

Poetry Series

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**- poems -**

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# cheynne dries(april 3,1998)

# Dont Take Your Life

This life isn't easy, its hard.

Nothing really goes to plan does it? some things will happen and it might just be out of your control.

Life is nothing like a movie, although even i wish it was just so that life could be a bit easy and we wouldn't

have to deal with some unwelcoming things.

I've learnt in only my 15 years of being alive that there are some beautiful things in this world like friendship, family and the love of your life.

There were some days where i was just be that little emo kid that self-harms just to know that I'm still alive,

i still had my family and my friends even though it felt like they werent really there for me.

I used to live in the land of make believe, that place inside my head that was always there even when i wasn't

sleeping, it would still be there and i would rather live in that world rather than the real one.

I hoped and prayed for a day where the darkness would come to an end, now i guess its paid off.

It will all pay off in the end even if your not the skinniest, best looking person it'll pay off, one day you will

get your share of happyness and sometimes you just have to go through the darkness to get to the lighter

side of this world.

I may be just a kid and you might think i don't have a clue what I'm talking about but i think i have an idea about

it, life wasnt easy for the first ten years but like i said it paid off.

My point is... don't give up on love/family or friendship, its not the end and don't take your own life it doesn't

fix anything it just brings hurt to the people that you love and that love you.

It might seem like its to much to handle but you just have to be strong, pull through it all and show no signs

of weakness what so ever.

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# Fear

your not afraid of the dark  
your afraid of whats in it.  
your not afraid of hights  
your afraid of falling.  
your not afraid of the people around you  
your afraid of rejection.  
your not afraid of love  
your afraid of not being loved back.  
your not afraid to let go  
your afraid to realize that hes gone.  
your not afraid to try again  
your afriad to get hurt for all the same reasons.

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# Have A Seat

Have a seat upon a cloud,  
and make yourself at home,  
you are now inside my dreams, inside a book, inside a poem.  
where anything can happen, if you only make it real,  
plunge into my waters, if your not afraid to feel.  
take off your shoes and close your eyes,  
relax upon my sand, join me in my land of dreams,  
reach out and take my hand,  
let me share my dreams with you until you find your own.  
ill take you there if you believe, take mine out on loan,  
where birds are words, so gracefully they glide across the sky,  
leave behind your worries, here the rules do not apply,  
pick my flowers if you'd like to plant a seed or two.  
paint the sky polka dots, if you do not like it blue.  
climb my trees, face your fears, erase them one by one,  
see the world from up above, and not stop at the sun.  
when the world starts raining down, and the sun is out of sight,  
let your dreams control your mind, and help you through the night,  
theres a place inside my dreams for all to roam,  
so have a seat upon a cloud, and make yourself at home.

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# I Tried To Be Me

i tried to be me,  
but how can i  
in a world who doesn't accept  
the unique and inspired.  
i tried to be me  
and they turned me down.  
they said i was abnormal  
they called me a freak.  
i tried to be me  
so i picked up my bags  
and traveled to a place  
that allows me to be  
who i am and now  
i tried to be me  
and i succeeded

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# If These Walls Could Talk

If these walls could talk,  
you'd know my body is dead,  
my mind has been taken over,  
that's why I am so scared,  
I can't control it,  
anger is making me blind,  
I've been left here on my own  
chained to a hate of some kind.  
If these walls could talk.

If these walls could talk,  
you'd know about my fears,  
about all those nights I screamed for help,  
about all my fallen tears.  
You'd know about the demons  
haunting me at night,  
you'd be able to help me  
keep my fire alight,  
if these walls could talk.

If these walls could talk  
they would say that it's all right,  
God sends His angels  
to look over me at night.  
They'd encourage me,  
say though I am alone  
it doesn't mean I'm on my own.  
He watches me, from above  
and showers me with all His love,  
if only these walls could talk.

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# Look At Me

If the heart is always searching,  
will we ever find a home?  
ive been looking for that someone,  
ill never make it on my own.  
dreams can take the place of loveing you,  
theres gotta be a million reasons why its true...  
when you look me in the eyes,  
and tell me that you love me,  
everythings alright,  
when your right here by my side,  
when you look me in the eyes,  
i catch a glimps of heaven,  
i find my paradise,  
when you look me in the eyes.  
how long will i be waiting,  
to be with you again?  
im gonna tell you that i love you,  
in the best way that i can.  
i cant take a day without you here,  
your the light that mad my darkness disappear.  
moving on,  
i start to realize,  
i can reach my tomorrow,  
i can hold my head up high.  
and its all because your by my side.  
when yu look me in the eyes,  
and tell me that you love me,  
everythings alright,  
when your right here by my side,  
when i hold you in my arms,  
i hold a piece of heaven,  
i fing my paradise,  
when you look me in your eyes.

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# Love

love is when you shed a tear and want him,  
its when he ignores you and you still love him,  
its when he loves another girl but you still smile and say,  
'im happy for you.'when all you really do is cry.

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# Me

I look, therefore,  
i am,  
what i am,  
no one is or knows,  
for i am me,  
and there is no other.

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# Pain

I gasp and watch  
Horrified  
As I hammer the final nail into the coffin.  
We sit. Apart.  
Staring at our loss  
Knowing and not knowing  
Understanding and not understanding  
Feeling and unable to comprehend  
The true realisation will come later  
With crashing waves of tears  
And unanswered questions  
'Why? ' There are always reasons.  
'Life is cruel' But they're never enough.

Now. Now, we sit.  
My mind already begins to wrap  
This moment in a fine silk handkerchief  
Labelled 'Beautiful and tragic'  
A keepsake.  
And sometime later  
I shall unwrap it  
Gaping  
Marvelling  
Mourning  
The final.  
moment.  
of.  
Us.

