much I love you so.

I could say I've never felt this way before,  
And while it would be the truth,  
It wouldn't describe the feeling I have.

I could say that you mean everything to me,  
And while it is also true,  
It would not portray your meaning to me.

I could say that you are my everything,  
And while it is true as well,  
You still wouldn't understand what you are to me.

Because, see,  
You're the drug my parents never warned me about,  
So life changing and addicting, yet prescription.

I lived fine before you came into my life,  
But once prescribed to me,  
You made me realize how much I needed you.

The side effects you give,  
Are neither poisoning nor destructive,  
Yet they give me a vision of life I've never seen before.

When you touch me,  
I feel a rush no manufactured drug could match,  
And with it comes the feeling of safety, the feeling of forever.

With your arms around me,  
Holding me as close to your heart as you can,  
Everything melts away, my journey ends, and I've found home.

I could say when I'm with you I walk on clouds,  
And while this is true,  
It doesn't describe the lightness I feel on my feet.

I could say that I feel like I'm dreaming when I'm with you,  
And though this is truth,  
It doesn't portray the absence of reality that I feel.

I could tell you that I give you my heart,  
And while you are its holder,  
You could not feel the emotions that lie inside of it.

I could say that I love you,  
And though it is the absolute unquestionable truth,  
You could never understand what I hold for you.

I could recite every cliché and line,  
And while every single one would be true,  
I would still be left with undescribed feelings for you.

By: Bethany Maxwell

January 22, 2013

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Bethany Maxwell

# Into The Dawn

Heart beating against my chest,  
I plunge the knife deep into the stranger's heart,  
Feeling bones break,  
Hearing their crack as they move aside.  
The look in the person's face stuck in permanent surprise,  
As if it's only in the moment that I'm killing them,  
Only the moment that their life begins to leave their body,  
That they realize that they're alive.  
I leave the knife behind and let them fall to the ground,  
As I do I turn and walk through the doorway.

I walk out onto the streets of Paris,  
People rushing around,  
My eyes light up with joy at the scents, and sounds,  
I walk around the corner and he's standing there,  
My arms open wide,  
My mouth letting out a shriek of happiness,  
Of course he'd be here, he always is,  
But every time I feel the same excitement,  
Every time I run into his arms,  
Every time I run home.

As I collide into him,  
My tears break out,  
Tears of complete release,  
Reassurance and love.  
This is where I belong.  
I open my eyes and look around,  
Everyone's here,  
The friends with the warmest hearts,  
The brightest smiles,  
All of them here, for me.

Completing my circle I blink,  
In that moment I'm on top of the Great Wall of China,  
Most of the same people are running around me,  
Playing games of foolish recklessness.  
I stand at the edge looking down,  
Taking in the entire idea of the wall and it's being.

Breathing in the presence of the past,  
Feeling every bit of the present.  
A smile grabs hold of my face as his arms slip around me,  
But as soon as I look, he's gone.

My joy quickly turns to fear,  
Eyes darting to the sky,  
Responding to the loud scream of something monstrous,  
The beast flies overhead,  
Barely high enough to pass over the trees,  
A dragon?  
My mind races, trying to connect the dots,  
As he swoops back, his talons out stretched ready to scoop me up.  
Clasped in his grip we fly higher and higher,  
And suddenly, I'm falling.

The Earth comes rushing towards me,  
I close my eyes in desperate attempt to wish myself away.  
A calm rushes over me and I hear the gentle sound of the ocean,  
I look down and realize I'm soaring above the crystal blue water,  
My arms are outstretched as I fly farther and farther,  
Seagulls surround me ignoring my presence as if I were one of them,  
Again I am happy, peaceful,  
Gliding down to the water, I graze my hand on its surface,  
The sound echoing in my ears,  
And just like that I'm back.

I'm standing on the ground again,  
My friends around me once more,  
Only this time in a vast field,  
With bright summer colors,  
Flowers, birds, and laughter fill the empty spaces,  
I realize I'm in his arms,  
I look up at him and smile a confused smile,  
He just laughs and spins me around in a delicate circle,  
Stopping me as I face him,  
A bright light interrupts the scene, small at first, then consuming everything.

Blinking away the pain I look around,  
I'm in an empty room,  
Laying on the floor,  
I strain to stand up only to realize I can't move,

Fear overtakes me once again,  
A figure appears in the corner of my eye, laughing.  
It slinks towards me, the grimace on its face shining through its darkness,  
It starts to melt to the floor, still coming towards me,  
Slowly, it covers me, a lead blanket of sorrow,  
I clench my eyes closed and scream.

I'm falling now.  
Not from the sky,  
But into a cave.  
An endless abyss expanding below me.  
I hear the excited scream of a familiar voice,  
'Pull the string, ' They yell at me.  
I fumble at my shoulders and pull what ends up being a parachute.  
Relief floods over me and I let out a holler of adrenaline,  
As I reach the bottom I find myself surround by whales.

Just then my parachute is replaced with a tank,  
My mouth covered with a mask,  
I suck in the oxygen and swim up to one of the creatures,  
Slowly reaching out my hand, placing it next to the animal's eye.  
Its size overwhelms me and I jerk my hand back as its head moves.  
They swim off and I am left in the middle of the ocean,  
Nothing but blue on every side, and nothing but blue above.  
So much beauty, so much unknown wonder,  
I swim to the surface,  
Removing my mask and breathing the fresh air.

A beach ball flies over me,  
And I feel the impact of a splash on the back of my head,  
I whirl around, already knowing who it was,  
I return the attack with an attack of my own.  
Then quickly dodging their counterattack,  
I grab a beach ball and throw it over my shoulder,  
With their defenses down I face them,  
Laughing and splashing I approach them and launch myself onto their shoulders,  
Pushing the both of us underwater,  
As I break the surface again the scene is quiet.

I'm in a lake, the moon shining bright,  
I hoped that I wasn't alone, and I wasn't.

I hoped the person would be him, and it was.  
He smiled as he walked through the water towards me.  
Stopping just in front of me, reaching for my hands.  
Fingers intertwined in mine he steps closer,  
His forehead rests on mine,  
His voice ringing in my ears, then he goes silent,  
He frees a hand and traces the curves of my face,  
Encouraging me too look up at him, he steals a kiss.

My eyes close and we're dancing,  
I hesitate to open my eyes, knowing I would find a different place,  
Though he's still the one with me so I feel safe enough to peak out of my shell,  
The ball room is full, obviously a special occasion,  
On either side of us there are two other couples dancing, the rest of the floor is still,  
The music starts then,  
Forming the soundtrack to our movements,  
Step, step, turn, step, step, turn,  
I memorize the feeling of each breath we take,  
Knowing it most likely won't last long.

The music plays on, we dance on,  
Slowly the music turns to a repetition of chords,  
Growing louder and more abrasive.  
The people around don't seem to notice, though,  
So thinking it to just be in my head I go along with it,  
Continuing with the memorized choreography,  
Since the music no longer matches.  
The room becomes dim, almost fading away.  
I stop dancing and hug him tight,  
Knowing that it's goodbye, for now.

As the last part of the scene fades to black,  
He kisses my forehead, the feeling imprinted on my skin,  
I smile, and let the rest fade out.  
The sound that had started continues to pound in my ears.  
I'm laying on something soft,  
Wrapped in the warmth and comfort of familiarity.  
My heart is slowed, my breathing faint,  
I replay the experiences again in my head before opening my eyes once more,  
To be greeted by the start of more, different, adventures, but I lay there still,

Wondering what I'll dream of tonight.

Bethany Maxwell

# Jilted Tongue

Growing up in this time,  
So many things rushing around us,  
We see things one should never see,  
We hear what one should never hear.  
And still when we know it is wrong,  
We speak with a jilted tongue.

As we grow old we see again,  
The truth of the wicked that has polluted our minds,  
And we sink into a shadow hiding from it all,  
And we try to clear our mind of hate and of wrong,  
But still the past is there,  
Still we remember a time we spoke with a jilted tongue.

Remember who you are as you see what is all around you,  
Believe in what you are and what you can be by following what's true,  
Never look at things you see that no one should see,  
Never listen to the things you hear that no one should hear,  
Know that it is wrong,  
And do not speak with jilted tongue.

Bethany Maxwell

# Jumping Horses

As you step into the arena,  
Your heart rushes,  
Horse following close behind,  
Giving you steady nudges.  
You mount yourself slowly into the English saddle  
You move toward the jump.  
Faster, faster.  
Your feet ready in the stirrups  
In jumping position,  
As you grow closer to the jump  
You are overcome by a weird sensation,  
A sensation of happiness, nervousness, and excitement  
As you post you feel the heart rate of the horse.  
You are both one.  
Faster, and faster still,  
You feel as if you were flying,  
Your horse raises its front legs,  
You are flying!  
Over the jump you feel relaxed,  
You feel great.  
You draw your horse to a slow gait,  
Your heart racing.  
Again and again you jump  
15 minutes pass you lose time,  
You slow down.  
The horse's heart is racing to the pace of yours,  
You slow to a halt  
Lower yourself from his back,  
You pat him congratulate him,  
And return the tack.  
(Pause)  
Jumping... Such a wonderful feeling,  
Your heart rushing!

Bethany Maxwell

# Korean Staring Shrimp

Ok theres this girl from korea who made my family dinner once  
And she made a traditional rice dish  
And I am not big on the whole shrimp and mushroom thing  
But I look into my bowl and there are shrimp staring at me! ! !  
With those huge dead eyes,  
and mushrooms crouching in the depths of the rice ready to pounce! ! !  
I stared right back at those shrimp,  
and I crouched away from the mushrooms!  
I took my spon, and I thrust it into the bowl  
with as much thrust as possible.  
And I had that little glint you know of anger and madness in my eye  
and i shoved THREE shrimp in my mouth,  
and FOUR mushrooms!  
I heard them SCREAM! !  
And I clamped my deadly grasp on their necks and i bit and chewed, and ripped,  
and I SWALLOWED! ! !  
With all the might I had..... and I found something out.....  
.....  
IT WAS GOOD! ! ! ! !

Bethany Maxwell

# Learning From Within

As i think I learn,  
I see whats inside my head,  
Things I didn't know, things that haunt me.  
And I think what will change, and what will come,  
Think of pain, of love,  
I think of confidence, of music.  
And I know everyone thinks, everyone learns through themselves.  
I know this, yet I still think,  
Of who I am, of what others think.  
But what does that matter, all you control is yourself,  
And I think,  
Of life, of death,  
Of everything that exists, and everything that has stopped existing.  
I think of myself, of others,  
And somehow I learn,  
Without teachers, without being told anything,  
Maybe that's why we think,  
To learn, to become ourselves.  
Maybe that's why we exist,  
To learn through ourselves,  
Maybe that's why we live.

Bethany Maxwell

# Like Clockwork

My hips keep time,  
Sixty second circles,  
Forming minutes in the air;  
My heart beats out the moments,  
Its ticking filling gaps in the circles;  
My hands move slower,  
Inch by inch etching hours in your skin.

By: Bethany Maxwell

March 29, 2013

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Bethany Maxwell

# Lingers

The rain is gone,  
It's pitter patter silent,  
It's accompaniment of thunder quiet,  
It's ensemble of lightning dark,  
but the smell still lingers.

The soft breeze carries the scent,  
A cool night with damp grass,  
The animals hide in dry brush,  
The people tucked away at home,  
The air thick with the weight of silence,

The thunder once so loud and startling,  
Now distant and still moving further,  
The lightening once so bright and threatening,  
Now a distant glow that illuminates the horizon,  
The storm has passed.

And like the rain,  
you are gone for now,  
Too far from my grasp,  
For now my arms are empty,  
But your smell still lingers.

The breeze from the open window carries your scent,  
A cool night with warm sheets,  
The restless hearts calmed,  
The racing thoughts slowed,  
The air thick with new memories and feelings.

The sounds once so crisp and real,  
Now the silent rise and fall of chests,  
The light in our eyes once so bright and alluring,  
Now hidden behind closed lids,  
The storm has passed.

The rain now as calm as our dreams,  
And the storm as silent as our breathing,  
Until once again the lightning will strike,

And our eyes light up again,  
But for now, the smell still lingers.

