

Poetry Series

**keyra king**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2008

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

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# Cheating

jkiki

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# Dreaming, Remembering, And Realizing

Dreaming of the day  
you caught my eye.  
Remember the day  
you made me cry.

Dreaming of the time  
we shared our first kiss  
Remembering the time  
you told me this was it.

Dreaming of the day  
you told me you cared.  
Remembering the days  
you wasn't there.

Dreaming the feeling  
of being the only one.  
Remembering the time  
i saw you with the other one.

Dreaming of the day you would  
realize we were ment to be.  
Realizing how that could never be.

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# Getting Played! ! ! ! !

Givign me a look of Abase  
Showing an embarrassed look apone your face.

makeing me feel as if i dont exist.  
when you are around your friends you want to Diss

but when we are alone you wont to kiss.

But What you dont know is while you are trying to play me  
its your best friend whio iam calling baby.

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# I Am Your's

My love this time is true.

I am your's

I am in love with you

yes when time cant waite

I am your's

At night when problems surrounds you.

and you dont know what to do.

I am your's

Even when I am all over the world

And you need a friend Iam your's

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# Ironic

Isn't it ironic....

we ignore the one's who adore us  
adore the one's who ignore us  
hurt those who love us  
and LOVE those who hurt us? ? ? ! ! !  
we kill those who want to save us  
save those who want to kill us

\*~miss~ ironic~\*

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# Mista Man

Mista man who broke my heart  
ripped it out of my chest and took it apart

Mista man who got on his knees  
and begged and begged for me not to leave

Mista man who said he loved me so  
sure had a way of letting that shit show

Mista man who is now alone  
keep callin callin burning up my phone

Mista man thinks i am going to take him back  
is crazy as hell if he think i am going back to that

Mista man who hurt me so  
left me bruises that just wont go

Mista man hideing in my bushes  
i looked out my window and saw him looking

Mista man who scares me so  
is stalking me because he cant let go

Mista man who shot me down  
now has my baby girl to beat around.

\* this is not a real story\* so dont trip

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# Pure Love

The hardest love to learn is  
that which is dark.  
The kind that causes the most pain.  
It is up to the soul to look past that  
dirty love, and regain the beauty  
that Illumanated so bright before.  
Once you let go of dirty love you can  
open up to the greatest love of all.....

PURE LOVE! ! ! ! !

~The kind of love you waite  
your whole life for. ~

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# Putting Them Together

I got some words in a notebook  
and a beat in my head, but i just cant put them together  
This beat in my head keep playing and playing  
and its not getting any better.  
I got some love in my hart and somebody to love  
and i cant put them together  
The person i love does not know and its not getting any better.  
i got the words to say and the mouth to say it  
but i cant put them together  
I dont know how to say i love you so i  
will just say it in a letter.

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# The So Called Perfect Husband

Being in love causes so much pain  
too scared to move i am standing in the rain  
during the day he tells he he loved me  
and this i believe is true  
but at night he pushes me  
and beat me black and blue  
when i sleep i dream of the day he kills me  
and i wake up thinking its the only way out of my misery  
hiding behind sunglasses so no one could see  
the bruises my husband conflict on me  
looking down at my finger with anger  
at the ring that bonds me to this stranger  
as i look in the mirror at my used to be beautiful face  
i am struct with the fear of becomeing a death case.

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# Waiting For My Breakthrough

Like a juice sucked from a straw  
my happiness leaves me.

I am strucked with the fear of doing  
Something i regret.

wishing i could break-away from  
the pain.

with a smile i hide my true feelings  
of hurt Just trying not to cause shame.

I walk around my mothers house  
trying to make it a home.

I am so tired  
of being all alone.

She dont understand way  
i do the things i do.

So when she is mad she say's  
' i cant stand you'

And then i cry and try to t  
ell myself she dont mean it

But part of me just cant  
seem to believe me.

I am sitting here writing about  
what iam going to do, praying and crying  
just waiteing for my breakthrough.

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# Who Am I

I am the girl  
missunderstood  
the girl you thought  
never could.  
I am the girl  
who you told you  
would never leave  
but the frist  
mistake i made  
how fast you left  
I just couldn't believe.  
I am the girl  
to who you turned  
your back  
gave me one look,  
told me good bye and  
never looked it was  
me you didn't know  
and because you left  
the real me.....  
just could'nt show.

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