

Poetry Series

Jade Heathfield
- poems -

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Jade Heathfield(20th February 1988)

Hello, I'm Jade, I'm 21 and I live in Suffolk, UK.

In That Moment

The sun still shone,
The birds still sang,
The children laughed,
The world went on.

But in that moment...

My body ached,
My eyes were raw,
My hands now empty,
You are no more.

Our last embrace,
Could never end,
You pulled away,
And I could not mend.

Those dark brown eyes,
I knew so well,
No longer mine,
And nor your smell.

I say goodbye,
But hope it's not,
How can you go?
Look what we've got?

You turn away,
Towards the door,
And then I know,
We are no more.

So now you're gone,
And it's just me,
I must be brave,
And you must see...

That in that moment...

I can be strong.

Jade Heathfield

I've Got So Much To Tell You

I sometimes wonder,
When I look up to the stars...

My brother...

What do you look like?
Grey eyes,
Like mine?

Do you laugh,
At the same things,
As your little Sis?

And sometimes,
When things are going wrong,
I wish you were here.
To comfort me,
And tell me
That everything's ok.
Tell me not to worry
My silly little head.

I wish we could have fought over the TV remote,
Gone exploring in the woods together,
Where you'd have taught me
How to make a secret den.
Or let me come along,
While you went fishing on the river...

I want to tell you all of my successes,
And all of my failures...

I want you to meet my boyfriends,
Disprove of them,
And say:
"No man is good enough for, my little sister"

And we'd laugh.
We'd cry.

You'd be my best friend,
And we'd have a secret smile,
Just me and you.

But instead,
You were destined to be an Angel,
A beautiful shining star,
In the inky black sky.
I know I'll meet you one day,
Brother.
And I can't wait...

I've got so much to tell you...

Jade Heathfield

She Didn'T Come

He is waiting for her,
He shivers into himself
The cold spring morning numbing him.
But she doesn't come.

The watery sun rises reluctantly,
Casting long shadows though the trees.
He watches patiently,
But she doesn't come.

He remembers her warmth next to him,
So soothing and safe.
Their serene silences,
So comforting.
But she doesn't come.

He shifts anxiously,
Eyeing the horizon,
For any sign of her in the distance.
Nothing.
She doesn't come.

A figure appears in the shadows,
He calls out in anticipation,
But it is not her.
A spark of hope,
Extinguished.
Still, she doesn't come...

Further out in the busy city,
On a long stretch of road,
Lies a once beautiful body,
Now shattered and torn.

Nobody stopped to save her,
They just left her there,
Her graceful neck,
Broken.
Did they know,

She had someone waiting for her?
Another life forgotten,
Another love forgotten.

And they'll just pass on by,
No thought to what she's left behind.
Her soft taupe feathers,
Blow in the wind as they pass.

But still he waits.
He searches in vain.
And he won't forget her.

Jade Heathfield

That Smile

I watch you as you laugh,
I love that smile.
Your lovely eyes dance,
With a sparkle of light...

Capturing my heart,
So that it jumps a little.
I know that feeling...
So familiar,
And so welcome!

I'm so close to you,
To reach for you
Just seems natural.
But you are not mine!
Least,
Not yet...

You stand close to me,
So close,
You must be in my thoughts...
I smile to myself,
And wish that you were.

But perhaps you are?
Perhaps you know,
By the look in my eyes,
And the smile on my face.

I hope for a glimpse of you,
Just to let my thoughts wander...
Live in a daydream,
Until you are mine!

And then you kiss me.
It's like a thousand shooting stars,
Zooming across the night sky.

Now you are mine,

And I am yours.
I wish I could keep you forever...

You are so lovely.

Jade Heathfield

The World Did Not Stop Turning

Cuts like a knife.
Deep into my soul.
I shut my eyes,
Hoping the words escape my head.
The room whirs and spins...

And then my world crashes,
I look down at my feet,
And see scattered memories,
Cracked smiles,
Broken Lives.

Those years spiralling away,
Like water down a drain,
And it's slipping...
I can't stop it.

I look at you...
I've never seen you cry.
You look broken and lost,
Did I do this to you?
Those wonderful eyes,
That once were full of youth and joy,
Now empty and sad.

I hold you,
And you hold me.
If I close my eyes tight enough,
I can forget those words,
I can love you,
Just a little longer...

And then you go.
You pack your bag,
Just like normal...
But now your not coming back.
I watch in silent disbelief.

You walk towards me,

For the last time, .
And embrace me,
Like never before.
Did I kiss you?
Or did you kiss me?

I don't want to let go,
But I must.
God I'll miss you.

Your smell...
Your skin...
Most of all,
I'll miss that smile.
That moment when,
I'd wake up with you next to me...
Your sweet silence as you slept.

And so you went.

I look around.
Surrounded by your belongings.
Memories of you and me...

I take a deep breath,
I must go on.
I gather your life up,
Box it up and ship it out.

I do not cry now,
I'm feeling strong.
A fresh start.

I realise now,
That the world did not stop turning,
People are still at work,
Still walking their dogs.

I am one person,
One of millions...
And I'm still alive...

I'm still here.
Here to love,
And to live.

And I will.

Jade Heathfield

You

My fingers lightly creep,
And wrap around your waist,
I know that you're asleep,
I must not make much haste...

I trace you with a finger,
To the outline of your hip,
There I wonder and I linger,
With my subtle fingertip...

I love the way light casts,
Over your strong frame,
Hoping that this lasts,
Hope you'll stay the same...

I gaze at your sleepy face,
And smile to myself again,
And to your lips I trace,
Softness of summer rain...

Watching the world begin to wake,
Your warmth is so true,
Won't shiver or shake,
Because I'm with You.

Jade Heathfield

Your Presence I Miss

Slide my hand,
Across the bed,
You are not there,
Alone instead.

Your smell still strong,
I breathe you in,
But you are gone,
I cannot win.

You gave me a kiss,
As you left me tonight,
But you're presence I miss,
It can't hold me tight.

I toss and I turn,
The sheets cold as ice,
For you I yearn,
My only vice.

I hear a faint creak,
That familiar sound,
Hearing you speak,
I quickly turn round.

And in the doorway,
Your silhouette stands,
I'm glad that you'll stay,
To hold me and my hands.

Jade Heathfield