Bethany Maxwell

# Listen

Listen to the vines with the thorns  
For they are the tricksters  
Listen to their wisdom

Listen to the trees  
For they are the sages  
Listen to them whisper their knowledge in your ear

Listen to the leaves  
For they are the talkers  
Listen to them talk

Listen to the stream  
for it is the dreamer  
Listen to its dreams

Listen to mother nature  
For she is their mother  
Listen with her for she is your mother too

Bethany Maxwell

# Live And Do

Slip away,  
Drift away.

Become what you believe is true,  
If you have to, start a new.

Close your eyes,  
Rest your eyes.

Find yourself as you dream to be,  
When you open yours, it's what you'll see.

Rise to your feet,  
Feel the Earth below your feet.

Walk through the sands of time,  
Be true to yourself, commit no crime.

Sleep in darkness sleep,  
Lay down your head, sleep.

Lead a life you love to lead,  
Live and follow by your own creed.

Love to live,  
Be, to live.

Your mind is your key to forever,  
Truthfully who you are it is your endeavor.

Be yourself,  
Believe yourself.

Keep true,  
Live and DO!

By: Bethany J. Maxwell  
April 4,2011



# Loosing Everything

I sit in the depths of night as i loose myself  
As I loose everything  
I know there is nothing left for me to live up to  
Mothing to know  
I know many things yet have no one to tell them to  
No one to help me through  
I was once my best friend the only one I needed  
Once I had everything  
I know I should have cherrished the memmories I once carried  
All I did was smirk at them as they past by  
I knew they would soon leave my heart leav me  
Leave my grasp  
The dreams that once flamed with hope in my heart  
My dreams are shattered  
I know I have lost my best friend  
I have lost myself  
I have lost my will to live in this awful world  
I have lost everything  
I sit in the depths of the night as I loose myself  
As I loose everything

'The best friend you can have is yourself, if you loose yourself you loose everything.' ~Bethany Maxwell (aka: me)

Bethany Maxwell

# Losing Grip

Losing grip she holds to life,  
She tells herself she won't let go,  
Yet here she sits holding the knife,  
Moving it ever so slow.

She sits beside her bed,  
Knife pressed to skin,  
Knees drawn to her head,  
For she knows this is a sin.

Tears fall from her eyes,  
They fall against the cuts,  
Until the blood begin to dry,  
She doesn't like this habit, yet she's stuck in it's rut.

Her head falls back,  
As sobs break the silence of the air,  
Crys pour from her throat, yet in volume they lack.  
At the back of her eyelids she stirs.

Her hair falls around her,  
A warm brown shall,  
Not even the touch of a hand would make her stir,  
As she listens to her creator's call.

Along the slits she traces,  
Time after time, line after line,  
Forming a pattern like lace,  
The paths, the cuts, so even, so fine.

pain shows through her face,  
yet she drinks this pain, it is her feast,  
Along her wrist, her body, the blood does trace,  
She feels the least.

in the depth of the room,  
She sits with nothing, no light,  
Only the shine of the moon.  
She knows she can't stop, yet it feels so right.

The anger, the sorrow, flows through her, it all leaves,  
The blood wipes it away, let's her feel numb,  
A blanket of blood is weaved.  
Her heart beats; a steady drum.

She looks down at her art,  
When all the feelings are gone,  
She stands, and slows her heart,  
And waits for dawn.

Bethany Maxwell

# Lust

The smell fills her senses, she breathes it in,  
She knows it is wrong, that it's a sin,  
She turns her back forces herself to run,  
She runs away from m the scent she longs for, out of the sun,  
She runs farther into the dark, the forest,  
She runs faster than ever, into the trees to leave the rest,  
The rest of what she wants, of what she longs for,  
But she knows she can't let herself loose what shes woked so hard for  
She ran, till safe from temtation from the longing,  
And slowly her lover caught up the stopped in front of her, wondering,  
She made herself continue, with him close behind,  
The she smelled a new smell, and she knew what she had to find.  
The lion was purched in a tree,  
She knew what she had to do, and this kill would be free,  
She wouldn't have to deal with the guilt of someone  
She only had the feeling of thirst leaving, of being the one who won  
Who won the battle between instinct and right, of doing what she must,  
She won the battle against wanting human, the battle of lust

Bethany Maxwell

# May The Shadow Fall

Friendships are delicate things,  
The brush of a feather of distrust,  
Can cause it to crack,  
The settling dust of uncertainty and suspicion,  
Can cause a reaction of shattering.

It starts out small, usually,  
A crack beneath the surface of shared opinions,  
Separating similar tastes,  
Away from underlying tensions.  
Then it starts to come apart.

A broken puzzle,  
It's pieces coming apart,  
Changing their shapes,  
No longer fitting together,  
But fighting with each other's edges.

Where once was common ground,  
Now lies a sea of second thoughts,  
Analysis of the past,  
Causing tsunamis of new resentments,  
And the ending of civility.

Where there was once petty annoyances,  
Now lie overwhelming discontent,  
Inability to cooperate,  
All leading to tinges of hate,  
Seeping through the growing cracks.

When friendship is constructed on a foundation of rank,  
Age, superiority, and an attempted authority figure,  
It's destined to fail.  
For one day the younger, "inferior" one will awaken,  
Seeing the light in the wrongs, they will fight.

They will begin to see how desperate they were,  
And how they let into the trap the other lay before them.  
Then, slowly, they will see that they deserve so much more,

That they have been standing in a shadow cast by a deceiving authority,  
They will see this and they will no longer sit and take it.

That's when the cracks spread,  
When the abused fights for equality,  
And when they see how wrong they were to trust the other,  
How no matter how good they thought the friend was,  
That all it caused was pain, stress, and misplaced distrust.

These are the tiring friendships,  
The friendships born to die.  
It's tragic, really,  
Spiraling into an inevitable distraction,  
The aftershock depending on the reactions.

These are the most daring friendships,  
For when the superior shadow dwindles,  
They act as a black hole,  
Dragging any and every mutual party in,  
Deceiving them to see their way.

One can only pray the right will win,  
And the shadow will fall,  
One can only hope the right will be believed,  
And the other's deceptions will be unveiled,  
Oh how I long for the right to prevail...

I don't know what I would do if I lost.

by: Bethany Maxwell  
January 8,2013  
(c) 2013

Bethany Maxwell

## Moment To Shine (Know My Name)

The pattern is there, it is striped like a candy cane  
It is there because of you,  
The scars are true, as true as the pain.

My mind is racing away from you,  
You are the one that caused my agony, my sorrow,  
The days are always the same never new.

The days always bring me to your feet,  
I am your servant, your toy,  
I do what you say and hide the pain, I hide in defeat.

You treat me like I am there for you to use,  
All you do is tell me what you think, never letting me tell you  
I only sit and listen as you ramble on, and i am used.

I want to rise above, but I cant loose you,  
If i loose you i loose all my friends,  
I'd be alone, completely, utterly, alone, never being able to start new.

So I sit and I listen, I sit in pain,  
All i can think of is not loosing you, but if i don't then i'll loose myself.  
I try to tell you, I try to show you, but you just call me insane.

I hope you'll notice my anguish, my sorrow,  
Until then I will hide in your shadow, never seeing light,  
I will sit and dread the coming of tomorrow.

Every day is the same, always the same,  
You act like you care but then you tear me down, you shove me out of the way  
So you can have all the light, all the eyes on you, it'll always be the same.

Like the lines on the candy cane every day is the same,  
The pattern is always there, it shall not change, shall not fade,  
Forsaken is my name I am abandoned, I am an outcast. Know my name

I sit in your shadow, I sit and wait,  
For a sign, for a change, For the right moment  
To show you who I am, to show you my meaning,

My moment to shine!

(the words of this are true, i await that moment.)

Bethany Maxwell

# Music Of The Night

In the night the music plays,  
I lay alone in the covers hidden from the dark,  
I do not turn I do not look, I listen to the music play,  
The horror of reality has left its' mark,  
On my soul, on my mind,  
I am alone in the truth, in the past.  
I know what they have seen, as others are blind,  
I know the cast,  
Of their play, of their lives,  
Yet I still lay here scared, weak,  
It is on my knowing that they thrive,  
So I am left, weak.  
The music plays over the sounds, all their goodbyes  
I do not hear them, yet I feel them,  
I see their faces, their eyes,  
I know they hold onto life by it's hem,  
Trying not to let go, to hold to life,  
They hold onto me, my mind,  
I am their source of life,  
And so I lay, waiting for sleep,  
I lay with the nightlights in their small light,  
Yet still the darkness is so deep,  
For this is the same every day, I fall asleep, to the music of the night.

~This is the truth, this is how I live, this is my night.

Bethany Maxwell

# My Love For My Father

Even though he's gone I remember him the same  
I sit here now and I read this a loud and think of him  
I remember his smile his voice calling my name  
I think of him because I know my love for him will never dim

My father is gone but my love for him remains  
I know he looks down on me from above and yet I'm still sad  
He shall never truly be gone but I miss him still the same  
I love him, my dad

I shall miss him now for he has said goodbye  
But I know I'll see him again  
I know I shall remember him as the days go by  
And I will keep smiling and remembering till I see him again

by: bethany maxwell (aka me)

Bethany Maxwell

# Neverending Song (The Song Of A Mournful Heart)

Hear the child's song,  
As he sings his mournful cry to the skies above his head.  
The only music in his words is the rain drops on the roof.  
He watches with tears flowing down his cheeks,  
He watches the wind blow the branches that scape against the walls.  
Hear his song as he longs for a loving touch,  
A mother's hug.  
In his own silent afterlife he watches,  
As the world carries on around him.  
His arms wrapped tight around his legs,  
His hair uncut and knotted,  
As tears stain his cheeks with salt water so rich,  
Hear his silent song as he sings to those few who see him,  
In his solitary windowsill in the house that was once his home he sits and Sings.  
Nothing mattering to him but that that has past,  
Nothing breaking his everlasting chorus,  
But be careful do not listen for to long or his sorrow shall become your own,  
You shall fall into rhythm with his voice,  
And you will not leave,  
But stay and melt into the stars that he rests his feet apon.  
His prison will become your sanctuary,  
His tomb, your grave,  
His song, shall be your own form of reality.  
In the dark stairwell you will stay with him.  
Watching the endless lightning lighting the sky,  
The endless thunder the keeping time with the wind which is the music to his  
song.  
You will fade to nothing at his feet, and he won't even pause.  
He will continue his cry to the god he once knew,  
Crying for salvation for forgiveness, for the one thing that he can never have  
again.  
And his tears will flow on running down his face to his tattered clothing,  
His eyes ever fixed on the dark sky outside that expresses his pain, his agony,  
His heart still in a ody somewhere, never to beat the beat of life again,  
And still he will sing his mournful cry.  
Listen to the child's cry, but don't stay long,  
Or you will become the rain that beats down on the fortress around him,  
Your own sorrowful tears that you shed for him, shall become the music,  
To the child's mournful cry.

Bethany Maxwell

# New Beginnings

Broken dreams,  
Form new pictures.

Fractured thoughts,  
Come together in beautiful mosaics.

Shattered hopes,  
Shine light on new aspirations.

Crumbled confidence,  
Creates knowledge of new strengths.

Demolished comfort,  
Leads to stronger and truer feelings.

Yesterday's end,  
Becomes tomorrow's beginning.

Bethany Maxwell

# Not Long

We've not know each other long,  
But I feel our friendship grow strong.

It may have been a set up,  
And we both may have been apprehensive,  
But now I feel it looking up.

Late night conversations and goodnight smiles,  
Make me happy even in the hardest of trials.

I may not know you very well,  
But with every sentence, every look,  
I know you more and more.

I think you would agree,  
That this is more than what we might first see.

What ever may happen between us,  
Our friendship I plan to keep,  
Something so quickly made shouldn't so quickly break.

We've not known each other long,  
But I feel our friendship grow strong.

