

Poetry Series

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- poems -

Publication Date:
2008

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

charlottelouise Cobb()

Hi there!

Well im 22 and have been writing for as long as I can remember. I had a very hard childhood which as I have got older has given me a lot of inspirations. I have also been in a few very bad relationships, this maybe why a lot of my poems are a little depressing.

At the moment my life is on track and the best it has ever been so some happy poems coming soon I hope.

Thank you for taking the time to read this.

Apple Pips And Bubbles

Bubbles fizzing in my mouth,
Lilac flowers bloom,
Drowning the sorrows,
In this empty room.

Yellow liquid in this glass,
Soft lace against my skin,
Sit back, close your eyes,
Let the alcohol sink in.

Golden taps dripping away their life,
Drum beats in the background grow,
Shake off the happiness,
Let in the sorrow.

Take another sip,
Feel all that love and affection slip,
It's like im suffocating on apple pips.

This life is too big to swallow but to small to choke on.

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Grazing Grey And Hazel

Gazing into your deep eyes,
Yellow and jade pressed into your skin,
I pressed into your core,
I dream it's real this time.

My hazel eyes have wept,
No affect on my skin,
My heart has before passed on,
It will be true this time.

We have both stared over that brink,
We have both cried,
Pure and pressed skins have joined,
Our hearts both restored,
It is love this time.

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I Stumble

I stumble,
Mumble,
Tumble, down and down.

Into the shadows that dwell inside me,
I will let it all escape,
The darkness will win through and my life will be true.

You know that this darkness consumes you too.
You must all stumble,
Suffer the grief.
As you feel it grow you think:
Why must I feel this way?

It's because of you,
Your influence I curse,
Confine it and shackle it down and gaze upon it in shame.

I disclaim you,
My eyes begin to cry and as all feelings die,
You cry too,
But no sound comes out.

You struggle to forgive but the vengeance is better,
Mar them and still return for more.

You're so poor in your little shell,
Oh everything is swell!
But not for long.

It's getting near,
The shadows are setting in.

You all will stumble too.

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Mako Eyes

The blue green curls of mako eyes,
The way they look as you pass me by,
The shine the shimmer,
The truth they hold,
Their secrets for me and will never be told.

The colour inside as black as my soul,
The truth and feeling that never grows old.

Your too pure to have gone through so much.
But you still have that gentle touch.

You crave for my love,
Sometimes too much,
I don't have myriad but I give just enough.

I feel barren, used and gone,
As all of my love has been passed on.

I need some back but not too much,
As long as I can still have your gentle touch.

Your flowers and candy and holding hands,
All this does is make me sad.

For a true love is one that cares,
The one that says he will always be there,
A love to which no-one can compare,
My reason, my only,
The mako eyes.

It's the way they look as they pass me by.

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Nothing To Convey

As I stagger in the darkness,
You call out to me,
As I run as far as I can,
You cry to me,
As I plummet for refinement,
You catch me.

As the chill sets in,
You keep me warm,
As I slaughter, as I suffer, as I shed my tears,
You hold me.

My conclusion is in front of me,
As I feared I am deserted,
Then you stride forward,
There's nothing to parade, nothing to convey,
In my life all I did was crash,
All I did was bail.

But no matter how I fail,
You will be there to call me back,
Draw me back to my life,
You make me succeed!

You are always there,
And to really be fair, it's my time,
Give me a burden to bear,

I will call you,
I will watch your back,
I will haul you back,
From the brink.

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Outside This Window

The ducks on a brunette river,
We are caged in auburn rock,
Plunged into darkness,
The silence ache my ears.

This has taken forever,
Only to burst so bright,
Speeding along the metal,
This movement bumps on.

Fields of jade and passion,
Birds soaring overhead,
Look out to the left of me,
Buildings tinted red.

A gaze to the right,
The hills are piled up high,
Too high to see the top today,
But still too small in which to hide.

