

Poetry Series

Cindy Anna Bailey
- poems -

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Cindy Anna Bailey()

Poetry is just a lost habit of mine I share with some friends. I am currently 14 and just going into year 10 (YAY) , I live in a tiny sea side town no one has probably heard of (Bournemouth) but I find it so much more exciting to say 'South West Coast of England'.

All poems are inspired by either real circumstances in my life, strange thoughts, people I have met or me looking out of the window absently.

Clockwork

Heartbeats, breath, and lights
Souls are churning
Thoughts are forming
Life begins like clockwork
Thump, thump, thump
A regular pattern meaning only one thing
You live in accordance to laws
You strive to make a living
Everything is put into place

Slowing, fainter, darker
Souls are resting now
Thoughts are vaporising
Death begins like clockwork.

Cindy Anna Bailey

Clouds

Like a horse and cart it on a dusty road

Like twisting smoke from a dragon

Like candy-floss on a hot summers day

Like dancing pixies on crystal ice

Like cats running across corn fields

Always changing and never gone

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Control

During the day it seems to sparkle like jewels,
At night it seems like danger and fear.

It's cold and harsh and has no mercy,
But everyday people seek to find it.

It teems with life that can't survive without it,
Yet it is quickly destroying others livelihood.

It covers our earth like a sickly reminder of something we can't control,
Ever so slowly it is claiming back the land we call our own.

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Eyes On You

Walking tall she sways slowly, she's in control
Yet as she dances its purposeful she has no soul.

Her intelligence brightens conversation,
She only knows the same topics, stuck on one station.

Her eyes only glisten with pretence, they are dull,
Her hair is soft a silk but just drills in her skull.

Something across the room makes her posture slip,
The glass of champagne falls as she loses her grip.

Her eyes begin to shine beneath years of cloud.
She begins her desperate search through the crowd.

In a perfect movie moment their eyes meet,
At once her heart is filled with passion and heat.

His smile is enigmatical, his eyes a deep shade of blue,
This was love, not a regular thing this was true!

Cindy Anna Bailey

I Cannot

I cannot see through the light,
I cannot walk through the spaces,
I cannot draw on the white,
I cannot define any places.

In the warmth I can feel cold,
Watching smiles I feel meaningless tears,
I am young but I struggle as the old,
My hate can be born through cheers.

Outcast, forgotten, forbidden,
I struggle to stay hidden.

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It's Really Just White

Promises, promises they say
Wistful sighs cover your heart
It's blue

If only, if only they whisper,
Streams of dark passion go by,
It's red

Maybe tomorrow or the next they cry
Flowing softly yet not quiet
It's white

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Magpie

He swiftly dips and dives through the air
He's marvellous, his skills are rare
Skimming the leaves on vacant trees
His plumage ruffles regally in the breeze
White on black, black on white
Catches the sunlight like the suit of a knight

Do not be deceived he does no good
He steals and plunders, a regular Robin Hood
This bandit is clever, smart and a mystery
A wander, a skill of natural history
His cold, wild, laugh serves as a reminder
That you kind fool could never be blinder

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Rythm

A beat of a birds wings through a sunset
A rustle of a shadow through a tree
The roar of a lioness breaks the silence
A crack in the dry grass proves you're not alone
A great elephant emerges indignantly
There you sit on dusty boulders
Reminded of the rhythm of African life.

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That Little Chinese Wonder-Boy

That little Chinese wonder-boy,
He can be wild but plays it coy.
He's got a damned killer smile,
Real shame he's not worthwhile.

He whispers in your ear,
Oh, how good that feels to hear.
He's got words of his own,
No girl he's just a dirty clone.

That little Chinese wonder-boy,
Treats you like his hungry toy.
He can flatter you in front of his cliques,
He'll do anything to get his kicks.

He says you're his star attraction,
Can't you see he's just a distraction?
You say he can't do any wrong,
Or is it just you've never been that strong?

That little Chinese wonder-boy,
Says he's sorry once again.

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