By: Bethany Maxwell (c) 2011  
DTAA

Bethany Maxwell

# Ocean

Ocean

Rolling waves

Crash mightily untamed

Both together in unity,

Bound by blue

Terquoise quilt

Sky

Bethany Maxwell

# On This Night

White sheets fall around the car  
For it is not too far  
The roads are white, and un-changing sheets of ice surround it  
The roads are lightly lit  
It is not far now something will happen, something will move  
You always knew the car would loose  
This battle of the night  
You start to loose your sight  
The roads are hidden from your gaze  
The windows in a soft haze  
The wheel moves, you turn trying to stop before the gate  
It is too late  
The brakes won't save you know, the car skids to the side  
This will be your last ride.  
The impact sends you towards the windshield you cover your eyes and head  
This is the end you know inside  
You'll never see your children's smiling faces  
Your mind is in a maze  
You do not know what is happening you do not remember  
All you know is it is December  
The month of giving, you shall not give you shall not receive but death shall find  
were you stand  
The car comes to a stop wheels spinning above you, the blood on your hands  
The light fades all around you flames dance  
The light is now no more, you lay still flames around you in the night, the snow  
falls on  
It does not notice, but fills on your sweet face; you hear the voices above roll on  
It is too late  
For this night holds your fate  
For on this night you shall loose your site

(poem dedicated to: Kai and Susan craig who died in a car reck on their way to denver for Kai to get an art reward R.I.P Kai and Susan)

Bethany Maxwell

# Open

Here there is nothing but open,  
Nothing but pure space,  
Nothing but a void of unknown.

In this place the only thing that exists in the mind,  
Is what is made true through the spirit,  
And actions made by the body.

In a world so empty and cold,  
There is nothing to live for,  
Yet at the same time nothing to die for.

Here, you just are,  
You do not live or die or believe,  
You just are.

It's unimaginable to the worlds that surround,  
A figment of a child's imagination, maybe.  
Abandoned over the years.

Maybe this place is the creation of a tired author,  
Who has nothing to write, only characters without purpose,  
No ideas left to create a solid world.

A lonely widow, perhaps,  
With no one to please or be with,  
Only an empty house filled with empty memories.

Or even a retired soldier,  
Not wanting to live through the pain and dreams,  
Creating a world so empty, so predictable, nothing could go wrong.

A mother who has lost their child,  
Who goes from day to day following suit,  
Wishing it was them instead of their baby who left the world.

The blackness of this world is unlike any other,  
A simple world that is pure impurities,  
Simple complexity.

Like the worlds we make for ourselves to escape to,  
When our own reality becomes more than we can handle, less than we expect,  
A world we can slip off to silently screaming.

A bright place of darkness,  
A never ending end to what we live everyday,  
A single lie that we live with as if it were true.

A world that is everything and nothing,  
Completely incomplete,  
Written and unwritten.

Open.

By: Bethany Maxwell  
(c) September 29,2010

Bethany Maxwell

# Open Water

The soulfull blue passes on all sides  
On the air birds fly,  
Over places, over nothing, over sea.  
Going across the world, just to see.  
We follow them on our own,  
Some with family, some alone.  
Yet we still go over endless blue with nothing else to see.  
For this is the endless sea.

Bethany Maxwell

# Pain In Mind

The pain in her mind  
Swallowed her thoughts  
Drowned her heart in sorrow.

The darkness was her home  
Where she went to hide  
From herself,  
From the world.

It was her hiding place  
Her place for serenity,  
Where she found her only peace  
Her only tranquility.

The pain was all she had,  
In the world,  
Where she was the only one  
She was alone.

Her thoughts kept her alert  
In her darkness  
She knew she was alone,  
Yet her past was still there to haunt her.

The she saw,  
The life she watched leave,  
The past was all there,  
Her memories poisoned.

The past would never leave her mind  
It would never let her sleep in peace  
It would always be there,  
To remind her of the pain.

The pain in her mind  
swallowed her thoughts  
Drowned her heart in sorrow,  
It consumed her soul.



# Pass Away

Watch the world pass away,  
As time does, day to day.  
Nothing changing as lives move on.

Listen to the sounds the tears make,  
As they fall because of everything at stake,  
Keep in mind the pain that raises those tears from sorrows eye.

Remember the voices of the people past,  
The things they did, the things they said, will always last.  
Broken prescripts laying against the backdropp of damp Earth.

Wrap your arms around their ghost,  
For to their spirit and memory we toast,  
From goblets of their sweet, sour blood we drink.

Embrace their once unreal visions,  
As they are now what form our own decisions,  
For their dreamed fantasies have now become the future's reality.

Drape yourself in the blanket woven by those preceding,  
Lay your head upon the bed, lay, your body bleeding,  
Blood of your own deception, your blank and hidden naivety.

Let your silent cries flow like water in a river of truth,  
Spread the knowledge of the pasts grief and strife's to the youth,  
Teach them how the lives of people have been shaped, molded by tears.

Walk through life with your head held high,  
Til one day you too will fade into history and ride to the sky,  
Live through what others have provided, teach, learn, and live!

Kneel before the feet of fate,  
Begin the future you will create,  
Becoming one who came before, another soul of time.

Carry on the weight of people gone,  
Move their sight from night to dawn,  
Keep them alive with the strength you hold.

Watch the world pass away,  
As time does, day to day,  
And slowly watch, them fade to gray.

By: Bethany Jane Maxwell  
April 5th,2011

Bethany Maxwell

# Past, Present, Future

Someday in the future you will die  
Someday in the future you will cry  
Someday

Tomorrow you will live  
Tomorrow you will be one with those around you  
Tomorrow

Today you will meet a new face  
Today you will save somebody's life  
Today

Yesterday you watched someone die  
Yesterday you watched a life begin  
Yesterday

Everyday all the time you do the things you don't know you do  
Everyday you show the world a new part of humanity  
Everyday

Past, present, and future are always happening  
Past, present, and future will never stop coming  
Past, present, future

Eternity your soul will live  
Eternity you will be yourself  
Eternity

Bethany Maxwell

# Path Of Mirrors

They walk so close to you, yet so far away  
Their eyes are lost, their faces fixed like stone  
They walk behind the mirrors and here they shall stay  
You walk with other souls living, breathing, yet for them they are alone

You walk through the hall way down the path of glass  
You watch as they walk on into eternity, into the dark  
They walk there behind the glass,  
People around you going through leaving their mark.

They walk past your reflection as if you never saw  
They walk through time as if time weren't there  
They know you would never approach them  
They know you would never dare.

They walk through the glass and look straight ahead,  
They know nothing lies ahead, yet they know they can not turn back,  
So they walk into nothing instead,  
Passing you so all you see is their back.

You pause in front of the glass looking looking past,  
You know that you shall not join them you know it is not your fate  
You think about the footsteps you take, wondering which shall be your last,  
You walk on again only thinking of their fate

Their faces emotionless the souls so cold,  
You think of how you own skin feels, so warm,  
You watch as they move like action figures made from a mold,  
All the same, all waiting out the storm

The storm of life, the storm of death,  
You walk along side them as they walk past everyone,  
They watch ahead never turning, never looking above,  
They turn to none.

You walk along beside them as they take no notice to life's dance,  
They only walk past, walk through the mirrors of fate,  
Keeping one great stance,  
You watch people finding their fate.

Their faces so still, alone in the world, without hope  
You watch them walk on, you watch them pass  
You see their unmoving faces, as they walk up the endless slope  
They walk along, behind the glass.

You turn to watch as their souls move on,  
You reach out your hand to touch the glass,  
Only to feel the glass is gone,  
You watch as your hand passes through the glass.

As you hand melts through one by one the spirits turn,  
One takes your hand and pulls your arm through,  
More spirits feel your presence and more turn,  
They watch as you melt through.

You watch your world leave as you leave it,  
You have found you fate and not you are here along with them,  
They walk on as you pull your body through, leaving behind the sweater of life  
you knit,  
You have come and joined them.

You look back at the mirror to look at your face,  
And you see your eyes becoming lost,  
As you enter their race,  
The race that shall never end, the race through eternity, for now you are lost

You skin feels so cold you face feels so hard,  
You walk with them, as one  
As you emotions turn hard,  
In true time you are done.

You walk with them, walk alone  
They walk so close to you, yet so far away  
As everything becomes an endless drone,  
For now you are here to stay.

Bethany Maxwell

## Perect Fit

You lie above me,  
Eyes open to see,  
You fit into me so well, so right,  
I could stay here with you all night,  
Your longs slender body,  
Perfect for my open body,  
I am ready for you, I smile to let you know  
How I feel, that you are not foe,  
I open my warm brown body to yours',  
The sensation of goodness roars,  
Tonight I live until it is done,  
For you are the hotdog and I am the bun.

(in this poem I am in fact talking about the hotdog and bun that is food not the other ones..just in case you took it the wrong way...)

Bethany Maxwell

# Poet's Journey

Starts so young...

Fast at first,  
Then, slower, next.

Leads the way  
For the rest.

Folow me,  
Closer still.

Pen in hand,  
Stable, set,

Read to,  
Begin its quest...

Mark it once,  
Twice then thrice.

Words of hope,  
Desperate cries,

Spoken words,  
That meet your eyes,

Shining light,  
Where once was dark.

Dreaming mind,  
Meets the day,

Imagined worlds,  
Brought to life,

Etched in time,  
On paper stone...

What once was not...

Is here to stay.

Bethany Maxwell

# Pole Dancer

Sweat drips as she swing around the pole  
her heart racing

She smiles at the guys as she pulls herself around  
her eyes shining

She looks into the croud as she dances on the stage  
her mind steady

She watches the guys who look intersted as she strips  
her lust showing through her eyes

She spins around the pole again as she grinds with her body  
her fingers wrapped tight around the pole

She lets her hair fall over her face and body as she stops  
her body ready

She stands in a pose as the guys flood to her  
her chest pullsing

Her eyes watch them as her mouth pulls into a wanting grin  
her mid longing for their bodies

Her eyes searc through them as she sees him  
as she walks away with him into the rooms and the music continues

Bethany Maxwell

# Red White And Blue

This nation is red,  
Contrasted against blue sky,  
White, blood stained cotton.

By: Bethany Maxwell  
©2013

Bethany Maxwell

# Redemption

I sit in a world that is my reality,  
As I ponder the meaning of mortality.

It is my destiny it is my fate,  
To leave behind this world of hate.

Today I wonder a world of perplexity,  
Tomorrow I dance in a being of no complexity,

I will have no fear I will have no insecurity,  
As I walk through the fields of purity.

I will leave all the hate and pains,  
And I shall live in a world with no chains.

I will live in peace and I will live in serenity,  
And I shall gain my full identity.

I shall not die I shall merely fade to a world of fantasy,  
I will fumble with the perfect existence and living in a state of being like ecstasy.

I will dance with the stars and dance with eternity,  
And leave behind all modernity.

I will be in peaceful being,  
There will be no hiding and no more fleeing.

I will become what humanity has only dreamed,  
From this world of sin and lies I shall be redeemed.

By: Bethany J. Maxwell

Bethany Maxwell

# Redrum

The dagger slips through the skin  
You know that you will win  
Oh sweet red rum  
The blood drips to the ground  
You are careful to make not a sound  
Oh sweet red rum  
The feeling inside; of hate  
By the time they come it will be too late  
Oh sweet red rum  
The body is still in your hold  
You feel the skin go cold  
Oh sweet red rum  
Again you have stolen life  
With the same red tinted knife  
Oh sweet red rum  
You feel hate no longer, your heart fills with sorrow  
For you there will be no tomorrow  
Oh sweet red rum  
The dagger slips through your skin  
You know the knife will always win  
Oh sweet red rum  
Your blood drips to the ground  
You shall not make a sound  
Oh sweet red rum  
Feeling inside is no longer  
For you are no longer  
Oh sweet red rum

Bethany Maxwell

# Regrets I Do Not Keep

Loosing your innocence is easy,  
Like lying to your mom about having another cookie,  
Doing something you'll regret, is easy.

Sometimes you have something so great,  
And you don't know how important it is,  
you don't see it's worth until it's too late,  
You don't hold it to your heart, you don't keep it safe,  
And then you lose it, and you see, it was great.

Falling to a higher power of want is so easy,  
Like waving at a stranger in a car you pass on your way to work,  
Becoming a victim to sin and temptation is easy.

So many things in life are given to you to keep,  
And some of them you could never give up,  
Like the right to show your feelings, the right to smile, to weep,  
And these things you take as a given, yet they are truly a gift.  
And some of these gifts we treat like nothing, some we do not keep.

Becoming and doing something you would never become or do is easy,  
Like doing something before you think,  
Falling into the hole of regret is easy.

In life you must live for what you have, not the past.  
You must realize what you did and notice how it hurt you so,  
But never regret what you have done, for that shall only form a cast,  
A cast of what you were, one that keeps you still in a solid state,  
You must learn; never live in the past.

