

Poetry Series

faye burford
- poems -

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faye burford(8/4/1978)

i am a 31yr old women, i'm currently in rehab getting help for drugs & alchol & the other mental problems i have, one of those is self harm, i love the colour red i have 3 bro's & 3 sis's all older, mom/dad devorced, good upbringing but childhood traumas

Christmas

well it's nearly here
& what sadness & joy it brings
people all rushing arounding
children all excited
wondering what santa will bring
how feastive we become
a smile it brings to some
but others only missary
spending it alone
in that cold bleek mist
of there own doom
people forget the meening of a true christmas
the death & birth of christ
so bizzy rushing around
presents, decorations
that is all good, stressful & fun
but just take that minute to remember
what it's realy about
happy christ-mas

faye burford

Meaning

what is the meaning of life
what does it hold for me
is it worth the heart ache
the pain
in one single second
i could end it
would i be missed
would people care
all this i have to be aware
do i really care
well i must cause
i'm still here

faye burford

Mind Blowing

howling voices in the night
taunting me in my minds eye
the wind in the trees
blowing this way & that way
the gate banging against the wood
like the battle inside
the clouds of darkness
lurking over head on a stormy night
the waves crashing on the rocks
heavy going as they smash
banging doors as they open & close
just like whats in my mind
a killing war of two sides
good & evil, blood shed, dead
evil thoughts of mass destruction
like a hurrican swirling, turning
light fluffy clouds in a sunny blue sky
is how it should be inside myself
lambs bouncing, birds flying
why not me?

faye burford

Powerful

how powerfull it is
those words that flow out
just like that blood
how it feels to know that
i'm not alone in all of this
a calmness is felt
in the pits of my torched soul
giving that bit of hope
that all of us should have
but reluctant to recieve or feel
as it seems like no big deal
just for today
is how i have to get through
if just for today i don't
is another day without scares.....
but the elastic gets pulled
& each day it gets thin
until that day it snaps
with terrafying conciquences
but as i go through all of this pain
i have to stop & think that
i'm not alone in this world
empathy & identifacation
how unreal it seems that
i am not alone.....

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Struggle

struggle is what i'm going through
as change is new & different
why when your comfortable
are you less likely to struggle
as soon as your out your comfort zone
it hits like a ton of bricks
i like comfort
that warm safe enviroment
just like been wrapped in cotton wool
now in the world to defend for myself
is hard, very hard
ask for help i hear
but pride won't let me
a very good friend said'pride becomes before a fall'
i think i know that
so swallow my pride i should
as struggling i am
HELP ME PLEASE!

faye burford

To Much

every day is a constant battle
Devil/Angel
win/loose
self will is no longer an option
as self will
will only distroy
head full of the ways i can self sabatarge
do i care?
give in to the voice of distruction
it's already won
& getting stronger
day by day
it's funny as it's me
i am my own distruction
& with no real motive to change
question is
do i want to change
i get excited by the very thought
& the anxiety level is off the scale
just do the act
satisfaction of the action
no pain felt
just release & freedom
watching the blood exit
drain away, like the hurt & pain inside
how nice that feeling
but the suffering continues
& the pain is endless
so it all comes down to
To much

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Weather Be Good Weather Be Bad

as i look out the window
i see the sun rise
before my very eyes
i feel its warmth & power upon my face

as i look out the window
i see the rain fall
before my very eyes
i feel its cool calming effect on my soul

as i look out the window
i see the snow fall
before my very eyes
i feel that cold bitterness on my skin

as i look out the window
i see the trees sway
before my very eyes
i feel the love it offers surround me

as i look out the window
i relise that
weather be good, weather be bad
i'm alive

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What Is Wrong With This World?

I often ask myself
what is wrong with this world?
good people get murdered
why?
it's not fair
this world
no wonder i used
all these yrs
NO REALITY
now clean all this sticks out
God rest ur soul
my dear friend
Goodbye

faye burford