

Poetry Series

**Deena Hardy**  
**- poems -**

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## Deena Hardy(12/12/91)

I was born in Fallon, NV on December 12,1991 and on 12/12/12 I shall be 21. From birth til I was 12 I lived with my mom and I lost her April 30,2004. Since then I've lived with my father, and since then I had to fend for myself.

# Broken

I am numb inside except to pain

I smile, I laugh, I pretend to be happy

For them, my friends

my problems are not their's to be delt with

I didn't use to be this way

I use to have fun

smile, laugh, play

even more when I met you

you...who made me

smile, laugh, play even more

I loved you, still do

I should have told you when I had the chance

but I was afraid and unsure

I've thought I've loved before

I was wrong

I know now the sharp pain in my chest when I think about you now

the pain I feel when I think of you with someone else

I also know the the bliss of just being in your presence

the joy of just talking to you about nothing at all

that I believe is love

I would be happy just to have you back for a little while

or do something to fix what I've done

but that is not what you want

so I will go numb to feel nothing so that you will be happy

that I wish above all else

Deena Hardy

# Endless Forest

Endless sky,  
looming trees,  
Never ending.

they seem to go on forever,  
what am i to find in this endless forest,  
in this endless nothingness.

i am lost,  
i do not know where i am suppose to go,  
what am i suppose to do.

Where do i stand?  
the light is fading,  
the sky turning red.

it is sunset,  
thought i cannot see the sun,  
i know.

all i can see is trees,  
beautiful, majestice trees,  
standing ever tall.

mayhap i shall stay here,  
til the end of time,  
in this endless forest.

Deena Hardy

# Night

My heart has blackened,  
My soul is stripped,

I am ignored, unnoticed,  
I spend my days waiting,

Waiting for the night  
the night where I am loved.

Deena Hardy

# To Heal A Broken Heart

There it lays broken and mangled,  
There it lays destroyed.  
For wait, I see a light.  
For wait, I see you.  
Here you come my savior.  
Here you come my saint.  
How is it you have the skill.  
How is it you have the gift,  
To heal my broken heart.  
This heart of mine was gone,  
But you have saved it,  
And me.  
I thought it was lost.  
I thought to never see it beat again.  
Your light to heal,  
Your light to change.  
Has brought it back,  
Has brought me back.  
But alas you will tire.  
Of me, of me.  
For they always do.  
Then the heart will break once more.  
Yearning for it's special light.  
That will never come again.  
For that is the tale of my broken heart.  
For that is my tale to tell.  
How to heal my broken heart.  
How to break it once again.  
That is its destiny.  
That is my destiny.  
To be alone.  
To be forgot.  
Look now I have changed this tale.  
From hope to despair.  
Troublesome to change topic.  
Irritating to be random.  
But this is me.  
But this is random.  
Waiting for my patient prince.

Waiting to be understood.  
Maybe I have found him.  
Maybe this new light will keep me.  
For my light is like me.  
And my light understands  
My light forgives and forgets.  
Moving on to other things.  
I would very much like to keep this light.  
I would very much like to keep this patient prince.

Deena Hardy

# To The Falling Of The Walls

to the falling of the walls

from the right to the left

to the falling of the walls

from the front to behind

to the falling of the walls

and the crumbling ceiling

to the falling of the walls

from the old to the new

to the falling of the walls

to the bright light beyond them

to the falling of the walls

and the nice green grass after

to the falling of the walls

and freedom from the norm

to the falling of the walls  
and to never being closed in

to the falling of the walls  
this is a new life

Deena Hardy

# Too Much To Ask

Is it too much to ask to have someone there to warm me when I'm cold both from the weather and my own suicidal thoughts.

Is it too much to ask to have someone to lie with at night like a serpentine in a dancers nest.

Is it too much to ask to have someone care for me without asking for what I am not ready to give both mentally and physically.

Is it too much to ask to have someone keep their interest in me and not become bored and move on.

Is it too much to ask to have someone love me for who I am and not who they want me to be.

Is it too much to ask to know what love feels like without the pain and burning that consumes me so now.

Is it too much to ask to be happy for once.

Deena Hardy