I believe in the past, yet it is the present I keep,  
I move on past things i have done, I do not look back,  
For these regrets, I do not keep.

by: Bethany M.  
April 16,2009



# Roses

Roses so red  
Roses be said  
To the soul to the heart  
Shall you always bleed from thy dart

Bethany Maxwell

# Roses Are Red

Roses so red  
Roses be said  
To the soul and to the heart  
May you always bleed from thy dart  
Wiolets so blue  
Violets be new  
To the mind and to the eyes  
Shall you always see the blue of the skys  
Sugar so sweet  
Surgar be beat  
To the body and to the thought  
May love always be sought  
Roses so red  
Roses be said  
To the soul and to the heart  
May you always bleed from my dart.

Bethany Maxwell

# Saved

Bring me to my knees,  
In an empty stone building,  
Cold walls around my heart,  
Falsely beautiful light of stained glass on my face,  
And save me.

Hold the barrel against my skull,  
Cold medal on flesh,  
Look in my eyes; desperately pleading,  
Pull the trigger,  
And save me.

Make me your angel,  
Scratch wings in my back,  
With your fingernails,  
Moan God's name in my ear,  
And save me.

Close your eyes,  
Block out manipulating pixels,  
False expectations and demands,  
Question forced religion and thoughts,  
Calm your heaving heart,  
And save yourself.

Bethany Maxwell

# Sea Of Immortality

The river flows through life as fish in the sea  
The soul follows every twist every turn  
Follow them and you will see  
Follow life as it goes in time you will burn  
Life flows as a river around turns and bends please follow me

Follow the river through its course  
Through The pain and trials  
Follow with truth if in vain the pain will worsen  
Through The long hard miles  
Follow the river through its course

Through the dams past the currents will flow  
Through the trees and vines that you know  
Some places flow high some flow low  
Some filled with pleasure some with woe  
Yet it shall not slow

The river of life it flows through the turns  
Follow as the river moves on  
To the ocean, to the sea  
There your soul shall be lost  
In the sea of immortality

Bethany Maxwell

# Senses Of Christmas

One day a year sights and sounds combine into one,  
As people sing of love and joy,  
As lights flash and music rings.  
On this day people join,  
Family joins family,  
Friends join friends.

Lights shine like a light from heaven,  
And the snow falls covering the world with a white sheet of wonder,  
Peoples eyes glisten with joy and faith,  
Children open presents smiles wide and eyes like candy.  
The faces bright with hope,  
Of years that past and years that come.

A feast is set that would be fit for a king,  
Turkey and Ham cook and become ready to eat,  
Everyone waiting for the time to eat,  
And everyone joins hands areound the table,  
Giving thanks to everything they have,  
As they continue with their celebration of family and love.

Familys sit around the tree,  
Picking gifts to shake and squeeze them,  
To try to guess at what may lay inside.  
And they all give as much as they recieve,  
All of them showing their love for the other in every way possible,  
As the come together on this christmas day.

One day a year sights and sounds combine into one,  
As people sing of love and joy,  
As lights flash and music rings.  
On this day people join,  
friends and family all the same,  
And in the end they say farewell until next year.

Bethany Maxwell

# Serenity

Looking down on Serenity,  
So quite in tranquility.  
Eyes open wide,  
Looking at me by her side,  
Looking down I think of her,  
As she looks at me and sees a blur.  
From this point on she'll grow and grow,  
And she'll think time will never slow.  
Changing in body, mind, and soul,  
Growing as a whole.  
Yet these eyes I see,  
The same will always be.  
They will see so many different things,  
As she sees what life may bring.  
Always the same heart behind those eyes,  
The key to her life, oh so wise.  
So quite in tranquility,  
Looking down on Serenity.

Bethany Maxwell

# Sing Of Immortality

Tomorrow I feel  
Tomorrow I see  
Tomorrow I know shall never come

Today is the day that life begins  
Today is the day we see thy truth  
Today is the time to rejoice

Yesterday someone died, of pain and suffering  
Yesterday may never be new,  
Yet yesterday upon we thought 'tomorrow will make this yesterday'

Tomorrow I feel  
Tomorrow I see  
Tomorrow I know shall never come, to me

So sing with me  
As I sing to the  
Of joy and happiness

Today today, will never be lost  
Tomorrow shall always come  
And yesterday shall be in our memory

Forever I stand  
Forever I sing  
Forever is what shall become, of me

So sing with me,  
So sing with me,  
Of joy and immortality

Bethany Maxwell

# Six Feet Below

Past the fence is where they lay,  
This is their home, this is their ground,  
This is where they cry,  
In this place they rest and are never found.

Here he put them when he was through,  
Here is the place he comes when his work is done,  
They all lay and watch, they used to be few  
Now it has become his hobby what he does for fun.

They want to tell you, they send you dreams,  
Yet we block these dreams for we are scared,  
We shall never know what it means,  
And so we shall be in darkness and the pain will never be repaired.

In this hidden graveyard they lay,  
They watch people walk past unknowing,  
They watch them day by day.  
Being the only ones that know the truth, they hold the knowing.

He does his work so quietly, so well,  
That we never see him coming, we never know.  
Is he saying the truth, the living will never be able to tell,  
For if you want to know the truth you have to be six feet below.

Bethany Maxwell

# Skin

Have you ever thought about the skin,  
And how the only thing keeping from one being slipping into another,  
Being consumed by, and consuming them completely, is skin?

Have you ever felt someones skin against yours,  
So close to being one entity,  
Yet restricted by skin.

Such a small thing,  
They keeps us from being entirely one,  
An organ that keeps our organs separate, apart.

It's depressing in a way,  
That two people can become so close they feel each other melding together,  
Yet the skin remains a boundary between one and the other.

Maybe that's what happens when we die,  
The last barrier removed from the equation,  
Allowing us to finally unite with our other half, complete and entirely, together.

Bethany Maxwell

# Smile!

Smile,  
Look at the sky,  
Forget about everything and just,  
Smile!

Laugh,  
Open your mouth,  
And throw back your head and just,  
Laugh!

Dance,  
Move your body to the music,  
Or move to the rhythm of silence and just,  
Dance!

Sing,  
Open your heart,  
Let out all your thoughts and just,  
Sing!

Speak,  
Say hi to people you know,  
Open a conversation with people you don't and just,  
Speak!

Run,  
No one can fence you in,  
Move your feet one in front of the other and just,  
Run!

Love,  
Like you have nothing to be ashamed of,  
Take someone in your arms and just,  
Love!

Dream,  
You can do anything you want to,  
Keep hope, reason, and will, and just,  
Dream!

Live,  
Today and tomorrow and the next day,  
No matter when it ends make it worth it, and just,  
Live!

Believe,  
Know what you know and share what you think,  
No one can bring you down if you just,  
Believe!

Celebrate,  
Everything and anything,  
It's all in your life and that's a reason to just,  
Celebrate!

Fly,  
Lift your arms with joy and hope,  
Spread the wings of your heart and just,  
Fly!

Listen,  
If your interested or not,  
These are the voices of others like you just,  
Listen!

Trust,  
That no one and everyone should have that chance,  
Give everyone it to everyone and just,  
Trust!

See,  
Not only with your eyes but your mind,  
With your body, spirit, and soul, just,  
See!

It's not hard to be happy.  
One simple choice.  
One god given right of 'pursuit of happiness'.  
One choice to look at things and just,  
SMILE! : D



# So They Say

Time fixes everything,  
Or so they say.  
Die from a broken heart and it will mend,  
Or so they say.  
Watch your dreams fall apart and a new door will open,  
Or so they say.  
Live and love and you will be happy,  
Or so they say.  
Work hard and you will be recognized for your success,  
Or so they say.  
Forgive those who hurt you and you will feel better,  
Or so they say.  
Show your friends you love them and they will never hurt you,  
Or so they say.  
Be patient and in time you will get what you want,  
Or so they say.  
Sleep and you will feel rested,  
Or so they say.  
Let your tears fall; you'll grow stronger and not cry for the same thing twice,  
Or so they say.  
Write out your feelings and people will understand,  
Or so they say.  
Explain yourself and stand by your beliefs and you will not be judged,  
Or so they say.  
Keep your chin up and the sun will be back tomorrow,  
Or so they say.  
Be respectful and you will be respected,  
Or so they say.  
Follow our advice and you will go far,  
Or so they say.  
They say so much and expect it all to be true,  
They watch us and judge our every move,  
Yet still proceed to tell us how things will be okay.  
They get our hopes up, they put a smile on our faces,  
They act as if everything gets better.  
With so many lies woven within the truths they speak how can we listen?  
How do we know the truth from the deception;  
The vision from the illusion  
How do we trust that they will catch us as we fall,

Help us back on our feet,  
How do we know when to listen and when to speak?  
We'll know the answers to these questions when the time comes,  
Or so they say.

Bethany Maxwell

# Soldier's Letter

Dear Ma,

It's been two years and i am still up here in front.

My buddies say that it'll be over soon but now I just don't know if I agree or not. It's not the sam at christmas without you and your stuffing.

At night I stand at my post and look at the sky, and wonder if we're still under te same stars. do you really think such awful tings will ever fade?

I saw my friend get sot today.

Does that make my black with sin?

I heard my daughter was born today.

Does she have my smile? Does she laugh like my father?

I heard he died today, my father.

Does he know I love him, more than ever? Does he know I follow in his footsteps with pride?

I am gonna go now mama.

Can you see my face in your dreams? Can you hear my tired voice?

I am gonna go meet god now.

Do I look ok in my new blood red tux? Do you think he will invite me in? Do you think he still loves me after all i have seen?

I love you mama.

Will you kiss my sisters head for me? Will you give my wife a shoulder to cry on?

Will you hold my daughter as you once held me?

It's been two years now, and I'm finally leaving the front.

Bethany Maxwell

# Soldier's Reality

The drums of war beat in the distance,  
A constant beat of gun shots.  
The men and boys fighting.  
Waiting for the war to end, to go back home.

They sit in the cover of the long grass,  
Guns loaded, hearts pounding.  
They wait for a signal, a sign,  
To rise, run, and fire.

Till then they sit, watching, bullets passing by.  
They watch people falling, their lives leaving.  
Nothing matters to them except that they live,  
That they get to see their family again.

Smoke hangs in the air,  
A thick mist that reminds them that they're at war,  
Keeping them in reality, keeping their eyes open.  
The constant rhythm of guns against heart beats,  
Both pounding, both screaming.

The black sky closing in on them,  
Keeping them in the small battle that they can not escape,  
They move back from the front line,  
Move away from the fire, the death.

Some walk, some run, some cry, some pray,  
But they all move on.  
They all go back to camp, to wait for more death and pain.  
For tomorrow.

The talking goes late into the night.  
Men and women desperate for happiness,  
They sit around guns in hand,  
Ready for anything.

The shooting never stops, never leaves their minds,  
Even in the depths of this black night,  
Nothing ends except the next person's life,

Nothing is right, nothing is normal, nothing feels real,  
But in truth and in the midst of everything so surreal,  
This is the soldiers reality.

by: bethany M.

Bethany Maxwell

# Someday

I live in the air around you,  
I live in the places you go,  
I live in the eyes of those you know.

I dream of your face,  
I dream of your skin against mine,  
I dream of being with you.

Day after day I go with you,  
Day after day I hear everything you say,  
Day after day I surround you.

I am in the air around you,  
I am in the things you touch,  
I am in the things who make you who you are.

You may not think of it every second of the day  
You may not know what to say  
You may not even know who I am.

I know you are there,  
I know you know me,  
I know that someday we will see the truth in this.

Bethany Maxwell

# Something

I'm writing in hope for something with sweet melody,  
A rhythm that can be felt,  
A beauty that can be read.  
With words flowing like water over rocks,  
Steadily without fault or obstruction.  
A liquid in its purest state.

I'm writing in hope for something with sweet remembrance,  
Like the scent of falling rain,  
Or the memorable sound of a mothers cooing voice.  
Something so memorable,  
The slightest reminder sends you back to the exact moment,  
Replaying in unbroken pattern of mind.

I'm writing in hope for something spectacular to happen,  
For my words to form a feeling so deep they hurt,  
For each image to be as clear as these words on this paper.  
I want you to feel what I feel,  
A feeling of lonely discontent,  
Sitting alone in my own my own world, writing away.

I am writing this in hope for something to stick with you,  
A message or a meaning that I've hidden inside a syllable,  
A voice of reason that you have kept from yourself,  
Silenced with the voice of your shallow desires.  
A dream that you once had forgotten,  
Lost in the darkness of the night.

