

Poetry Series

Liz Munro
- poems -

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Liz Munro(02/09/81)

i am 24 female from australia.

My nickname's wildcat due to being wild about cats.

I've got 3 spoil rotten cats who eat better then me much to my boyfriend's annoyance.

I do Ninjutsu (marsical arts)

and i am not a good speller, even with a dictionary.

Hope everyone enjoys my poetry.

There are poems from 1998 to 2005 ongoing.

(am I?) Mad As A Hatter.

Always in question I find myself
At me always is pointed the finger of blame,
I know this anger is taxing on my health
And I, in dark, negative mood, want to retire from Life's game.

Sometimes, to runaway, I really want too,
But hey like Pink Ployd once said,
'The show must go on'
Even though i just want to leave - and not say goodbye,
I put on my fake smiles and -
with spirit and wings crushed -
still try soo hard to fly.

Well there's only one thing I try at so hard
That is to keep up this phoony facade,
In the words of Likin Park
'In the end it doesn't really matter'
Because maybe I am (am I?) just mad as a hatter.

30/12/05

Liz Munro

(with Broken Wings) , Somehow Fly

They say you should stay positive
and not into sad thoughts give,
and when you only get one life,
to the full is how they say you should live.

But on top of the world i feel today
i don't feel sad, or lonely
to everyone i say G'day,
But the people around me are soo cold, and stoney.

They try to hold you back from who you want to be.
They try to stop you from reaching that cloudless-blue sky,
By not letting you be free.
Yet they give you crushed, and broken wings,
And tell you, with them, to somehow fly.

2002

Liz Munro

***(It Was You Who Was) Not A Good Friend.**

You can throw your anger at me
Like the crashing waves of the sea
I did the right thing by kicking you out
You were the one using - not me
So at you I should be the one to shout,
But hey, no longer my problem
I've opened my eyes and your shit i see.

I'm naive and too damn kind,
I offered to help you,
When you had nowhere to go
That is a mistake that I will not make again
For it was you, who was not a good friend.
2005

*About a 16yrold who got kicked out of home,
i let her stay with me and NEVER AGAIN!

Liz Munro

*[song] Oh But You Have Gone Too Far

[Verse One]

If you're ever feeling cold, and alone
No need to look, i'm by your side,
Tonight on me, you can depend,
A burning torch ready to light your star again.

[Chorus]

Oh but you have gone too far,
because you have, forgotten who you really are,
don't let others, darken your shining star,
Oh you'll go farther then where they are.

[Verse Two]

Find again the person you once were,
buried deep within your heart,
no-one can throw water on your fire,
those heartless wolves can't tear your soul apart.

[Repeat Chorus]

03/01/06

*A work in progress

Liz Munro

***there Can Be No Good Answer To The Question 'Why? '**

There can be no good answer to the question 'Why? ',
because sometimes THAT answer,
is not the answer that WE want to hear.

We can not know the answer to the 'Why? ',
of a loved one not reaching out for help,
as sometimes, in our hearts, we know,
that the answer is not the one we want.

At times, in life, we can not fathom,
the 'Why? ' of things that people do,
that are incomprehensible to me and you.

But sometimes knowing the answer to 'Why? ',
is the worst answer we can get,
as it can, at times, do more damage to our head
then NOT knowing the answer ever could,
for it can leave us still wondering.....
'Why' wasn't there SOMETHING we could have done?

14/01/06

*Inspired by members poems, Celtic Boy's Why? and Marie's How! ! [great poems.]

Liz Munro

***three Spoilt Cats.**

Three spoilt cats
live in my house,
The oldest - and biggest one
is afraid of a mouse.

Shadow's the oldest,
a black tiger without stripes,
He's so adorable -
he sleeps on my tummy at night.

Next there is Possie,
the cheekiest of them all,
she'll tell you off, nice and loud,
if you stop her from running out the door.

And can not forget LB,
last but not lest,
his name stands for Little Blackie -
But it's more like Little Beast.

