

Poetry Series

**Emma Duval**  
**- poems -**



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## Emma Duval()

Hi, I'm Emma Duval! I'm 17 years old and I'm a poem writer. I hope I can collab with you all soon! I'm actually writing a story, it is called 'Just Run! ' it's based on a show and a movie, the movie, and show are called 'Scream' and I'm not close to being done, and I'm looking forward to it to be published and done by the end of this year! Thank you for noticing me, I have bad depression and anxiety, so it's hard for me to put myself out there. :)



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# You're Sad? I'm Sad.

You're sad because you're sad.  
It's psychic. It's the age. It's chemical.  
Go see a shrink or take a pill,  
or hug your sadness like an eyeless doll  
you need to sleep.

Well, all children are sad  
but some get over it.  
Count your blessings. Better than that,  
buy a hat. Buy a coat or pet.  
Take up dancing to forget.

Forget what?  
Your sadness, your shadow,  
whatever it was that was done to you  
the day of the lawn party  
when you came inside flushed with the sun,  
your mouth sulky with sugar,  
in your new dress with the ribbon  
and the ice cream smear,  
and said to yourself in the bathroom,  
I am not the favorite child.

My darling, when it comes  
right down to it  
and the light fails and the fog rolls in  
and you're trapped in your overturned body  
under a blanket or burning car,

and the red flame is seeping out of you  
and igniting the tarmac beside your head  
or else the floor, or else the pillow,  
none of us is;  
or else we all are.

Emma Duval

# One More Day

She stares at her ceiling once again with a hundred thoughts  
'Maybe he knows who I am, probably not'  
She walks down the hall with her head down low, scared to meet his eyes  
Even when she hears his voice she's swarmed with butterflies  
It's impossible to get you off my mind  
I think about a hundred thoughts and you are ninety-nine  
I've understood that you will never be mine  
And that's fine, I'm just breakin' inside  
He always walks the crowded halls and is blinded by this light  
A girl who keeps her head down low and never shows her eyes  
He's tried to talk to her but there's no easy way  
'Cause every time he raises his voice, she runs away  
Oh, it's impossible to get you off my mind  
I think about a hundred thoughts and you are ninety-nine  
I've understood that you will never be mine  
And that's fine, I'm just breakin' inside  
One day, maybe she'll stay  
And start to head over his way  
And one day, she'll look into his eyes  
And instead of breaking, she'll call him, 'Mine'  
One day, he'll grab her by the waist  
And force them to meet face to face  
One day, he'll look into her eyes  
And say that, 'You're my only light'  
It's impossible to get you off my mind  
I think about a hundred thoughts and you are ninety-nine  
I understand that you will never be mine  
And that's fine, I'm just breakin' inside

Emma Duval

# The Cycle Of Life

Life, a miracle too deep to fathom  
And each man adds to the cosmic beat  
Human life completes its cyclic round  
Passing through stage four  
Beginning with childhood  
Skipping through youth and middle age  
And ending in crippling old age,  
Precisely as the seasons of the year!

Each stage has its thrills and fills  
Marked by distinct traits  
If childhood is an age of play  
Youth, a transition from play to work  
Middle age - a time when passions are tempered  
And old age, a gradual transfer from sweat to rest!  
Thus life sprouts, blooms, fades and ebbs away  
As planets through the seasons four!

Each stage is a link in the chain of life  
And birth and death, just doorways in and out  
Life after completing its early round,  
Through vexing trials and waning joys, Shall enter a world beyond the reach of  
thought  
Can we still say life is an empty dream?  
Sure, we wake to sleep and sleep to wake  
And the cycle goes on and on relentlessly!

Emma Duval

# Our Life

Those of us in uniform  
A family does it make  
Part is our commitment  
And the oath that we do take

Each of us had families  
Parents, kids, and wives  
These are what we fight for  
And for which we'd give out lives

Most don't understand it  
Until they hear it true  
And then there's no undoing  
The actions they must do

It's there they find commitment  
To do what must be done  
And each day embrace the sunrise and sunset  
And not fear the setting sun

Emma Duval

# Love

Most important love,  
Like it's the only thing you know at the end of the day all this.  
Means nothing.  
This is a page.  
Where you're sitting.  
Your degree.  
Your money.  
Nothing even matters  
Except for love and human connection.  
Who you loved and how deeply you loved them.  
How you touched the people around you.  
And how much you gave them.

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