I am writing this in hope for something to be brought to light.  
Maybe a buried thought that you wish you never had,  
Or an inner conflict that you hadn't noticed but feel tearing apart your skin,  
Even an aspiration you promised to live up to but left to die.  
Something so lost in the world of your mind,  
Swallowed by deep chasms of thought and memory.

I am writing this in hope of telling a story.  
The story of a world that can only be imagined in a dark room,  
Hidden from the world and apart from anything else.  
The story of a broken heart of a shortened life,

The story of the silent cries of a lost soul reaching for sanity.  
My own story, perhaps, or even yours, is this your story?

I am writing in hope of making your thoughts and feelings dance,  
A slow and steady music in the background,  
Propelling your eyes left to right and back again.  
Following the steps of each word,  
The flow off each line and stanza.  
An endless waltz with the reader and the writer, will you dance with me?

I am writing in hope of making an impression on your mind,  
Maybe not an everlasting one, but even just a brief moment,  
A moment of realization that you are now reading what I have written,  
That for one moment in time our minds share the same space and thought,  
Each word playing in our head the same as the other's.  
Can you hear my voice, can you feel my thoughts?

I don't know why I am writing, or why I am writing what I am writing,  
But I know that it has accomplished one thing,  
It has given a purpose to something, if even just a piece of paper,  
It has given worth to something that at one point was just a blank sheet,  
Waiting for something to be etched into its surface, making it something.  
I guess that's why I'm writing, I'm just writing; something.

Bethany Maxwell

# Somewhere With The Grimreaper (New Version Of Somewhere Over The Rainbow)

Somewhere with the grimreaper  
Where thorns thrive!  
There's a place I've seen  
In a nightmare.

Somewhere with the grim reaper  
Death shall come,  
And the things you dare to do  
You really do, do here

Someday I'll hear a knock  
And go to the door and find,  
Death  
Where dreams melt like candlewax  
Way above the rose's thorns  
That's where I'm lost

Somewhere with the grim reaper  
Bluebirds die  
Blood flies over the nightmare  
Why then, why can't I die  
Someday I'll hear a knock  
And go to the window and see  
Death  
Where troubles melt like candle wax  
Away above the rose's thorns  
That's where I'm lost

Somewhere with the grim reaper  
Bluebirds die.  
Blood flies over the nightmare  
Why then, oh why can't I die?

If sorrow fills the world  
Beyond this place  
Then why can't I die?



# Soul Of Flames

I sit and watch as the flames lick at the bricks  
The red, and orange tipped beauty  
The tongues of fury lick  
As it burns through the wood and metal performing its duty

The red hypnotizing, the orange bright  
I watch the light fill the black  
What a wonderful sight  
Bringing the memories back

The house falls to pieces as I sit and stare  
My tears falling to the ground  
My eyes filled with the flames glare  
My tears fall to the ground without a sound

I sit and watch as the flames lick at the bricks  
The red, and orange tipped with beauty  
The flames swirl and mix  
As I sit in silence entranced with love and lust

The flames so wonderful so bright  
The night dark as coal  
My eyes filled with stars, with light  
The flames licking at my soul

Bethany Maxwell

# Stand In The Rain

She stands bellow the tree,  
As she looks out towards the sea.

Her eyes see the blue, yet her mind is lost,  
It has left her on it's journey remembering what it lost.

The breeze blows though her dark crimson hair,  
And still she does not blink, she only stares.

She stares though nothing only seeing pain,  
The pain that has left her standing in the rain.

The rain falls around her on the sea,  
Yet still she stands under the tree,

It will not leave her, it will not go,  
What she has seen will never go,

She will always remain alone,  
She remains in the wind as it moans,

She feels movement of the air,  
Yet she does not hear it, she does not fear,

Se fears not the storm, only the pain,  
She stands by the side of the sea, stands in the rain.

She stands here, still,  
As the pain begons to kill.

She stands and looks past her heart through the pain,  
As she stands in the rain.

Bethany Maxwell

# Stone Angel

You are the reason for my pain,  
You are the reason I stand in the rain.

I wouldn't be here by choice,  
But I was forced, and I can still hear your voice.

I push the memory of you away,  
But somehow it always finds a way to stay.

You are the one who hurt me, who stole my rights,  
And now I have to endure lonely nights.

You put me in this place,  
I remember what you did, I remember your face.

And now I stand, in rain, in sun,  
If it weren't for what you did, I'd run.

I'd run faster than you,  
I would run until I could find away to start new.

But that would happen; I will never be able to go,  
Because of you, because I couldn't say no.

But now I stand through everything like stone,  
I'll always be hard as stone, I will always be alone.

You made sure I'd be alone, that I'd stay here,  
But I won't show you my pain I wouldn't even shed a tear.

Yet still I shall fade,  
I will crumple no matter how strong I was made.

I will fall to the ground,  
I will go without the slightest sound.

And then I shall be gone, I will no longer be your slave,  
But soon I will go and leave behind all the pain you gave.

You are the one, who shall hold my pain once I leave,  
And you will believe what you never wanted to believe.

You will believe that I was stronger, I am stronger,  
I am stronger than you, than your anger.

And with that I will crumble to your feet,  
And then I'll be strong than concrete.

For then I shall be free from your,  
But for you, for you it will be late.

You took everything from me,  
But that's something you will never see.

I know you put me here, under all this weight,  
But that doesn't mean I won't stand.

That I won't stand for who I am,  
For the truth of what I am.

I stand hard as stone,  
I am rock I am the unbreakable stone.

You will never break me,  
Only time can, and then I will be free.

You won't control me anymore,  
I will be a lion free of a cage, and you will hear me roar.

The world will hear me roar,  
And then they'll know the truth, and I will be in pain no more.

But for now I know the guilt you see,  
I know that you are the one who enslaved me.

Yet for now I stand tall and strong, alone,  
For I am the angel carved in stone.

Bethany Maxwell

# Sunshine At Midnight

The boy was a senior, she was a sophomore.  
Who would've thought.

That time of year again,  
You know the time.

Girls buying dresses anticipating the night,  
We all know the one.

Guys deciding who to ask and how,  
All putting on a show.

He was a senior, she was a sophomore,  
Who would've thought.

The beginning of more,  
You know how the story goes.

Hour after hour of conversation and flirting,  
How it always is.

Looking for innocent romance,  
You know the kind.

He was a senior, she was a sophomore,  
Who would've thought.

Until it came close to the end of the year,  
What a dreadful time.

And something happened then,  
A story rather untold.

Still, friendship remained,  
After time, that is.

He was a senior, she was a sophomore,  
Who would've thought.

Slowly their friendship mended and built up again,  
The way it usually won't.

Conversations begin again, endless nights of words,  
Memories replaying.

Even now, after everything, his sunshine at midnight,  
Always will be.

He was a senior, she was a sophomore,  
Who would've thought.

Now he's off at college and occasionally they speak,  
Reconnecting conversations.

In times of need the other is there,  
What's more to expect?

Words of encouragement and listening ears,  
How it should be.

He was a senior, she was a sophomore,  
Who would've thought.

Brought together at a random point in time,  
You know the time.

He changed her life, even if she didn't change his,  
Who's to say?

He entered her life and will always be there,  
Like people do.

She hopes he thinks of her, remembers her, thinks of her the same,  
You know how it is.

She writes these words of truth and remembrance,  
Forever his Sunshine at Midnight.

Bethany Maxwell

# Sweetness

Sweetness fills your mouth  
as you bite down on the meat

Bliss overcomes your mind  
as you swallow, the sweetness still remaining

Comfort flows through you  
as you smell the flesh in your mouth

Wonder comes in to your eyes  
as you bite into the flesh of your own kind.

Bethany Maxwell

# Talent

Have you ever felt like you can't do anything?  
Or maybe, more, you can't do anything well?  
Like everything you do is just to par,  
No step above anyone,  
And always a step behind the next.

Pen against paper,  
Just turns words and thoughts into something expected,  
Paint against canvas,  
Just turns colors into an elementary picture.  
Setting to work with expectations, only to have them broken.

Or maybe even you do something well,  
Or are told that you do,  
And all of a sudden it, too, becomes par.  
A mundane activity that changes no minds, nor lives,  
Neither impresses, nor leaves impressions.

This is how I feel,  
Torn apart by everything I do,  
And the nothing I do well.  
Left in a world of talent,  
Only to realize I have none if my own.

If one were to ask me,  
'what is your talent? '  
I would think for a moment,  
Then, I would reply,  
'My talent is non talent'

I recognize talent in others,  
I recognize their deserve of praise,  
And it makes me happy,  
But then I remember,  
I have nothing to show them.

I long for something to show the world,  
To open peoples' minds to beauty and art,  
Yet, slowly, everyday I begin to see;

I will never be the entertainer,  
Just, merely, the entertained.

By: Bethany Maxwell  
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Bethany Maxwell

# Tattoos Of My Past (Something To Live For)

Sometimes,

Every now and then,

I feel the pain again,

Of everything crashing down.

In that one moment,

My whole conscious awareness of being alive is focused on my wrists,

Almost like I can feel the scars pulsing with my heart beat,

A constant reminder of what the pain has done to me,

What it sometimes still does.

Sometimes,

I take it as a reminder of how far I've come,

How everything is okay,

How I am strong because of it all,

Other times,

It breaks me down.

Shoves the realization of the pain in my face,

Screaming at me to remember it,

To address it,

To give it the attention it begs for.

Still, other times, it leaves me breathless,

Unsure of what to think or how to react,  
Just sitting there alone,  
With nothing but my beating heart and awareness,  
Nothing to think about but memories and feelings,  
It's those times when I make the most progress,  
Feel the strongest,  
When I think of everything I have to live for,  
All the love that's worth the struggles,  
The beauty of life's rose instead of it's thorns,  
It's in those moments that the scars aren't a symbol of pain,  
Or a scream for help,  
But simply a memory,  
A memory of mountains that I have climbed,  
Obstacles that I have passed,  
They are, in that moment, a tattoo of my past,  
A token of my success.  
It's then that I smile, still feeling my heart beat,  
And go on with what ever I was doing,  
Happy to know who I am and know my life is worth it all.  
This might sound sappy and you might question it's truth,  
But it is true.

Sometimes,  
Every now and then,  
I feel the pain again,  
Of everything crashing down,  
And it's in that moment when I realize that everything will be okay,  
Without these scars,  
Without the pain to remind me every once in a while,  
I might forget everything there is to remember,  
I might forget that no matter what I feel,  
I'm still here,  
And I believe with all my heart,  
That that is something to live for.

By: Bethany J. Maxwell  
June 29,2012

Bethany Maxwell

# Tears From A Star

They fall as endless sheets  
As they flow to the ground  
Some shall think of them and weep  
Some shall only smile

They fall over hills over mountains  
Over the heads of those who have the time to feel  
They fall over fountain  
The fountain of life

They fall in our thoughts our dreams  
As we see them yet do not hear them  
For we do not have time for childish dreams  
They fall on those who no longer care

They fall on the new born babe  
They fall on the old and wise  
The fall to the ground to forever lay  
They fall for those who leave for those who shall stay

They fall in endless sheets  
Fall from the sky  
From the heavens they are sent to us to know, to love  
For they are tears from a star

Bethany Maxwell

# Tell Me Again

Tell me again papa,  
Of how my life was taken, .  
Tell me again papa of how reality was shaken.

Tell me again mama,  
Of how my life ended.  
Tell me again mama,  
Of how my human instincts faded.

Tell me again papa,  
Of how I took my true form.  
tell me again papa,  
About the blackness of the storm.

Tell me again mama,  
Of how you teet sunk into my skin.  
tell me again mama,  
Of how I came to win.

Tell me again papa,  
About the pain that gave me forever.  
Tell me again pap,  
Of how you made me so clever.

Tell me again mama,  
Of all the time we have to share in our own empire.  
tell me again mama,  
Oh how I became a vampire.

Bethany Maxwell

# That Day

What were you thinking on that day?  
When you hear of pear harbor?  
Were you even alive, could you understand?  
What did you do when you head of so many deaths?  
Did you cry and weap for the boys who died,  
Did you sit in silence?

What did were you thinking on that day?  
When you saw the coffins from the war.  
Were you there, could you see them?  
What did you do when you heard the saluting guns?  
Did you gasp from fright of the sound,  
Did you bow your head and pray?