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# Restful Night

A little girl with a happy life,  
crawled into bed one night.  
as her mother walks into the room she climbs out.  
when her mother asks what is she doing,  
the little girl replied,  
im praying for god to protect the sleeping angels,  
just like you and me.

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# The Night Sky

As she looks up in the night sky  
the stars seem closer that they appear  
they look as though an artist,  
has put little white polka dots on a black canvas,  
the universal question is  
who painted the night sky  
was it vangoh or da vinchi  
only those who truly believe it  
know that God had put them there  
and each star is one of our beloved  
making sure that we are okay  
and that our lives are turning out how God had planned it to be

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# The Poem Eater

he was the poem eater  
it wasn't that he found distasteful  
apples, cheese and bread  
he occasionally swallowed those  
in slices and pieces  
poems satisfied his hundred mile diet  
A rambling buffet was a short skip to  
The library  
No moldy or rotting cores  
Poems are easy to pick up, word by word,  
And pop into his mouth,  
Like rounding off an orange  
Against its grain  
Poems make sense of his world  
He did harvest, reap, or sew  
Those lines were as random as a  
Blue checkered table cloth  
Rounding one's mind to the  
Curve of a question

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# The Prayer

your sad and brokenhearted, you feel youve been betrayed,  
and you seek to find the reason, in mistakes that you have made.  
your world is toppling over and you watch the pieces fly,  
and your helpless to prevent it, no matter how you try.  
no man who ever lived has streanth, enought to stand alone,  
and everything that we may have today, tomorrow will be gone.  
take care of what your about, no happiness will ever come,  
from shutting friends out, each of us learns from failier,  
and to rise each time we fall, this is the only way life,  
can make any sense at takes alot of straining,  
to walk that extra mile, but nothing's free, we need to work,  
for everything dont cry for yesterday,  
the things you cant know that down within your heart,  
that im am with you through it all

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# Time To Think In An Unused Place Pt.1

Steps in, no footsteps  
darkness presses in.  
When eyes adjust to  
the shadows, there is,  
in fact a golden beam.

The night before  
the light was on.  
Stained glass shone on  
the floor; The stars  
fought to come in.

Only two shadows  
were making noise,  
but not often.  
The darkness did  
not stop them; he  
helped the words come  
out.

The second night fell  
and the shadows kept  
up in the corner.

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## Time To Think In An Unused Place Pt.2

glimmer of silver  
floats up the aisle  
finally comes to rest  
silent, not sleepy,  
words reach the ceiling  
secrets and dreams confessed.

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# Unheard Pleas

'I hear you...'  
Save me...  
'Where are you? '  
Look in the mirror...  
The pleas are my own  
The only real thing about me  
The only thing left....  
Do you hear them?  
I called out for help  
Everyone ignored my plea  
I reached for support  
Everyone turned away  
Falling to my demise  
Alone in the never ending darkness  
Will anyone save me?  
Save me from this nightmare  
A nightmare that had transformed into reality  
A fear now present for all to see  
My plea for all to hear  
Do you hear it?  
Am I really that alone?  
Can anyone see me?  
Am I invisible?  
Can anyone hear my silent screams?  
I need help! !  
Why can't people see that?  
Are they blinded by the light?  
Our are they to afraid of the darkness?  
'Save me...'  
.....\*silence\*  
'Please I'm falling...'  
.....\*silence\*

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# War Games

Smoke from another roof  
Another family flees  
The news shows them on the road  
The weakest of them had died  
The big boys run around and shout  
It's always the same  
People suffer, people die  
While they play the war game.  
And it's all so easy  
We're not the ones to die  
We see it on the tv  
And we see our brothers die  
Tears from children's eyes  
We've seen enough of those  
Does it really matter  
Because they have funny clothes?  
Another starving baby  
It's always the same  
People suffer, people die  
While they play the war game.  
Another night has ended  
Another life is gone  
We have no time to morn them.  
It just goes on and on  
God help us all to  
Understand  
The harm. The pain.  
That always seem to follow  
When they play the war game.

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# Wings Unused

Working under a cloud of sadness  
Cleaning a mother's home  
After their death.  
All the familiar objects  
Are so much heavier  
Loaded with emotion  
Triggered by every trinket touched.  
And the unfamiliar  
Items never seen before  
Not really secret  
But secretive  
Shed an unfamiliar light  
Or a tragic one  
On the lost life.

Add some desire you had  
For resolution  
Or proof of affection  
A letter un-mailed, explaining...  
Everything, less,  
Or adding further mysteries.  
Photos signed with a revealing scrawl  
In a curious masculine hand.  
And flowing in your mind  
As you reduce a life to a list  
For disposal, dispersal  
A certainty  
A knowing  
That what you see is not the whole  
The whole life

There's something missing  
That might explain  
Her wistful expression  
Her unexpressed longing,  
The aura of regret,  
You recall it easily.  
A perfume of disappointment

Lingering.

And when you finally  
Discover her dark journals  
Her writing, but reflecting a stranger  
A talent, a power, a presence  
Never revealed, never known  
But rich and sharp  
With bright witty language  
You understand this is a set of wings  
Dusty with neglect  
Heavy with melancholia  
Unused wings.  
How often do we find another person appears upon their earthly demise?

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# Without You

I couldn't sleep  
I couldn't eat  
I couldn't face it on the street  
Since I lost hope  
And I lost you  
I just don't know what to do  
I gotta think  
I gotta plan  
I gotta be a better man  
I need to know  
I need to show  
I need to know just where to go  
If you think  
If you come  
If you remember life we shared  
Think of you  
Think of me  
Only love can set us free

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