

Poetry Series

**carrie nnn**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2009

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

## carrie nnn(09-05-96)

i was born on the 9th of may,1996.i was born with blonde hair and blue eyes, but have died my hair brown. I live with my two sisters, one older (Layla,15) and one younger, (roxanne,11) i live with my mum (cheryl) and my dad (Derik) and i Have one pet dog, lucky.

I am doing, german, geography, history and child development as well as english maths science, philosophy and physical education for my GCSE's.

i am in year 9 at secondary school and am 13 years old...

# Angel

god must of needed an angel,  
and since you were so perfect he took you.  
you're back where you came from now,  
heaven, a better place.

you will always be remembered  
for your lovely smile.  
never forgotten baby girl.  
now we will all smile for you,  
but our smiles will never be as nice as your's.

it was upsetting to hear that you were gone,  
i didn't know you well but you were obviously a great girl.  
everyone misses you so much,  
but in our hearts we know you are with us always.

now all we have to do is wait for god to take us,  
then we can be with you again.

your an angel.

dedicated to shannon shaw

carrie nnn

# Forgive And Forget

whatever happened,  
theres no use clinging on.  
forgive and forget,  
thats what i say.

if they broke your heart,  
move on,  
there's plenty more  
fish in the sea.

if they stole from you,  
forget about it,  
you might not have even had it,  
if it weren't for someone else.

forgive and forget,  
just move on,  
don't live your life mourning.  
forgive and forget,  
get over it,  
don't live your life in hatred,  
there's too much in the world.

carrie nnn

# Friends

friends are like stars,  
they come and they go  
but the ones that stay,  
are the ones that glow.

carrie nnn

# Friendship

Friends are always coming and going,  
The weather changes from sunny to snowing,  
You can always depend on me,  
as long as i can depend on you,  
because our friendship was built to stay long,  
strong and true.

For Poppy

carrie nnn

# Geisha

leading a happy life,  
sad at the same time.  
wearing a white mask,  
blood red lips.  
long lovely kimono,  
fluttering as they walk.  
pouring sake,  
getting drunk.  
entertaining men,  
dancing, singing and playing shamisen.

carrie nnn

# Imagination

i can do anything with my imagination.  
i can write stories and poems,  
i can play games,  
i can have fun.

without my imagination,  
i wouldn't be me,  
without my imagination,  
i'd lose my sense of humour.

with my imagination,  
i can dream and have nightmares.  
there are some good points and some bad.  
i haven't time to list everyone of them.

i love my imagination,  
i cant do anything without it,  
i need it,  
its part of me,  
and i am great the way i am.

carrie nnn

# Make A Wish

When you make a wish,  
Be grateful if you get,  
Not money, jewels, or rubies,  
but the company of real loving friends.

carrie nnn

# School

when i was four i started nursery,  
thats when i met poppy.  
the teachers were nice  
and we had fun,  
we got to play in the sand pit,  
and ride tricycles,  
i miss nursery.

i went to reception,  
the work got harder,  
we learnt to count higher,  
we learnt to write,  
we didn't get to play as much.

then it was year one,  
i couldn't count past twelve.  
i had to play on the playground,  
with the year two's.  
it was scary.

soon i became one of the year two's,  
one of the oldest in the school.  
doing our sat's.  
the work was hard.  
my last year of golden time.

then i went to junior school,  
year three.  
the work was really easy.  
we were the youngest in the school.  
i had to make new friends.

then september came again,  
year four,  
my sixth year of school.  
mrs Gardner,  
when the class was good  
she gave us sweets.

miss Andrews was next,  
the new year five teacher.  
we had to practise sat's for year six,  
BORING  
hard work.

we then went to year six,  
it was so confusing,  
we had three different teachers,  
miss Ghia, mrs Gorman, mrs Jeffrey.  
soon that year the week of our sats began,  
i did well,  
a few fives and fours.

senior school,  
scary,  
year seven,  
too many teachers,  
too much homework,  
too early.

next stop....year eight.

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# Soldier Boy

joining the army  
to fight for their country,  
in a never ending war  
against an asian country.

getting drunk with their  
army friends.  
a chance  
they will never go home.

there is a chance  
none of them will go back.  
they could lose limbs,  
or bleed to death.

we will all remember them,  
never forget them,  
be silent for them.

be silent for them,  
never forget them,  
we will all remember them.

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# The Fire

The fire burns in front of me  
I feel the heat inside of me  
I want to move away from it  
but the site of it is headturning

The different colours burn brightly  
orange, yellow and red.  
i want to stay real close to it,  
but i feel myself sweating

Finally it starts to rain  
and the fire's burning out  
that gives me a reason to walk away  
but i just keep staring instead

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# The Rising Sun

the sun is bright and made of fire,  
people say you shouldn't look at it.  
but what about when it sets and rises?  
it's so beautiful, i just cant help myself.

i get up early every morning  
just to see this wonderful light,

the rising sun is fascinating,  
it's wonderful, fabulous it's the most beautiful thing  
iv'e ever seen.

you have to be mad not to like it,  
completely crazy, out of your mind.

the rising sun is hypnotizing,  
truly amazing,  
its the most beautiful thing i've ever seen.

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# War

all i can see when i think of war is,  
anger, blood and death.  
people fighting for whats right,  
but when they've been fighting for so long,  
how can you tell who are the bad guys?

i watch the news and all they talk about is the amount of people being killed,  
young soldiers who had their whole life ahead of them.

if everyone made up and became friends,  
we wouldn't have to worry about whether we're going to get stabbed walking  
down the street!  
everyone must like the world how it is,  
otherwise someone would do something about it.

the leaders of these countries should say stop,  
maybe they dont realise this,  
but next time it could be their family or even themselves.

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# We Go Together

we go together like,  
pieces of a puzzle.

we go together like,  
salt and pepper.

we go together like,  
milk and cereal.

we go together like,  
brother and sister.

we have our falling's out,  
but when we are talking,  
we are INSEPERABLE.

we go together like,  
doctor who and the tardis.

we go together like,  
my dad and his computer,

we go together like,  
scooby and shaggy.

we go together like,  
US  
me and her  
poppy and I

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# What Is A Friend To Me?

a friend is someone i turn to,  
when my feelings need a lift.  
they are people i treasure  
because they are a gift  
a friend will fill my world with happiness, laughter and grace.  
they are nice to me, and make sure i am in a happy place.

carrie nnn

# Why?

why do people say they cant sing?  
they can sing, even if it isn't very good.

why do people say blondes are dumb?  
if they were dumb, they wouldn't be able to speak.

why do people say they can do something tomorrow?  
by the time its tomorrow, its today.

why dont some people like children?  
they were children once.

why do adults hit children?  
is it so they feel big?

why do people ask all these questions?  
maybe they have inquisitive minds.

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