

Poetry Series

**Karen Megson Adams**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2019

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

**Karen Megson Adams(16 April 1979)**

# A Message To My Bully

Do you remember me  
From when we were young  
You pushed me around  
You thought it was fun.

Remember when  
You pulled out my hair?  
I begged you to stop  
But you didn't care.

Remember when  
You ripped all my clothes?  
Said You'd do it again  
If anyone knows.

Remember how  
You made me cry?  
And If I did not  
You continued to try.

Remember how  
I couldn't eat?  
You stole all my money  
The shoes from my feet

Why was it me though?  
What did I do?  
Was it because  
I was brighter than you?

Did you feel clever?  
Did you feel big?  
You're just a bully.  
An ignorant pig.

Did you not care  
How you made me feel?  
A big joke to you  
For me it was real.

Was it because  
You wished you where me?  
Because I had friends?  
You only had three.

Whatever the reasons  
You lost in the end.  
Look at me now  
Where are your friends?

You still didn't break me.  
As hard as you tried.  
But I wish you had seen  
The times I had cried.

Do you ever feel guilty  
Now that you've grown?  
Are you protective  
For the kids of your own?

How would you feel  
If it happened to them?  
Now turn the clock back.  
Would you bully again?

I know the answer  
And so do you.  
Words can't describe  
What you put me through.

Bullies are killers.  
People like you.  
Some will get through it.  
Not all victims do.

Teach your kids to be friendly.  
Caring and nice.  
Nothing like you where  
Is my only advice.

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15 May 2019

Karen Megson Adams

# Absent Parents

It's easy just to sit here  
And think about the past  
Wandering why my parents  
Were never built to last.

If I could turn the clock back  
Or steal the stars at night  
I'd sit with you. I'd hold your hands  
I'd beg with you to fight.

I wouldn't take life for granted.  
I'd kiss you every day.  
Take on your opinions.  
What you had to say

I wish I'd taken notice  
Of all the things you said.  
But now I sit here in a daze  
Just thoughts stuck in my head.

I look at happy families  
The love that's in their eyes  
Sometimes tinged with jealousy  
A field of ifs and whys.

Life is just a journey  
But has no map or plan  
You made me see that while I'm here  
Enjoy it While I can.

Heaven stole my parents  
Gave me the gift of life  
A perfect swap for happiness  
One day a Mum and wife

My puzzle now completed  
The world is in my hands  
I have my little family  
A road of unknown plans

My life was never simple  
A struggle from the start  
I've learnt to make the most of it  
Instead of fall apart

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3 May 2019

Karen Megson Adams

# An Alcoholic Mum

I wish I had a memory  
From when I was a kid.  
But all that I am left with  
Is all the bad u did.

I had no love.  
Well not from you.  
You being drunk  
is all I knew.

I'm home from school.  
You wasn't there.  
If you were  
You didnt care.

You forgot who i was  
You'd shout the wrong name.  
I'd walk past the neighbours  
head down in shame.

From when I was six  
I relied on my Dad.  
But He worked away.  
A sister I had.

Dad tried his hardest.  
He coped with it well.  
We all pulled together.  
To work through the hell.

I used to go hungry  
No clothes on my back.  
I'd cook for myself.  
Eat Noodles and snacks.

The house would be messy.  
A strange smell in the Air.  
The school would soon notice  
That I wasnt there.

You Screamed with your pleading  
I walk for an hour to the shop.  
The cans were so heavy  
I'd keep Having to stop.

I'd pick up your Glass.  
Half full of Gin.  
but Now your asleep  
Put the Bottle in the Bin.

I wished you had loved me.  
Like any mum should.  
Read me a story.  
Made camps out of wood

Had a trip to the Beach.  
Or A walk in the Park.  
Not find you Drunk  
Asleep in the Dark.

I was 10 years old.  
You went off to Bed.  
I Kissed you Goodnight  
But you were cold. Dead.

It scarred me forever.  
That Image remains.  
Why did you drink Mum?  
why call me those names?

Thirty years later  
I've kids of my own.  
Happily Married.  
In a hardworking Home.

The life that I had  
Was so far from good.  
But it made me stronger  
It probably would.

I think you'd be proud Mum

I wish you could see.  
The Mum that I am.  
The Mum I wished you could be.

R.I.P  
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Karen Megson Adams

# Beer Fear Friday

As Friday fast approaches  
Patience wearing thin.  
You made a cheeky promise.  
A weekend staying in.

