

Poetry Series

Jackie Symonds
- poems -

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Jackie Symonds(1995- present)

Jackie Symonds was born on March 18,1995. She is currenty attending Montclair Academy.

Athena's War Axe

You are an arrow in Cupid's quiver,
You slice through hearts
Like a chef with a knife,
You words so skillful
You can get anyone you want.

You wish you couldn't charm the ladies like you do
But the more you try to get away
Aphrodite would make them fall even more in love with you.

Sadly, your flame has burnt out.
And they no longer love you
Like they used to.

You're like a sapling
With needles that have perished.
With each pedal your charm ebbs away.

And the more they notice your age,
With each adventure more wisdom appears.
And every fortnight your charm dances off.

You're like a male Athena,
Using your wisdom to teach the next generation.
You accepted your own path.

You are no longer Cupid's arrow
But Athena's war axe.

Jackie Symonds

Golden Eye

The eagle sits on its nest
letting its eggs get some rest,
It's golden eyes,
let it see
all the things under the tree.
This eagle is a prime, clever creature,
Who has very well built features.
Long sharp claws,
sharper than saws.
Beautiful brown and white feathers,
built to sustain harsh weather.
It has such beauty,
This eagle will not fall.
This wonderful bird has no flaws.

Jackie Symonds

Happy People

I sat on the metal school bench
Thinking.
Hard.

Why had I wasted my time?
Sitting wasn't going to help.
I jabbed a meatball on my red plastic plate.

I had been young, foolish and too happy
To understand,
That it was all down hill from here

I looked up.
I missed her.
Trying hard to stay focused

For I was telling a story.
In fifth grade
I had met my best friend.

(We weren't very good friends then)
I had gone through the early stages of adolescence.
I was adapting.
Right.

I made mistakes with her.
Every recess after I cried.
Sobbing.
Pleading.
Waiting.

Eventually I got the nerve to say sorry,
Wiping every tear away,
Those tasteless tears were gone.

For they were useless.
I had become her best friend.
No more tears to shed on my melancholy mistake

I was happy.
As the rest of the year moved on,
I could not wait till sixth grade.
Until she told me she wouldn't be at my school

I had pressed on that memory for two years now.
I looked down at my lunch
And took 1 last bite before

A single tear fell down my cheek.

I was sad.

For she was gone.

Away.

Forever.

I stand alone.
In this white darkness.
Full of happy people.
All.
Except for me.

Jackie Symonds

Rainbow

I am in a forest
with trees that are emerald green,
that have trunks tall and lean.
The sun is shining brightly
The birds chirping lightly,
The sky is a baby blue,
The clouds a cotton white
O' what a wonderful sight.

And one day
A large storm cloud formed,
And it started to rain.
The drops of water sounded like mouse feet,
scampering across the floor.
It rained for hours,
it rained for days.
And when it stopped,
a large rainbow formed.
The sun started shining,
the birds chirped lightly,
the sky was a baby blue,
the clouds a cotton white,
O' what a wonderful sight.
When it starts to rain,
Remember this
There's always a rainbow waiting for you.

Jackie Symonds

Running

When I run
Its like nothing can touch me
I am in my own world
Full of happiness.
This is the place
Where you can push yourself
To the limits.
I like running at night
Because when I look up
The stars are always watching me
And sometimes
When I look up they smile
As though they know
How happy I am
Running.

Jackie Symonds

Weigh Me Down- Based On The African Slave Trade

The sun is leaving.
I am all alone.
Its rays are barely reaching me,
and I am losing hope.

This pain just keeps pulling me down
Into a deep abyss of death,
I try to take a breath
but the weigh is still on my chest.

I wish this wouldn't hurt bad,
then I might not be so sad.
Then I could be home,
Where I belong.

Jackie Symonds

You Can'T Be Me

You may think its funny
that I walk this way.
If you think I'm as sweet as a bunny,
Then you haven't looked close enough,
You may think I'm tough,
But the truth is I haven't worked hard enough.
You may think I'm weird,
But have you even tried to be a friend?
It's more than a hell to me...
Why can't you see?

Jackie Symonds