What were you thinking on that day?  
When you found the paper with the headlines of a new war.  
Were you surprised, could you comprehend what it meant?  
What did you do when you read those words.  
Did you sit down and think,  
Did you sit in silence, newspaper in hand?

What were you thinking on that day?  
When you heard the news of the twin towers?  
Were you able to understand, could go through the day like normal?  
What did you do when you watched the planes hit.  
Did you cry for the people who were in there,  
Did you lock your doors just in case?

What were you thinking on that day?

By: Bethany M.

Bethany Maxwell

# The Burn Of Acid

The liquid falls over their body  
as they scream in agony

The burning burns their skin  
as you stand and watch

They thrash at the chains  
to free their uncovered body

They scream  
as you smirk and laugh

The acid covers their body  
as it rips through them in search of their soul

Their eyes shut as the acid falls in them  
as they lose their sight

The room goes silent  
as the acid does its job

You smile  
as you add another tally to your winning streak

Their bodies lay still chains around their hands and feet  
As you smile and walk away

Bethany Maxwell

# The Diary Of A Young Girl (Diary From An Angel)

Dear Diary,

Daddy was on the couch again  
Mommy left again.

I walked alone to school today,  
Somtimes i feel alone, sometimes I feel like a real lady.

My friend left me at lunch,  
I was alone, I miss her a bunch.

I got a bruise from daddy,  
He told me I have to do what he says, and call him daddy

Mommy got home late tonight,  
But thats no different from every night.

Daddy put me in bed with him,  
I said I didn't want to, but he made me do it with him.

I cut myself, I cut my arm,  
I sat and did my own harm.

Daddy and mommy were yelling,  
Please don't tell, the don't know I am telling.

Daddy threatened me,  
He said I ruined his life, and that I can't start new.

Mommy said I was nothing  
God said she's bluffing.

Daddy killed mommy today,  
As I sat and watched today.

Mommy left me alone here,  
I can't feel her near.

Daddy says I'm his now, his to enjoy,

That my body is his toy.

Daddy cut through my body,  
He didn't stop, even when i said I had to go potty.

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I met god today  
I saw mommy's face again today.

I don't want to see daddy again,  
Not after the pain he's left with me, with nothing to gain.

I left him alone in the world,  
I left him alone.

He hurt me yesterday, that's all I know now,  
I'll never forget..... I don't know how

Bethany Maxwell

# The Flight Of A Bird

Wings stretched, eyes wide  
As the nest wobbles side to side  
The small bird sits on it's edge  
His heart racing as he looks off the ledge

A little lump in his throat keeps his beak tight  
And he swallows and takes in the sight  
His small heart pounding, his talons spread  
Thoughts racing through his head

He bounces once, twice, his first try  
He lands on his back, back in the nest, and lets out a sigh  
He gets back on the edge for another try at flight  
He watches, determined to fly before night.

He bounces again and rises into the sky  
His eyes clenched closed, he gulps, and hopes he won't die.  
A little squeak comes from his beak  
He flops his wings with fury and he takes a peak

His eyes now wide with joy with pride,  
He flies so gracefully, as a human may stirde  
Through the endless daylight  
He flies like a small child's kite.

His heart slows as he swoops  
And he performs a lumpy- loop  
Then he sees the light dim and he swoops like a jet,  
As he flies into the sunset.

Bethany Maxwell

# The Flower Of Death

The life is all we have; the death is all we need  
It sets in our souls as an unfertilized seed  
We know it will root soon, and take over our mind  
And its stalk will sprout and wind

Death will take blossom, and it shall never fade it shall stay bright  
And oh it shall be a beautiful sight, as it holds its petals into the night  
And the leaves shall spread as green as green can be  
And if you look close you will see

It's roots shall grow deep in the pot of eternity, in the dirt of the mind  
The flower shall shine, so magnificent so kind  
It's pollen will fly, will sour  
And wait at the front of someone's door

The sun of the next world shall shine and nurture, the rain shall fall  
Thanks to that the vines shall grow, and overcome the wall  
The minerals of the soul will strengthen the warmth shall grow  
This process shall grow, like snow falls, fast at first then slow

For the life is all we have; the death is all we need  
It sets in our souls as an unfertilized seed  
We know it will root soon, and take over our minds  
And its stalk will sprout and wind

For now the flower shall bloom  
The darkness shall leave, take the gloom  
It shall leave us and we shall follow in the light of what's to be  
Only then, we shall see

The flower of forever  
As it takes root, you use it as a lever  
Lifting you to the flower  
And now you shall not cower

For you know this will spread and the flower shall grow shall thrive  
And then you will know you are truly alive  
As it takes root in your soul, and it shall become the power  
For this is the blossom, this is the flower

The life is all our have; the death is all we need  
It sets in our souls as an unfertilized seed  
We know it will root soon, and take over our mind  
And its stalk will sprout and wind

Bethany Hill ☐

(This poem is not supposed to make you contemplate death, and I would not like to have people think that it is. It is just meant to show you that you should not fear death yet you should not reach for it but to take it when it is meant to come. Thank you)

Bethany Maxwell

# The Funeral

The feeling passes through the room  
As a smell to the nose  
You stand watching  
As the family comes together tears in their eyes.  
As she lays in her coffin at the front  
You stand and watch  
As your own tears fall  
And then you see that no one has noticed you.  
You look over the edge of the casket  
And what you see is the face of the one you know so well  
The one you always see in the mirror.

Bethany Maxwell

# The Game Of A Life Time

You walk through the battle  
Watching for the people for a kill  
You sit high in the saddle  
You are here still

You walk past the tank and to the rest stop  
You watch them move around you and you raise your gun  
Two guys at the side, one on top,  
You aim your gun, and the battle has begun.

You slowly move to your right watching all sides,  
Yet someone sees you and tries to hit you,  
You turn around and just barley out of the way you slide.  
As you lay in wait you ponder what to do.

They people come closer and one comes from the rear,  
They hold their gun to your head as you turn over  
You look in their eyes as they shoot you, to the end you are near  
You lay there dying and it all goes black for you it is game over

You through the remote across the room and yell,  
'I keep dieing! ! why can't I live through that part? '  
And then your nose fills with the dinners smell  
For tomorrow again over you will start.

At level one.

Bethany Maxwell

# The Ghost And Her Horse

Everynight in the dark she walks  
Everynight in the meadow he neighs  
She walks out to her horse  
He raises his ghostly head, spots his owner  
And neighs  
Only true people can hear this frost filled noise  
To her ear it sounds of peace and stillness  
To people around it sounds spooky filled with wondering souls  
Like the wind  
Or the soft rain  
Everynight in the dark she walks  
Everynight in the meadow he neighs  
The ghost walks with her silver hair blowing  
In the pony tail that shall never change  
She carries his halter in one hand her other hand  
Hangs open ready to stroke his transparent mane  
Down his silver back  
Everynight in the dark she walks  
Everynight in the meadow he neighs  
The horse to his girl  
They are still, his head and long neck  
Rested on her shoulder, her arms around his neck  
Running her fingers through his mane  
The ghost and her horse.

Bethany Maxwell

# The Grave You Dig Is Your Own

The tears of our ancestors fall upon our graves,

In which we have placed ourselves by our own deceiving hand.

We are to be hung by the gallows, of which we build ourselves,

With jealousy and pride our noose has been woven.

The winds of time gone by, and time to come, blow past our funeral's march,

Attended by those who also attend their own,

Generations to come wait in wonder of our knowledge,

Lies and deceit we have written and call truth.

Dreams of dreamers, whose lives have flowed past us, create a parallel reality,

An impossible event like that of a circle encompassed in another whom touch.

To the grave we march, an army of ourselves, to an inevitable fate we've written.

We join the graves we've dug, headstones we've set, our own names engraved,

And let the tears of our ancestors' rain down and water our daisies of dying hope.

By: Bethany J. Maxwell

December 7, 2010

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Bethany Maxwell

# The Key To The Mind

You have given me the key to your mind  
Oh, how I thought you so kind

I look in the mirror to see your face  
As my heart fills with disgrace

I see you standing there  
As your eyes they stair

I know you are gone  
But my heart still sings it's sad song

I know you have left me to be alone  
But yet I can still smell your cologne

I see your eyes as they burn into my soul  
Making my heart a simmering coal

I know you have betrayed me  
yet still the truth I do not see

I loved you as a babe his mother  
But you only pretended to be my lover

So now as I look in the mirror I see your eyes  
And I look to the skys

I look in the mirror and seemy own tears  
That will wash away my fears

For now I look in the mirror and only see me  
For I have finally destroyed your key

Bethany Maxwell

# The Love For A Nephew

(His smile wide his teeth shining  
as he stood with the bright guitar in his hand.)

As he lays in the casket some month later  
all fancy and nice, he looks up to the stained glass windows

(The guitar so nice so strong  
with its all mesmerizing sound)

the tears from the family friends and children  
fall to the ground without a sound

(he looks into his uncles eyes  
with joy with pride in his guitar)

the minister stands and reads the script  
and he bows his head to the uncle who shall play

(He takes his pick from the case,  
and strums the guitar with such grace)

the man with the guitar stands in front,  
on stage ready to sing

(As he sits with his uncle  
their guitars both in tune)

the man begins to play the song  
that was once his nephews dream

(They sit and laugh at faults at tries  
as their guitars play side by side)

pick in hand he strums the tune  
and looks to the casket tears filling his eyes

(Their laughter filled the room with joy with love,  
as the music came together like it was meant to be.)

half way through the tune becomes that afternoon a month ago.  
the one with joy and laughter, the one with love.

(As the music slows and is perfected  
they set down their guitars and embrace eachother)

The song comes to an end as the church fills with sobs,  
with tears of sorrow of longing of loss

(They seperate and look at eachother with joy with faith,  
as they sit down face to face)

He stands over his nephews coffin and whispers these soft words: 'I love you so,  
I love you true and this music will always belong to you'

~this is dedicated to Nightserf(from yahoo answers) whos nephew died of  
muscular dystrophy about 35 years ago, he wrote a peice of music with his  
nephew a month before his nephews death, and he played it in the middle of his  
nephews funeral. I do not know the personally so please don't tell me sorry~

Bethany Maxwell

# The Memory Of Suicide

I sit and think of the moment I shall have  
The moment I leave this place to find what is truly mine  
The moment I will soon have

I sit and think of the pain, the joy  
Of watching myself go, as if in a dream  
The moment I stop being time's toy

I sit and I wait for it to come; the freedom, the passion  
As I watch the blood fall so red, so heavenly  
The cuts and scars are my fassion

I sit and I stair in the eyes of death as life comes to an end  
I shall be free, I shall have all I want  
And then for you I shall send

Feel the breath of suicide  
See it's face  
Love it, charish the memory, suicide

As I sit and wait I feel her grasp on my soul, on my mind  
I feel her voice chanting her name 'suicide.... suicide'  
She is for me she is my love, she is so kind

I know I shall be with her for ever in eternity, in her home  
I know how sweet her voice, her touch  
You should follow you should come

As I sit and wait I know she will love me like her own  
I know I have come home to her, and will stay with her  
For my broken heart she has sewn

As I sit and wait she closes in on me so dark, so cold  
I will join her in the dark in the serenity  
And I know you will follow as you are told

Feel the breath of suicide  
See her face  
Love her, charish the memory, suicide

Bethany Maxwell

# The Pace For Life.. For Death/ Do We Really Know

Why does life end?  
Is it our sould that you mend?  
Or just for our hearts that you send,  
When our lives begin to bend.  
Is it for our lives that you fend?  
Our bodies that you tend.

In our minds we know,  
But is it truely we know?  
Are you friend? Or are you foe?  
Where is it you tell us to go?  
Do we have the choice to say no?  
Is it fast or is it slow?

Through our eyes we see your face,  
As black as nothing, as white as lace.  
What now do we truely face?  
Are you the end of the race?  
Are you the next base?  
Or just here to set a pace?

As we climb your mountain do we really get steaper?  
As we swim in your sea does it get deeper?  
Or is it our mind tha tmakes it steaper?  
Or our souls that make it deeper?  
Please tell me this,  
Oh GrimReaper.