The forest green trains,
The running water too,
A mother in this tube screams,
My feelings for you do too.

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Place In My Head

Black muddled curls and tears on white fur,
Out of the window,
The sun sets for the last time.

Butterflies in my tummy,
To many thoughts in my head,
To the distance a bird soars alone.

Pink light glimmer,
Your dark eyes stare,
Sat alone all over again,
Darkness running near.

Static on the radio sits heavy in my head,
Sat here,
Existence in hand,
Better off dead?

Just feeling low nowadays,
Give me a break,
I can't come back to set you free,
My place in my head.

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Reiki Wings

Reiki Wings

These wings are getting heavy,
To much of a burden to endure,
To many thoughts in my head,
I feel I'm going spare.

This gift I have been given,
The responsibility is vast,
So many people question,
Is Reiki like a farce?

This influence I hold in my hands,
This uncertainty sleeping in my mind,
Looking for the truth,
It's too daunting to find.

I'm going to keep going,
No matter what anyone will state!
This is my given gift,
I'm going to prove I'm great.

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Spark

A glance, a smile, an ember.

There is something there,
Always was,
Always will be.

Years apart,
But yet so near.

You don't notice me,
No matter what.

Emerald eyes,
Masculine voice,
A bit of danger.

Heart skips, knees weak,
What am I feeling?

Love, lush or maybe a crush,
Who am I kidding?
Silly little girl,
Give it a rest and get off to school.

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Was It?

Was it a glimpse a glimmer in those pretty blue eyes?
It could have been an angel's wing just gliding by.

Was it a cloud that was over my head?
It could have been my soul rushing off to her death.

Was it a flutter of my heart I felt?
No I don't think, it could well be my thought.

Was it a giggle I let out?
It could have been, but im far too old.

Was it haven I found in your soul?
No I don't think it, I just know.

Was it a gift that I have been given?
No I think not, it was just a dream.

So what was this if none of these?
I think it was your eyes and your playful tease.

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With You

Being in love with you is like a ray of sunshine after a thunderstorm,
Its like leaves trapped in the autumn breeze,
I would sell my soul for an extra day in your arms.

Being in love with you is like watching a bird take wing,
It's like the first foot print in pristine snow,
You make my soul sing.

Being in love with you grants me wings,
It's like a sanctuary, a sword,
You make me feel I can halt the world.

Being in love with you is the finest factor in my life,
It's like the kiss after the fight,
You make me feel on top of the world.

Being in love with you is like nothing else,
It's like walking in the gloom with a soothing hand,
You make me feel complete.

Being in love with you gives my life worth,
It like the words, on this page don't even convey,
You make me, Me.

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You

You slumber,
The shallow breath raising your chest,
Not even a sound.

You smile,
Your eyes light up,
As a bundle of fur makes another jump.

You weep,
Your frustration always near by,
I can't bear to hear your sigh.

You dance and you sing,
The way to let everything go,
You prance.

You gossip, you talk,
You look so much like me,
But you within in every way.

The way you walk you almost fly,
You my only sister,

You Danielle,
For eternity.

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Your Mine

As I rest here,
I try to comprehend the way you make me feel,
I memorise.

My feelings revolt,
I hear your breath near me,
I feel your eyes examine at me,
You're my fear but I need to hold you dear.

I sit in my room, as the dusk folds in,
I sit in the park and listen to the sound of a lark,
No matter where I am your in my thoughts,
Your love no matter how hard I struggle,
I will never uncover,
You will never offer it.

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Everyday I plead for you to notice me,
Become devoted to me,
Show me how you feel,
But you can not deal with love.

The Gods from above,
Shower you with my love,
My feelings strike your skin,
But never seem to sink in,
You look to where I have been,
This time I'm gone.

Now you crave me,
You can have yourself,
You were never worth my time,
Come back when you have grown up.
Its time to own up.

Your mine.

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