I'll let my liver have a rest  
You said it loud and clear.  
But now the texts are rolling in  
From mates that didn't hear.

Trying to ignore that beersome urge  
You wont give up the fight.  
But snapping off your weak old arm  
You'll go for just the one. RIGHT?

That first cold pint was easy.  
Now the sun comes out.  
Just one more then. ' For the road'  
Famous words of doubt.

You've really got the taste for it.  
Love the way you feel  
Fourth trip to the toilet  
Since you broke that seal.

Now your getting on it.  
all shots on the list  
A rather angry other half  
From all the calls you missed.

Growing beery minerals.  
Answering your phone  
You say those words of wisdom  
I've half left and I'm home

A few more beers it is then  
More shots down the hatch.  
You know your deep in trouble now.  
The door ain't on the latch.

Last orders bell has spoken  
Your lost in beery fog  
What was the point in going home  
When dinners in the dog?

Card declined your out of cash.  
Time to rock and roll  
You have to face the music.  
It's you that dug your hole.

Working on your acting skills  
Harder than before.  
Look sober, Straight and upright  
As you approach your door.

Your luck is In. Its open.  
You crack a beery grin.  
But deep down you have no idea  
Just how much Grief your in.

May 2019  
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Karen Megson Adams

# Black Sheep Of The Family

I've always been the black sheep  
No idea why.  
It didn't matter what I did  
Even if I tried.

Ignored on every basis.  
I'm getting quite upset.  
All the drama aimed my way.  
Pathetic it would get.

No invites to partys.  
Family Christmas meals.  
Why are they so spiteful?  
I hate the way it feels.

I have my little family now.  
Problems of my own.  
My head is working hard.  
Supporting house and home.

All their plans kept secret.  
My heart is feeling sore.  
They planned another family bash  
They twist the knife some more.

My begging days are over.  
I'll take it on the chin.  
Theres no point knocking on their door  
If they wont let me in.

The hardest thing to understand  
Is what did I do wrong?  
It feels like theres a family plan.  
A plan I dont belong.

I couldn't plan things easily.  
But then I'd get the hint.  
It didn't matter what I did.  
No one noticed it.

Hated by the lot of them.  
Called needy and a child  
For wanting to be equal.  
Like family for a while.

Ganging up like hungry sharks.  
Waiting for a bite.  
I've dealt with bullies all my life.  
I'm not prepared to fight.

I get the point. I understand.  
Got it loud and clear.  
All of you have left my life.  
I'll never interfere.

With heavy heart I'll carry on.  
I wont sink in your sand.  
But dont you ever call me back  
When you need a hand.

I'll stay above your level.  
You'll turn my name to mud.  
I'd rather ride my life alone.  
Than share your toxic blood.

But now I'll do what's best for me.  
Enjoy the time I've got.  
I'll die a happy person  
Being everything your not.

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26th may 2019

Karen Megson Adams

# Broken

There is no God their can't be  
If there is hes blind  
Your stolen soul can rest now  
You had a life to find

It's not your time  
The clock was wrong  
I wont let go  
I can't be strong

I'm clutching pictures  
Tears run deep  
Endless memories  
Mine to keep

Broken hearted  
Life has paused  
You'll never know  
The pain you've caused

Broken families  
Hearts to heal  
No words will cure  
The way they feel

A wicked world  
The days are long  
If theres a God  
He got it wrong

I'll hold on to the good times  
Keep them tucked away  
Save me somewhere nice up there  
We'll meet again someday

You'll always hold a place in hearts  
But nows your time to sleep  
But thank you for the good times  
Memories mine to keep.

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11 may 2019

Karen Megson Adams

# Crazy World

Theres things in life I just dont get.  
Some I understand.  
We all have different journeys.  
Accidents unplanned.

Theres Liars and Abusers.  
Narcissists and cheats.  
Pathologic liars.  
Thieves who live off greed.

Chancers often make it.  
Winners take it all.  
I wish the good erased the bad.  
Or Life was not so cruel.

I wish that life was easy.  
Where no one had to fight.  
I'd love to have another chance  
To get life properly right.

I wish the world was equal.  
Wouldnt that be nice.  
Where money didnt matter.  
Religion had no price.

Where Terror didnt happen.  
No massive Tax to pay.  
Where no one actually gives a toss  
If you're straight or gay.

Everyone safe inside a home.  
Warm and off the streets.  
The right to food and water.  
A comfy Bed with sheets.