02/11/05

*This poem is about my three cats.: -)

Liz Munro

***through Hell And Ice**

* I'm branching into a different style of writing -
I don't usually like free-verse.

Some people have a dark place in their heart
that nothing can seem to fill.

Sometimes that dark place extends to their soul
they seem lost to us.

But if ever you are
in that dark place,
just call out our name
and picture our face...

..Through hell and ice in your hour of need we will come.

31/01/06

Liz Munro

***unaustralian**

Your thuggish riots here don't belong
we don't want your racist hate,
it is not the Australian way that you live,
PISS OFF you've got nothing to this country to give.
You are UNAUSTRALIAN.

Assulting innocent bystanders,
flooding them with your shit,
you make feel sick and ashamed
It was the minority causing trouble,
Yet, as usual, the majority you blamed.
Again, you are UNAUSTRALIAN.

13/12/05.

*Sorry about the lanuage in this poem.
How i feel after what been happening in Cronulla.
They're bloody animals and it makes me feel ashamed
as an Australian.

Liz Munro

[my Tears] Only The Dark Shall See

I know I am a GREAT person,
although, sometimes I need reminding.

But NO longer will I change for others,
despite their low opinion of me,
My star shall keep on brightly shining.

For I will hold my head up HIGH,
and my tears.....
only the dark shall see.

16/01/06

Liz Munro

[song] Shadow Of Your Protective Wings.

[Verse One]

Ignore what everyone says
don't let anyone stand in your way
you've got the chance, this is your day
do it your way, do it your way
hey, hey, hey, hey, hey

[Chorus]

I'm stepping out of the shadow, of your protective wings,
spreading wings of my own, discovering new things,
I'm feeling calmer then I ever did before,
being who i'm made of, inside my core.

[Verse Two]

smile life isn't so bad, take the happy with the sad,
life has it's up's and down's, why do you frown?
don't you frown
hey, hey, hey, hey, hey

[Repeat Chorus]

[Middle 8]

You've got the chance, this is your day,
do it your way, do it your way,
Life has it's up's and down's,
why do you frown? don't you frown [x2]

[Repeat Chorus twice]

[Your protective wings] this is day, do it your way
[Discovering new things] why do you frown? don't you frown
[repeat until fade]

03/01/06

Liz Munro

[song]see Me Through

[Verse One]

Am I just invisible?

Trapped silently suffering, drowning with this pain,

you swore I was The One and Only,

Why then am I so lonely sitting here?

day by day time just flies me past

left wondering why we didn't last

[Chorus]

Will someone,

see me through?

offer me a hand, giving me back to the sun,

mending my heart,

will someone see me through?

[Verse Two]

I want to leave - but can't say goodbye,

feeling cold and alone,

you said you'd always stay be my side,

Left with this emptiness that won't let me be

Oh why won't you caome back to me?

[Repeat Chorus]

[Bridge]

Memories,

we could of had

just slip away,

leaving me alone in the dark

why so badly,

did you break heart?

All you lies -

My only comfort

[Guitar solo]

[Middle 8]

You swore I was -

The One and Only,

Why then -
am I so lonely?

[Repeat Chorus Twice]

[End with the guitar solo]

03/01/06

Liz Munro

A Good Day (Today Is)

Today is a good day to be happy
The sun's brightly shining,
Birds are gaily singing,
Negativity today, is not winning.

I'm not drowning in the tide,
i'm swimming with it -
like a fish,
yet, although painful past's not dead,
No longer do i hear,
their criticising voices in my head.

Can't forget the past -
But i can forgive,
banish their wrongs,
They're locked in the dark,
everyday's a good day is how i will live,
and mending my scared heart
Is a great place to start.

1/11/05

Liz Munro

A Merry Christmas To You All.

Mistletoe hanging just under the door,
Presents wrapped under the tree,
A Merry Christmas to you all,
From the heart and pen of me.

To all the poets on poemhunter
have a Merry Christmas and
safe holidays. From Liz.