Bethany Maxwell

# The Question

Joy flows through my heart  
As I think of the one question that put the grin on my face  
As I think of how this will start  
And as I feel my mind being covered in this happy lace

I think of the feeling I got when you asked me  
When you asked me to be yours  
I think of it and smile as so you can see

I feel my heart becoming full  
I feel my mind screaming with joy  
For now my life won't be dull  
As I think of how I can say "that's my boy"

I remember the light that you put into my eyes  
When I think of the feeling of love  
I remember how I have entered the bliss and left the demise  
And how my feelings rise above

I hear your name and now I can say "he's mine"  
And I can tell people how I feel  
When someone asks how I am I can see more than fine  
The love for you in my heart no one can steal

Bethany Maxwell

# The Raven's Song

My Love,  
The nights have grown longer,  
The days have become shorter,  
Yet still the length of which I spend watching you.  
So graceful and delicate,  
Moving through the day watching in silence,  
Bowing your head with solitude and knowing.  
The way your white satin dress blows in the fall breeze,  
Such white against such grey,  
Why, my love, can't I be like you?  
Why can I blow through the wind so simply as a fallen leaf?  
My tears fall gently for I long to be near you,  
Though here I remain,  
A black stain against your white,  
An impossible friend,  
An omen of sorrow and death.  
Oh how you shine with your light of beauty,  
Your understanding of life,  
The way you live in a world that is so open and free.  
Your movements captivate me in awe,  
Your slow silhouetted body,  
A panicle against the dusky grey of gloom.  
Mist and fog wrapping around you as a blanket does a small child,  
Such a simple life you must lead.  
No cares or sorrows,  
No pain or grief.  
My dear love, I wish you could see me,  
I wish I were not as blind to you as a sunset to a blind man.  
Shed your light on my darkness,  
On everything that I stand for,  
People fear me, for who I am,  
What I represent,  
Why can't you show them differently?  
Maybe if you looked upon me they would see,  
That my darkness can bring light,  
My sorrow can bring love,  
That my deep chasm eyes do not hold death or unwanted knowledge,  
Please, love, for that is what you are,  
A forbidden love whom I can never have,

If only for a day I could be reborn,  
As A feather from your wing,  
A beam of light from your grace,  
The shine in your eyes that carry so much joyful remorse,  
Be such to me that I could never be to thee.  
Listen to my call,  
As a deaf man listens to his heart,  
Hear what I have to say my love,  
Listen with your eyes,  
For this is my lungful song to you,  
From the Raven to the Swan.

By: Bethany Maxwell  
(c) 2010

Note: Song inspired by:

Bethany Maxwell

# The Silence Of Snow

Silence fills the air as it falls  
as you sit and watch

You watch them falling from the air out of nowhere  
as you think about the sky's oasis

You sit there watching with your sweater on  
you sit and watch in silence

You watch the flakes fall  
each one a different shape a different wonder

As they fall to the ground in white sheets you close your eyes  
and fall asleep to the silence of the snow

Bethany Maxwell

# The Siren's Cry

Thy silent maiden floats at sea,  
Long golden hair flowing around her bod,  
Nothing in her mind but a tale of love and woe,  
As her tears fall to be lost in the sea,  
Never to be seen again, but by those who whisper to she,  
Whisper of a light so bright, that you cannot see the world,  
The world that engulfs thy in horror of unreal wonders,  
As water laps at thy feet, reaching, reaching for thy soul,  
Crying the sirens cry to lure thee to her breast,  
Her breast where thy silent maiden lay awaiting her lover's hand,  
Waiting for her tears to be dried with thy finger of love,  
And still thy stand overcome by thy light of selfishness and want,  
And still thy silent maiden lies out at sea,  
Silver tears flowing from her closed eyes,  
Arms out brushing backs of dolphins and whales,  
Hair dancing in the waves,  
As she sings her sirens song, pushing, pushing the water,  
The waster that laps at thy feet, reaching, reaching for thy soul,  
Water made of the sirens cry,  
Luring thy to her breast, where thy silent maiden lay awaiting,  
Awaiting her lovers hand to wipe away her tears,  
And like so many before that have given their heart to her,  
And that have become the foam that lines the sea,  
Like those before,  
Thou shall fall to the sirens cry.

By: Bethany Maxwell  
September 18,2009

Bethany Maxwell

# The Symphony Of Life

Sleep to the symphony of life  
For your breath is the music  
Your thoughts are the lyrics  
Your heart is the bass.

Dance in the time that draws your thoughts  
For here time is nothing  
The dream is your path  
The steps of the dance are everything

Lay in the bed of security  
For the window is the past  
The floor is your foundation  
The walls are eternity

Sleep with the lamp of immortality  
For the shade is the boundary  
The bulb is your heart  
The light is the soul

Live in the house of forgiveness  
For here you are home  
Here you can make mistakes  
Here you can be forgiven

Open the doors of change  
For the hinges are faith  
The entrance is joy  
The door mat is hope

Step outside into the endlessness of the soul  
For the trees are your neighbors  
The animals are your brothers  
The sky is your sister

Sleep in the symphony of life  
For your breath is the music  
Your thoughts are the lyrics  
Your heart is the bass

Walk in the endless hall of life  
For that shall show you the way  
That will be your guide  
That will lead you to the ball room of imortality

Bethany Maxwell

# The Tears Of Our Children

In the depth of today,  
In the thought of yesterday,  
Where do we stand in times movement?

In the past we look at pain,  
In the future we look in the eyes of what shall cause us pain.  
Yet we stand where we are waiting, waiting for something, anything.

In the suffering of our war,  
In the tears of our children who want more,  
We have so much that could lose, so much we could pay with.

In the wondering of our ancestors,  
In the mind of those who we shall enter,  
We are eternity, we are immortality.

In the light of today,  
In the light of yesterday,  
We are who we are.

Bethany Maxwell

# The Vows Of A Rose

(her) Roses so red,  
Roses be said,  
To the soul and to the heart,  
Shall you always bleed from thy dart.

(they) Roses be true roses be said,  
Through eternal life shall you be lead  
To the body to the mind  
Eternity is so kind

(him) Roses so red,  
Roses be said  
To the old, to the youth  
May you always know the truth

(they) Roses be true roses be said,  
Through eternal life shall you be lead  
To the body to the mind  
Eternity is so kind

(her) Roses so red,  
Roses be said,  
Love shall never be new  
For this I already knew

(they) Roses be true roses be said,  
Through eternal life shall you be lead  
To the body to the mind  
Eternity is so kind

(him) Roses so red,  
Roses be said,  
To the soul and to the heart  
Shall you always bleed from my dart.

□

Bethany Maxwell

# There's A Light In The Dark

There's a light in the dark,  
When everything else has gone out;  
The burning embers of an unfinished thought,  
Smoldering deep within a dream.

Images being scalded into memory,  
As sparks of emotion break the silence of the night,  
These fictional happenings engulfing the mind;  
A smoke of questions unanswered.

A fire singeing the corners of consciousness,  
Leaving coals for the morning light,  
Fueling the flames for further thought;  
There's a light in the dark.

Bethany Maxwell

# Thieves

Thieves lurk in shadows,  
Waiting for my eye to turn,  
My awareness to slip into fault.  
To come and sweep me off my feet.  
Stretching shadows until they break,  
And dreams come flowing through,  
As my eyes become heavy,  
With need for the shadows to fall upon me,  
And take me into a land so perfect,  
To come and steal my night away.

By: Bethany Maxwell

April 26,2010

Bethany Maxwell

# Thinking Of You

Sitting here on this cold night I think of you  
Sitting here looking into the sky I see your face  
Sitting here thinking I think of your voice  
Sitting here I watch the stars I smile at the thought of seeing you soon

Being here without you I feel the emptiness sinking into my heart  
Being out here without your warmth I think of how I will feel your warmth  
someday  
Being here in the night that is so dark I force a smile to show on my face  
Being here I think of how this will just make the day I see you even better

Thinking of you can always changes the day from bad to good in a second  
Thinking of you makes a smile appear that has been hidden  
Thinking of you lightens the dark night's sky  
Thinking of you makes me get through the day

Talking to you always makes me forget all my troubles  
Talking to you makes my surroundings melt into a dream  
Talking to you always puts me in a good mood even when we have nothing to  
say  
Talking to you always gives me something to look forward to. I love you.

Bethany Maxwell

# Three. Two. One.

.

All.  
There is.  
Left.

.

Nothing.  
More to.  
Do.

.

More.  
To Living.  
Life.

.

Come.  
Take me.  
Away.

.

Breath.  
In, out.  
Exist.

.

Remember.  
Your thoughts.  
Yourself.

.

Bring.

Your World.  
Alive.

.

Live.  
Your Life.  
Completely.

.

Never.  
Give Up.  
Hope.

.

Begin.  
The Future.  
Now.

.

Be.  
Always Truthful.  
Forever.

.

Give.  
It Your.  
All.

.

Blink.  
Just once.  
Gone.

.

Believe,  
In Yourself.  
Always.

.

Before.  
You know.  
It.

.

by: Bethany Maxwell  
March 28,2012  
(c) 2012

Bethany Maxwell

# To Fade Away

I want to melt away into nothing,  
To be a simple molecule of air,  
Floating in and out of people' lives,  
Without them even knowing.  
I want to be in my own world, my own eternity.

Why can't you just understand that,  
Why can't you look in my eyes,  
And see that I don't want to be trapped,  
In your cage of protection,  
I want to be in an unprotected world fighting for myself!

I want to fall to pieces at the feet of the world,  
I want to bow down and move as it moves,  
Not fighting each current,  
Not going against it to try to form my own world,  
I want to know where I stand and who I am.

I want to become one with the outside world,  
Leave everything behind me from this life,  
No more cages or lies or protection from a world I have to face.  
I want to make my own mistakes and correct them myself,  
Without you trying to do it for me.

The fire inside me burns at a slow simmer,  
Waiting for something to give it fuel,  
Fuel to overcome my body and melt away my skin,  
Working it's way through me to engulf me once again,  
Engulf me in the feeling of being locked away from everything of anger.

If I could just fade to nothing,  
Breathe the air that was breathed by the sycamore,  
Drink the water that was dumped from the heavens above,  
If I could just be at true peace with my own tranquility,  
If I could just be alive and not be expected to be perfect but just be me.

What would happen if I faded into this void of meditation,  
Would I be driven mad or insane,  
Would I never want to leave this feeling of ecstasy behind me,

Would everything be okay just for one time; one moment,  
Could I be so simply there, not be noticed?

I want to do nothing but sit in my world of perfectness,  
If even just for a moment or day,  
I want to wade in the pool of immortality,  
I want to find who I am,  
I don't want to fight it anymore I want to let it overtake me.

I want to be melted away into something so simple and perfect,  
So impossibly flawless so pure  
I want to melt; find the simplistic life that so many people are blind to,  
I want to open my eyes and see this place, this world,  
I want to see.

I want to melt away into nothing,  
I want to become one with the world around me,  
With the life within me.  
I want to escape into this world of perfect being,  
And fade to nothing.

By: Bethany Maxwell

September 14,2009

Bethany Maxwell

# Tomorrow

Tomorrow is what tomorrow is  
Nothing shall change that

When tomorrow comes things will happen  
Things both good and bad

Things may happen tomorrow because of today  
But looking at today as judgment of tomorrow won't help

Tomorrow will never stop coming  
No matter how slow the day seems to go

Tomorrow is what tomorrow is  
You do not know what will happen

Tomorrow will always come after today  
So why not give tomorrow a chance?

Bethany Maxwell

# Truth

They fall through time as a leaf from a tree  
Trees so green  
Green as life, green as death, as the souls  
Souls that are lost, lost forever

Forever in time forever in truth  
Truth that shall not be spoken  
Spoken by only those who know the truth  
Truth that only they know, only they see

See through their eyes, listen through their ears  
Ears that have heard the truth, that hold it in their hands  
Hands so cold, so hard from truth from hope  
Hope that they have lost

Lost as a shell in the sea, the sea of truth  
Truth that flows in all of us, everyone  
everyone who stands in the shower of faith  
Faith that some have lost, some gain

Gain all the truth, hope, faith, love  
Love that haunts, love that stays  
Stays with us all, stays in our souls  
Souls we shall lose, in the battle of time

Time that haunts us all  
All who feel  
Feel the pain, all who know  
Know the truth

(just felt like trying a format that my friend said I should try. It has whatever word that a line ends with the next line starts with the same word. EX. you sit in the fire  
Fure of truth so I decided I would try it. hope you like)



# Unbroken

Tomorrow is another day,  
So don't let today stop you.  
Tomorrow is unbroken,  
Even if today is shattered,  
If you want to know how this day could end,  
Look upon tomorrow and you will see profection,  
Tomorrow is unbroken.