Our troops would get the football wage.  
Thats just Not right at all.  
The value of a soldiers life.  
Is more than just a Ball.

A naughty kid should get a slap.  
It was a parents right.  
If disipline was still allowed.  
Our youth would be alright.

Consoles would be banished.  
Mobiles just to call.  
There wouldnt be an internet.  
So Kids would go to school.

Children safe out playing.  
Groups played in the park.  
No such thing as sugar tax.  
home time when it's dark.

The earth is spinning backwards  
The world has lost its voice.  
We're all allowed opinions  
We have the right to choice.

Laws are getting tangled.  
Ignorance is bliss.  
Just Leave mankind to do its work  
And Nature how it is.

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26 sept 2019

Karen Megson Adams

# Smile And Wave

Life is short  
Fate is fate  
Forgive forget  
To little to late

Dont be sour  
Dont be sore  
Smile a lot  
Then smile some more

Dont be greedy  
Dont be shy  
Use your heart  
Do not cry

Dont be nasty  
Words can hurt  
Bury Your demons  
Deep In dirt

Time is precious  
Years are fast  
Make some memories  
Ones that last

Tears are heated  
Scars are raw  
That's what friends  
Are useful for

A problem halved  
A problem shared  
Please speak out  
Dont be scared

Any help  
Any time  
Dont chase life  
You'll be just fine

22 April 2019  
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Karen Megson Adams

# The Pathological Liar

Inside your soul is icy  
A cold heart made of stone  
Your lies are why I left you  
The fault is yours to own

You planned to ruin my future  
Your bored and feeling lost  
That poisoned tongue runs freely  
Your actions sure to cost

Raged because your jealous  
You know that bit is true  
I was the one you lied to  
But now I'm over you

I'm smiling now I'm happy  
The flame for you burnt out  
I'm happy in a marriage  
Your lies I live without

Your voice is just an echo  
Just someone i once knew  
Your watching all my movements  
Everything I do

Your breathings getting laboured  
But still I'm not to bite  
Now your anger worsens  
The fuel is set to light

Your inner demon puzzled  
Hatred in your eyes  
Your left with just a notebook  
To write down all your lies

I'm smug as your in trouble  
You know that you've been caught  
Keeping up a life of lies  
Was harder than you thought

Your bitter sick and twisted  
Just yourself to blame  
The drugs you take confuse you  
Your path was wrong again

You thought your plan would break me  
Well I've got news for you  
For every lie you ever told  
Helped me run far from you

But now you sit in anger  
A desperate lonely mess  
karma with you by your side  
Goodbye. All the best

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March 2019

Karen Megson Adams

# The Pressure Of Society

As I grow older  
And Slightly more wise  
I've learnt about beauty  
Society's lies.

I am what I am  
And not what I think  
I love all my food  
I like a good drink.

I wake in the morning  
I don't do my hair.  
Go out without makeup  
I don't really care.

I've got scars on my belly  
But 2 kids to show  
Now they remind me  
Of watching them grow

I sure aintno tiger  
But earned all my stripes  
We all have our scars  
All different types.

I used to be worried  
Undress in the dark  
Confidence ruined  
From past raw remarks.

His arm goes around me  
But what can I do  
His hand on my tummy  
Held my breath till I'm blue.

But now I do giggle  
I really don't care  
My skin is still wrinkley  
My heart is still there

The world is still ugly  
The papers I blame  
Airbrushed models  
Inside we're the same.

New mums on the telly  
All perfect and glam  
Vajazzled vaginas  
Gold plated prams

A body to die for  
Neatly trimmed Bush  
She paid for an op  
To posh to push

Society's nasty  
Just stay who you are  
Cash doesn't matter  
Or the size of your bra

Everyone's different  
Curvy or thin  
But learn to love you  
And the skin that your in.

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2018

Karen Megson Adams

# The Step Parent

When things get tough or out of hand  
its you that leads the way.  
You're the one who wipes our tears  
you tell us we're ok.

You fill our family unit  
you load our hearts with love.  
Talk us through our problems  
a gift from God above.

We feel so blessed to have you  
we're glad that you are there.  
You made a choice to take us on  
When real Blood didn't care.

The backbone of the family.  
Hardworking Real and True.  
you really don't have no idea  
How proud we are of you.

So thank you just for being you.  
For everything you are.  
To us you are a miracle.  
Our step superstar

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15 june 2019

Karen Megson Adams