17/12/05

Liz Munro

A New Stage Of My Journey Begins

A new stage of my journey is about to begin,
filled with hope and love,
and testing times there will be too.
but I know I will pass these tests
that are set down to me from you,

Because I now believe in myself more,
I will not let your disbelielf in my abilitly
hold me back from walking through
The Dreams Coming True door.

So to your negativity I say goodbye,
I know that you love me,
but this is my year
to spread my wings and finally fly.

03/01/06

Liz Munro

A Simple Smile Is A Great Place To Start.

Too caught up with our our own troubles,
walking past other's in need,
wrapped within our selfish bubble,
driven by our own greed.

Taken for granted, the simple things are,
to help other's, to walk in their shoes,
is just to take a step too far,
it is too easy - when you've got your own -
to ignore someone's elses blues.

It doesn't take much
to brighten someone's day,
a simple hello, is all you need to say.

It is just so easy to touch someone's heart,
and a simple smile
is a great place to start.

31/10/05

Liz Munro

All Anyone Can Ask You To Give (Only Giving Your Best Is)

The sun is shining so bright and hot
The breeze talking in whisper,
heart-shaped clouds move slow in the sky
where's all my troubles?
Why the breeze whispered them goodbye.

My heart feels as light as the eagle's feather
Wings untied and free,
I'm rolling with the flow - in and out like the tide
Behind a facade - i don't need to hide.

Finally i am happy to be me,
Spots, warts and all -
for everyone to see-

Trying to please everyone
was not the way to live.
Only pleasing yourself,
by doing your best that you can,
is all anyone can ask you to give.

31/10/05

Liz Munro

Alright

It was still pitch-dark like midnight
when sleepily-eyed I arose this morning,
But now the sun's shining so very bright
and my more cheerful heart
I know things are going to turn out alright.

.....Just don't let go, keep holding me tight.

10/04/06

Liz Munro

Always Care, Forever Will Be There

your TRUE friends
will ALWAYS care,
whenever you feel ALONE
BESIDE you, in spirit,
know FOREVER we will be there.

30/01/06

Liz Munro

Am I Crazy Or Am I Sane?

Why do I feel so down and alone?
My heart is so cold and icy
like icebergs in the Atlantic
and it's frozen fingers
touch and chill me to the bone.

Am I crazy or am I sane?
Got these depressing thoughts
circling like angry sharks in my brain

Is it false or is it true?
Can I really believe what i'm told by you?
my mind is going cookcoo,
And it is all because of the stupid un-thinking things you do.

30/12/05

Liz Munro

Be Proud Of Who You Are.

Why try to be someone you're not?
Who are they to say 'big' ain't hot,
Ego and all that crap matter no longer to me,
Because I can look in the mirror and love the person I see.

Sick of trying 'cos you can't
Can't live or match up to their expectations,
But hey, it's brains not beauty, that make successful nations.

So look in the mirror and be proud of who you are,
Don't let others dampen your blinding, shiny star,
If this you can do,
You'll overlap their ignorance and shine so very far.

20/12/05

Liz Munro

Can'T Seem To Write Today.

I seem to have gotten writer's block,
my well of rhyme,
my sence of time,
my creativity seems stopped.

But my heart has so much to say,
yet my well's run dry,
and no matter how hard i try,
i just can't seem to write today.

06/11/05.

Liz Munro

Continuing The Journey

Along my journey,
i've met people wise and spiritual
and their words i should listen to,
as they are deep and meaningful.

Yet, my spirit's been weighed down -
with other people's negative crap,
but with postive energy -
i am fighting the black tide back.

It is my ego controlling -
If I'm angry with anyone,
just breathe and let it all go
focus on my center,
don't fight -just swim with the flow.

Eyes that were clouded -
with impentnable mist,
are now bright and clear,
and more of my dreams close to coming true are near.

Each person's Journey is their own and unique,
there is no wrong or right, failure or sucess,
each of us tries to only give our best.

