

Poetry Series

Breey Hayden
- poems -

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Brey Hayden(Ugh.....CONFIDENTIAL*)

I was born in Texas, and i have recently gone on a very emotional and life changing trip. I am very close to god, and i live with my mom and dad. My favorite poet is EGDAR ALLAN POE. I am almost 15, and i love to sing.

I know my poetry could use some work, so please comment on them and give me pointers.

Most of the poems are about my real life. Like 'Funny poem to a Druggie' is to my other friend Richard.

And also, 'Lyrics to a broken heart' is to him and my drug life. Which is actually also a song i wrote. infact most of my poems are about him, but i'm so proud is the last one going to him.

A Dying Flower

a dying flower wailed to me,
as i crossed it's weary path.
it said, 'my dear, why can't you see? I've suffered none but others wrath! '
i tried my best to strain and hear,
but the flower was quite hurt.
it's one last breath just dissapeared,
and came out in a soft low spurt.
i also tried so hard not to cry,
for simply i could see.
this flowers pain was far from lies,
and this poor dead flower resembled me.

Breey Hayden

Anxiety Is Overrated.

when ever i feel sick or sad
i take my pills.
i think i could do better,
i'm just a nut stuck in a shell,
a freak on a leash.
i know this is all my fault,
but having to act like a robot for them,
it's sick.
i smile and act like i'm okay,
let the screen fade to black and they will walk away.
unfortunately they will be back.
i want to be alone sometimes,
just minutes to think to myself.
i just don't understand why they think i'm stupid,
i can function just fine.
they treat me like i'm porclean,
and if they let me speak my mind i could hurt myself and others.
i'm just stressed and mad and that makes me sick?
i know i'm negative and cruel,
but it isn't just me.
sometimes it's what is done and said by others.
so instead of feeling sorry,
i look up and i smile.
my tears are for the best.
i won't bottle up my feelings,
and i will speak my mind.
i don't care what they think because,
anxiety is overrated.

Brey Hayden

I Am So Proud

i am so proud of you,
all the things i couldn't do,
you put it all together for me,
and now i wish that you could see....

The things that you did in the past,
had made my heartbreak only last,
but just last night all those thoughts fell,
i hope you do good and well.

I'm so proud to see your face,
the way you smile brings up my pace.
i know you hate me like i hated you,
but my proud feelings will always be true.

So in the future i'll pretend,
i could never be your friend,
but i hope you stay the way you where
and i wish you the best you can have with her.

I am not jealous, i am not sad,
i ruined what happened and you deserve to be mad.
but just so you can understand,
i'm so proud of you.
You deserve it.

Breey Hayden

I'LI Remember

some say it was for better, some claim it was for worse...but everyone around me tells it was him first...i don't know what to do or say or where to go or why, but everytime i think of him i just break down and cry...And i'll remember when he used to look at me and smile, and i'll remember how he used to ask to stay a while, and i'll remember how he used to say, 'I love you more than anything i have...' and thats....what i'll remember.

Breey Hayden

I'M Just Happy

when you told me you where in love,
i didn't believe it was with me.
i thought you just thought of me like a friend,
and that was all i could see.
but standing next to you,
looking at the moon,
i knew.
and,
i'm just happy.

Breey Hayden

It's Okay, I'M Okay. We Are All Okay.

i'm okay,
i really don't care.
and whoever said we had to play fair?
sometimes my back up system goes down,
but that is no excuse for a frown.
someone reminded me i'm negative,
and it made me realize i actually am.
but it's okay, i think i will live.
oh wait,
i know i will.
and yes, i am okay.
you keep asking, thanks,
i know you care.
so if i'm okay, and your okay, and it's okay, weir all okay!

Breey Hayden

Life Is Simply A Bowl Full Of Cherries

if you think about it, life is simply a bowl full of cherries.
each cherry you pick is different.
sour or sweet,
like good or bitter memories.
each one has a pit,
like trials and hardships that happened before.
all of them have a stem,
something that helps you hold that memory close,
but can sometimes be removed,
whether you want it to be or not.
don't eat them too fast,
eat them as slow as you can.
life doesn't last forever.

Breey Hayden

Lyrics To A Broken Heart.

What goes through my mind.
Is something undefined.
Nothing ugly, sick, or sad,
Nothing that has to be that bad.
But you did something to me,
Something I cannot explain.
And I remember that cold hard day,
When you lied to me and walked away.
Sure, it hurt, I cried and cried
But then a thought crossed my mind.
If you're so sweet, so nice, so kind
Than obviously I was blind.
I realized something as I stood,
Nothing that they ever could.
Your love was sick, it was wrong.
That's why I'm writing this song.

□
I'm not a joke, I'm never yours.
I'll stand so still while the rain pours.
Because of you I was ruined for life,
But I'm healing slowly.....
So leave me alone, and lets fight this war.
And I'll let the rain pour.

Life was a blur while you stood by my side.
Sometimes at night I thought I died....without you.
But as you left,
Life became a deft.
You and me just wasn't true.
And blood in my veins lit up and I knew,

I'm not a joke, I'm never yours.
I'll stand so still while the rain pours.
Because of you I was ruined for life,
But I'm healing slowly.....
So leave me alone, and lets fight this war.
And I'll let the rain pour.

So what I've made mistakes, but everyone can fix them.

At least I tried, and didn't lie to everyone around me.
Maybe you could become like you where if you could only see.
But that would be a miracle.
So I hope you see,

I'm not a joke, I'm never yours.
I'll stand so still while the rain pours.
Because of you I was ruined for life,
But I'm healing slowly.....
So leave me alone, and lets fight this war.
And I'll let the rain pour over me.

Breey Hayden

My Addiction

[this is a true story]

i was addicted.
i was addicted to DXM.
it helped me always forget about him,
but moments in life can never last,
and eventually you get caught.

The EMT came to my house,
and my mother cried so i ran away.
i tried to climb out the bathroom window,
but he caught me so i screamed.

I swear i almost died that day, the way my mom just couldnt speak,
my father even cried a bit
my sister hates me to this day.
The papers that the EMT brought, where all about DXM.
it scared me knowing i could have died form just a simple overdose.

my mother asked my 'why the hell, would you do that? '
i couldnt answer, i just shrugged
but inside my heart i knew the answer.
and it was sad for me to even think about.

[3 months later]

i am totally clean, you could check my blood,
and the creator of this is long gone.
i have a lot more friends than i did before,
and i have totally forgotten him.

Breey Hayden

Stranger

people have told me i have changed,
and that i always look tired.
these bags under my eyes explain,
i've just over expired.
they say my eyes are always sad,
and i am just a little quiet.
all the flaws that they point out on me,
have caused an awful riot.
i don't know what they see in me,
i don't know where to start.
but i know that i will always be a stranger,
in their fallen hearts.

'Our greatest glory is not falling,
but rising everytime we fall.'
-Unknown

Breey Hayden

The Open Window

I look out toward the blurry sky
through the window of despair.
i feel as if i always cry,
and no one has the time to care.
sad memories float through my head,
like wind rushing through the trees.
like arguments, but nothing said,
and far too many souls to please.
i grab the latch, and let the light come pouring into me,
as i dissapear into the light,
there's someone i must be....

Breey Hayden