A child in the womb is another heart,  
So don't let them fall before their time,  
The unborn are unbroken,  
Even if the people here are wrong,  
If you want to see who they become,  
Look upon everyone and you shall see change,  
Unborn are unbroken.

Teens are another body,  
So don't let them free before they are ready,  
They are unbroken,  
Even if some are lost,  
If you want to keep them whole,  
Look at them and show them the way,  
While they are still unbroken.

Moonlight is just another light,  
So don't shut it out,  
It is unbroken,  
Even if the surface of the water is moved.  
If you want to see the man on the moon,  
Open the window and gaze upon it,  
For it shall always be unbroken.

Bethany Maxwell

# Vampire Suicide

She walks through the graves,  
Passing them one by one,  
They all passed like they should, but she couldn't, she remained times slave,  
Even though she wished she could.

She walked by the people,  
She read the stones like a book,  
She read them all she knew all the people,  
She watched as she began to look.

She looked at their names, their stones,  
She studied their birthdays,  
She knew them, she knew they were only bones,  
But still she feels their pain, and what happened in their last days

She watched in sorrow, in hate,  
She knew she should be one of them, she should be under ground,  
She knew that she was supposed to suffer the same fate,  
But now she wanders through eternity, her fate never to be found

She stopped at the end of the row one stone catches her eye,  
She knew this person, this child,  
She looks at the birth only eighteen years from when she died,  
Her eyes fill with tears, and her still heart goes wild.

She knows she has eternity but that's not what she wants,  
She is the being of forever, the vampire,  
"you don't have to die" her mind taunts,  
Her heart so cold her mind so wild, her soul filled with fire.

She drops to her knees the stake in her hand,  
She lays the teddy bear on the grave, her grave,  
She lays unable to stand,  
Now it's not time but that she craves.

She takes the stake to her throat,  
She pulls it across her marble skin,

The blood appears but not from her throat,  
She feels eternity fade from her skin.

She lays feeling holding onto its' thought,  
She takes the stake away feeling the burn of the wood,  
She lowers it to her heart she feels her skin get hot,  
The burning begins just with a touch of the wood.

She lays in front of her grave with the flowers,  
And she presses the knife deeper into herself,  
She feels her body drain of all power,  
She watches her eternity slip away, as she gets what she wants for herself.

The she never had now came to her side,  
She held to it like a child to the mother breast,  
She lost the grip of light and her grip on life began to slide,  
She let it slip away, away with all the rest.

She watched as it all left her as she died above her grave,  
She Walked with, she walked by its' side  
But now She is no longer times slave,  
For this is the vampires' suicide.

Bethany Maxwell

# We Are Alive

I can feel the air around me,  
I can see the people laughing and singing,  
I can be the spirit in the trees,  
I can fly with the birds in the sky.  
I can believe what I want to believe.  
I can say and do what I want.  
I can be who I want to be,  
I can follow my dreams.  
I can taste the life within me,  
I can smell the sweet breath of my soul,  
I can be with the people before me,  
I can think of those to come.  
I can see through the eyes of others,  
I can put myself in their shoes.  
I can feel everything around me,  
I can see the people laughing,  
I can hear the sobs of an infant,  
I can taste the love of a mother.  
I can see the lives of others,  
I can imagine what they are thinking,  
I can guess what they are like.  
I can see the colors in the wind,  
I can hear the breath of god whispering his knowlage,  
I can taste the strength he gave me,  
I can feel the life in my veins.  
I can stand here and think of all these things,  
I can watch the day fall into night,  
I can wait for what tomorrow will bring to me.  
I can carry the word of god to others,  
I can show them the light of hope.  
I can show people the truth,  
I can bring you the message of life,  
I can bring you the knowlage of faith.  
I can run through the prairies and forest,  
I can touch everything around me.  
I can hear my heartbeat in my ears,  
I can feel the passing spirits,  
I can smell the warmth of the Earth,  
I can feel the live with in me.

I can tell you you can too,  
I can show you the way to be free,  
I can bring you to know your mother, Earth.  
I can try my hardest to show you,  
I can hope you'll understand,  
Yet I know  
It's up to you to welcome this power,  
I know you can, just like  
I can.  
We are one with each other,  
We are one with the Earth,  
She is our mother,  
We are alive.

Bethany Maxwell

# We Are Who We Are

Do you ever ask yourself why?  
Why do I say the things I do?  
Why is it I have these feelings?  
Why can't I find the reason to my life?

Do you ever wonder if?  
If life changed.  
If you died.  
If you were to go insane.

Do you go around asking yourself what?  
What am i doing?  
What am I supposed to do?  
What day is it?

Do you ever look in the mirror and asked yourself things?  
Do I look fat?  
Do I look acceptable for work?  
Do I have enough time for one more thing?

If we are so independant and confident as a human race,  
why do we ask why?  
Why do you always find ifs in things?  
What do we always question things for?  
Why do we question who we are?

Bethany Maxwell

# What If?

What if this is eternity,  
and nothing else exists?

What is death really is the end,  
And nothing passes bye?

What if money were nothing,  
And it didn't really matter?

What if this is immortality,  
And we gave had our turn?

What if it all depends on us,  
And we are stopping everything?

What if we hold the furture,  
And we're letting it slip bye?

Bethany Maxwell

# What Is Pain?

Pain

An everlasting blood stain.

Hope

What you lose as you begin to mope.

Love

What betrays you as you begin to ascend to above.

Death

What you gain as you go in depth.

Sorrow

An endless feeling as you pass from today to tomorrow.

Joy

What you leave behind as you become times toy.

Eternity

What everything leads to.

Immortality

A figure of your imagination.

Bethany Maxwell

# What Tis' Present? (By My Grandfather)

(this is a poem written by my grand father)

What is the present time  
Can it be heard or seen  
The past we know  
The future we can guess  
But the present never does appear.

Bethany Maxwell

## Who? (Death Part: 2)

Who? (death part: 2)

Who do they want me to be?  
Who do they want me to portray?  
Who do they want to follow?  
Who shall take my job?  
I am me you are you.

Who am I supposed to be?  
Who am I supposed to save?  
Who am I supposed to take to hell?  
Who would know this other than me?  
Who am I? Who?

Who am I to say what I am?  
Who are you to judge me?  
Who am I to say 'no' to your needs?  
Who are you to say 'no' to mine?  
Are we just like that? Alone.

Who is the one who calms your fears?  
Who is the one who takes you to god?  
Who is the one who loves you so?  
Who is the one who cares about you?  
I am.

Who is the one who follows me?  
Who is the one who walks in my steps?  
Who is the one who wants the freedom to choose?  
Who is the one who looks to me and is supposed to smile?  
You are.

Who is the one who you see in the end?  
Who is the one who saves your soul?  
Who is the one who brought you here as their sons and daughters?  
Who is the one who shall send you on?  
God is.

Who are you not to follow?

Who are you to follow with pride?  
Who is the one whom you should fear?  
Who is the one you should praise?  
You are to choose, you are to know, you are the one who should listen.

Who are you all?  
Who am I?  
Who is God?  
Who is the one?  
Only you shall know, who.

Bethany Maxwell

## Why? (Death Part: 1)

Why do people fear me?  
Why do they long for the day I appear to them to never come?  
Why can't they look at me like a friend, not a foe?  
Why do kids think of me and cry?  
I am only the next chapter.

Why do people in church pray I shall never come?  
Why do they look to god and ask 'what have I done'?  
Why do they look above and think 'why must I leave? '  
Why do they want to have eternity?  
I would give them just that.

Why can't they look at me and smile?  
Why can't they stand side by side with me as friends?  
Why can't we all stay together as family?  
Why can't we live as one?  
That's what we are we live together side by side.

Why can't they know who I am before they hide from my path?  
Why can't they look in my eyes and know the truth of me?  
Why can't they give me a chance before hiding in my shadows?  
Why don't they give me what I deserve, what I need?  
For I am just like you. I feel, I want, I need.

Why can't we all live together as a whole?  
Why can't we welcome each other into our homes?  
Why can't they accept when they have to follow me?  
Why can't they follow with pride, with joy?  
For I am only leading them to god.

Why do people fear me?  
Why do they long for the day I appear to them to never come?  
Why can't they look at me like a friend, not a foe?  
Why do kids think of me and cry?  
I do not want this, I want peace and joy.

Why don't they ask what I want?  
Why don't they hear what my needs are?  
Why won't they listen?

Why won't they trust me, and love me?  
Why? .....Why? .....Why?

Bethany Maxwell

# Would You

Would you come for me?  
Would you come see?

Would you miss me if I left?  
And blame death for the awful theft?

Would you come with me to eternity?  
Would you have enough maturity?

Would you tell me you love me?  
If my mind was lost at sea?

Would you be there for me?  
Would you all you could be?

Would you still love me if I cried?  
If I looked at life and sighed?

Would you rescue me?  
Would you save me?

Would you be the one i need?  
If I followed would you lead?

Would you kiss me when I'm sad?  
Would you talk with me when I am mad?

Would you always be mine?  
If I asked you to be mine?

Would you give me your heart?  
Would you love me from the start?

Would you be the perfect love,  
Sent from above?

Would you be there till the end?  
Would you be my best friend?

Would you do anything for me?  
Would you love me for me?

Bethany Maxwell

# You And Me. I Laugh. (What You Do To Yourself)

You are you,  
And I am me,  
But you came to me,  
And my friends,  
You came into our arms,  
when you were new,  
Then you found THEM,  
You left us for them,  
You went to their side.  
I look at you now and I laugh.  
Not because your weird,  
Or your dumb,  
But because of your future.  
I am me,  
I know where i am in life.  
I know my plan for the future,  
I know I want to go to college,  
And then graduate,  
And be successful,  
I know I have friends who really care and love me,  
I work to get what I want,  
I don't wait for it to be given to me,  
Or wait to loose the chance of earning it,  
Like you.  
I don't go out and party all night,  
I don't get laid whenever i want,  
I don't blow off homework,  
Or set it off till later,  
I do it then and there,  
I get it out of the way,  
Then I go out and have fun with my friends,  
Yet i do not drink,  
I do not get high,  
I keep my mind safe,  
I save the memories I make,  
I don't throw them away.  
Like you.  
So I do not laugh at your cloths,  
I do not laugh at you,

I laugh at your future,  
I laugh at your choices and thoughts,  
I laugh at your ideas of having fun.  
Wasting your mind,  
Wasting your life,  
Forgetting and losing your memories,  
Wasting your money,  
Wasting your friendships,  
wasting your time,  
This is your fun,  
This is your life.  
Keeping my mind,  
Keeping my life,  
Remembering and keeping my memories,  
Saving my money,  
Cherishing my friendships,  
Using my time for friendship family and love,  
This is my fun,  
This is my life.  
I laugh at you.  
Someday I will read about in the paper or see you on the news,  
I will see a mug shot,  
Or hear about your 'untimely' death,  
See you on the street,  
Stealing from a store,  
Or dressed in gold and diamonds that you bought with money you didn't earn,  
and I will laugh.  
I will be the one with the baby on my hip,  
The loving husband by my side,  
The home of a modest family,  
I good job,  
And friends,  
I will be the one who is truly happy,  
I will be the successful one,  
I will be the one who is truly rich,  
I will be the one who is free,  
Not running from the world,  
Or trying to run ahead of it,  
I will be the one with the sense of mind,  
And modesty,  
I will be the one who helps by doing what i can,  
Not being who I can't.

I will be the one with a life,  
I will be the one who is famous,  
Not you.  
You dont have to be in the news,  
Or have lots of money,  
Or know the 'right people',  
to be famous,  
You may have money,  
And the press following you,  
But I will be more rich then you,  
I will have the life you don't have,  
I will have a family who loves me for me,  
I will have a job I love and that keeps me going,  
I will have true friends who go through anything with me.  
I will be rich.  
So you come to me and my friends,  
Looking for refuge,  
Until you find THEM,  
Then you leave and through your life away.  
And as I pass the path you now walk,  
I look and I think of what you're doing,  
I think of who you are now,  
I think of what you have become,  
and I laugh.

Bethany Maxwell