And although we all stumble and trip
by the wayside and occasionally fall,
the negative thoughts block you from rising,
It is these times when not giving up,
is the hardest bit of all.

4th December,2005.

Liz Munro

Damn You Needle[about Sewing]

Damn you needle,
you love to prick my finger to try and make it bleed.

Darn!
now my bloody thread's broken [again].

Really,
How am I supposed to sew,
with thread that keeps breaking
and a sharp needle,
that me poor, bleeding finger
keeps finding the tip of?

God! I HATE sewing!

better pack it all away..

...before I murder what it is i'm trying to sew.

21/01/06

Liz Munro

Decisions

I sit in my room and I ponder,
everything that's happened in my life,
Have made the right decisions?
I wonder,
I can not know this until after.

After the decision has been made,
but even if it is wrong,
each of us has to in their own bed lay,
but what keeps a few of us there -
still laid,
is that some of us choose not to swim,
but rather to drown,
in life's bad-decisions bay.

See,
each decision we make is for a reason,
and 'mistakes' are but mere lessons
to learn in the life,
that we have been destine to live,
yet,
some of us do not realise this,
so their FULL potential,
they have yet to give.

13/01/06

Liz Munro

Deep Down, I'M Not.

It's sunny -
yet the clouds are dark and black.
if everyone is soo happy, and bright,
why then, do i feel like crap?
i just want to run away,
to hide, and to shut out,
their piercing, accusing sight.

I know i acted recklessly,
and i put myself in this position.
But when i asked for your help
your rebuff, it really hurt.
now we are both angry,
and to each other, we will not listen.

But i have something to tell,
i loathe feeling like absolute hell.
i'm drowning under this steadily-rising tide
of yours - and my own-
and everyone's criticizing negativity.

It is all adding, to this unhelpful spell
that i fing myself buried under.
standing on the edge of a steep cliff,
Down far did i fall?
i do not know,
i was pushed by the yelling, scary claps,
of echoing thunder.

Trapped! At the bottom
of a muddy, storm-filled hole.
Yet, instead of trying to dig myself out,
i'm just digging in, deeper, and deeper.
trying to hide from truth's blinding light
- like a mole.
all of my joy - like a thief
negativity stole.

All of this has got to STOP!

pretending things, and i am fine...
..when deep down, i'm not.

17/10/05

Liz Munro

Don'T Make Me Cry: -(

Look ahead to returning positive days,
stop letting other people's negativity
get you down,
They are just plain jealous -
so nasty things they do and say,
you are such a WONDERFUL person -
with a BEAUTIFUL soul,
But you keep making me CRY [please don't]
because of your constead frown.

04/01/06

Liz Munro

Easy To Be Happy: -]

Focus on the happy things
that came into your life,
otherwise you'll get depressed -
because you're overwhelmed by negative strife.

It is easy to be happy,
Even when on one of life's down,
Just focus on the positive -
And you will lose your frown.

08/01/06

Liz Munro

Enjoy Your Daily Slice Of Life.

Take the daily bread of life you're given,
Sometimes you overtoast your slice and get burnt,
Other times you use too much butter,
Every bad word sticks and people you hurt.

But if you don't like your given slice,
Take it back and change it for another,
This time, scrape off the burnt bits and skip the butter

See, at the start, we're all given the same slice of life
How everything turns out -
Well, it depends on what you do with your slice

19/12/05.

Liz Munro

For Those Suicide Left Behind

I can not say
'I understand your pain'
when your pain I haven't been through.

I can only read your words
and tell you that 'I care'.

Suicide is hard to understand
for the one that is left behind,
It's harder if the person left behind is a friend
and you have not 'personally' been affected,
by what they are dealing with.

But, even though,
we have not been through it ourselves,
know that we deeply care,
and although we are halfway around the world
for you,
whenever you are in need,
we will always be there.

30/01/06

Liz Munro

Friendship

'What does friendship mean to you? '
I put this to my friend.
'it means-' he said, '- of trust and hope,
and good times, bad times, and the times inbetween'
'it means, what else? ' inquired i
answered he 'the one you talk to, who knows you best-
and who shares your hopes, dreams and fears with.'
'and also-' interrupted i
'- someone with on their shoulder you can cry.'
'Friendship means to me, '
said my friend solemnly,
'of all the things you care about most,
the supportive people that you love.'
'And that's what friendship means to me! '
Said together we.

1998

Liz Munro

Glad You'Re Smiling

I am glad to see you smiling,
in spite of all your pain,
for I have always known,
the sun would once again
be down on your world shining.

I still LOVE you for WHO you are,
and it cheers my heart to see you smiling,
as I know, in life,
you will go far

16/01/06

Liz Munro

How I Discribe My Poems

Vomit is how i discribe my poems,
it reflects my mood from the heart,
whatever i'm feeling, it all just comes out,
and some poems are angry, happy and sad,
but after they're written i feel really glad.

To creativily get these thoughts out is release,
it exposes the facade,
gets to the real me underneath.

If you don't like my poems -
that's o.k.
they reffect how i'm feeling
on that particular day.

01/11/05

Liz Munro

I'M Off My Bloody Trolley.

I am off my bloody trolley,
have had too much sugar -
Would you like a lolly?
Crikey's - I've truly lost the plot,
It would appear a silly brain today I've got.

Completely fallen off my rocker,
I am as mental as anyone can be,
Yet - I never take drugs,
so really I am a shocker,
for this is the loopy me.

04/01/06

Liz Munro

It's Nice To Know Some One Cares

It's good to share your talent,
and have it read throughout the world,
Sharing your poems, and reading theirs,
it's nice to know there's someone who cares.

04/11/05

Liz Munro

Journey

I'm feeling so focused and calm today
nothing negative is gonna get in my way
my eyes are shining so bright and clear,
it feels like all my dreams, close to coming true are near.

Only i can hold myself back
if i stray off this positive track.
but there is a new me, different to the me of old,
i have started a journey - and amazed,
i follow and watch my journey unfold.
for i am going somewher i have never been,
and my mind is unlocking things previously unseen.
from negative entrapment, i am breaking free,
now is the time for discovering the true and inner me.

Focused and happy, my journey feels right,
like my spirit has grown wings, and to a higher level takes flight.
everything for me is starting to click into place,
i no longer rush life by, at such a fast pace.

For whatever life throws at me, i know i'll survive it,
and i will continue my journey, untill it reaches mortal end,
where i know on a higher plane, my journey will begin again.

14/7/04

Liz Munro

Let Hearts Regrow. (Love Again) .

Let old love die
and help your heart regrow,
dry up your spent tears,
and release all your fears,
Just let your true self show.

It is time to let go,
and begin a fresh page,
throw your old scared, dead heart away,
with a smile, welcome the brand new day.

For a lost love was not your fault,
and your heart doesn't have to anymore pay,
Because you are such a good person,
so full of happy cheer,
your heart will regrow if you let a new love near.

1998.

Liz Munro

Living Under A Stormcloud (Feels Just Like You Are)

If someone has little digs at you
and they do it everyday,
don't say anything, and don't bite back,
all you really can do,
is just quietly walk away.

It feels just like you are living under a stormcloud.

Expecting to get yelled - even screamed at,
for little things, not properly done,
sometimes you feel guilty -
if you relax and have a little fun.

It feels just like you are living under a stormcloud.

Everyday you are, so afraid of messing up.
and you wonder sometimes why,
you even bother getting out of bed.
You'd only do or say something wrong,
But you wonder if they'd notice,
You had packed up one day and gone.

This is what living everyday feels like,
It feels just like you're living under a stormcloud.

1999

Liz Munro

Looking Through My Black-Framed Window (At My Neighbours Greener Grass)

Looking through my black-framed window,
at my neighbours bigger house,
would be swell living in that bubble,
never have they, had any troubles,
the perfect wife with perfect spouse.

Looking through my black-framed window,
at my neighbours better car,
shiny tyres, brand-new and black,
Living there would be better by far.

Looking through my black-framed window,
at my neighbours greener grass,
would i live there - no thankyou,
they can keep their facade,
I live life without the mask.

04/11/05.

Liz Munro

Loopy, Loopy

I am loopy, loopy as can be,
crazier than a vampire bat
flying during the day,
My brain's done a mental -
and the dummy it had spat,
welcome to the cook-coo world
that has become my way.

Aw, just grab the loaded seditive gun -
And shoot me. -

04/01/06.

Liz Munro

Men Can Be So.....

Men can be so charming,
handsome looks,
on playing the game, they wrote the book,
their smile can be so disarming.

Men can be so sly,
sucking you in,
promising nice things,
easily off their tongue rolls, lie after lie.

Men can be so mean,
turning on you every fight,
staying out night after night,
with these men you shouldn't be seen.

Men can be all these things and more,
pulling the wool over your eyes,
but with my man i got a nice surprise,
he is none of the men above,
because in my house what i say's the law.

05/11/05

Liz Munro

My Hearts Missing Link (You Replaced)

In a sea of broken dreams
i was hopelessly sinking,
Overwhelmed was i by the huge, crashing waves,
that were tring to swamp, and drown me.

But then your unconditional love,
came into my turbulent life,
and the whole world around me,
did not seem to be in such raging strife.

You lifted me up onto your big-winged ship,
you gave me new white wings which,
enabled me to fly,
thankyou, you replaced my hearts missing link.

24/9/04

Liz Munro

No Longer Am I Trapped! (Sequel To Trapped!)

I confront the dark form
that blocks the path in front of me,
Meeting dark negativity with happy positivity,
clashing with the fury of a raging storm,
And reel back, shocked at who it is I see.

Just who is I am confronting?
Myself -
with other people's voices voicing me.

In a life or death battle for my soul,
within myself I reach deep, deep down
to pull, with all my strength, out the sword of the real me,
and smote off those biting silver snakes heads,
leering at me with other people's disapproving frowns.

The chains hiss as they sink back into the floor,
not wanting to release my naked feet,
And to allow me to step into the sunshine, beyond the exit's door.

Because I am now listening to my heart,
I am no longer trapped in the dark,
Still I care about those who love me,
but I won't let them tell me how I should live,
Or who I should be.

30/12/05

Liz Munro

Oh My God...They'Ve Offered Me A Credit Card.

OH MY GOD.... they've offered ME a CREDIT CARD,
Preapproved \$5 grand limit,
0% interest for the first 6 months,
There must be a catch
What's the real rate?
27.5% man, that's high,
Cricky's! if i took the card i'll blow my debt
Beyond Earth's sky.

My debt, it would rocket into the strasphere,
So i'll have to say no thankyou i fear,
As it is i've got enought trouble in my life,
I don't need a credit card to add anymore strife.

21/12/05.

Liz Munro

One Of Those Days (Late Again) .

Overslept,
My alarm is now broke,
Cancelled train,
The sun smiles at the joke.

Running, racing to get there,
suddenly trip and fall,
reach where i'm going,
Only to get my fingers slamed in the door.

Go to the bathroom and then find out,
nobody told me i was wearing my shirt inside out,
frustration is building like a volcano inside,
and my brain is getting closer to being fried.

Why is it that when you run late,
everything goes wrong?
Great -
turned on the radio -
in time to catch the end of my favourite song.

02/11/05.

Liz Munro

Praying To Curl Up & Die

Drowning in a tidal sea

Encased in black darkness

Praying to just curl up and die

Ripping scared wrists with a knife

Engulfing sadness numbing the mind

Slowly slipping away

Sliding deeper into the Black Dogs mouth

Intruding eyes that don't understand

Opening veins and waiting for death to claim

No longer happy and wanting to live life.

DEPRESSION

27/02/06

Liz Munro

Pretending That Everything Is Fine (When It Is Really Not)

My anger for you runs very deep
and i struggle to contain it's firely heat,
I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU!
i do not think my love for you was ever true,
and if it was, well i just don't remember
Because my heart, for you, burns with this anger.

Although you are - or were - my lover
that does not mean we are very close, to each other.
and although i still live under the same roof as you,
Does not mean we are not through.

But how i am really feeling, you do not know,
i want to pack up, and go,
really just spread my wings, and fly,
leave you and everything - and not say goodbye.

But for unknown reasons, i still stay,
even 'tho it is getting harder to live this way, everyday,
And i do not know why, i keep this facading lie -
of pretending everything is fine - when it is really not.

03/09/99

Liz Munro

Queen Of The Jungle

My ears prick at the slightest sound,
and my eyes watch for any movement,
as Queen of the Jungle, I proudly wear my crown.

I roar like the rumble of thunder,
a warning, the black panther's on the hunt,
there is no mercy for you,
if my paw you find yourself under.

02/01/06.

Liz Munro

Scars Deeply Unseen [until It's Too Late]

How can we say such words
if we don't really mean them?

Sorry -
When it's too late -
is it because your soul feels guilty
and you're left consumed with self-hate?

I love you -
because you're too scared to be alone?
when it's only words without true emotion
it is worse deception
as it cuts through the bone.

If you came here
with false words and lies
saying words you didn't really mean,
then you realise -
too late -
that your lies hurt worse than the truth,
because for many
those scars lie deeply unseen -
on the soul...

...until it's too late and they're gone.

30/01/06

Liz Munro

Summer's Heat Is Here

Continue sweat is running down your body
like ocean waves caress the sand,
Beaches and pools packed to the brim
like sardines overcrowding the can.

Summer's heat is finally here,
36 degrees - the mercury's rising,
Let's hope you're near water
to ring in a hot New Year.

28/12/05.

Liz Munro

Thankyou To P.H Members

Beautiful souls shine through
the stanza's of your poetry,

inspiring words touch hearts
deep to the core,
Kind comments make us
better poets then we were before.

So to Poem Hunter members
a BIG thankyou to you all,
such a happy group of friends - and family
who could possibly ask for more?

03/01/06.

Deadicated to EVERYONE at poemhunter.

Liz Munro

The Greedy Cat At The Cafe.

He sits at the corner table
with not a fur out of place,
delicately he eats with a well-manicured claw,
then, overwhelmed by the delicious smell - and taste,
shovels mouthful after mouthful in with his paw.

He greedy comes to the Cafe everyday
for breakfast, lunch and afternoon tea,
Gets served by Chris and Morgan,
two lovely people who, to please their customers
go out of their way.

The Cafe but had no name,
a catchy title none could think of,
But then the cat with the appetite so greedy,
said 'why not name it after me? '

'I always come here everyday,
and the freshest food you go out of the way to serve,
It would do me the greatest honour
if you named it The Greedy Cat Cafe'

So the cafe at last had a name,
'The Greedy Cat' it's now called,
Still everyday there go's that greedy cat,
Because of the food -
and Chris and Morgan's service with a smile -
he could never get bored.

02/01/06.

Liz Munro

They'Ve Finally Crushed Me

Gotta try to still be happy,
have to be someone i'm not,
the rising tide is trying to drown me,
and it comes in quicker then I can swim.

Crazy thoughts are coming to my brain,
Everyone's disbelief in me,
is driving me insane.

Depression -
Can't have that - oh no,
that's just me 'attention-seeking'.

Sick of trying to everyone prove,
that i'm better - and smarter -
then they first thought,
they have finally crushed me,
with their sharp black hooves.

Liz Munro

Thunderstorm.

The wind is hissing,
like an angry cat through the trees,
Skeletal branches tap-tap,
against my moonlit bedroom window,
like sharp fingernails down a chalkboard.

The wind-lashed rain rattles
off my barred-glass panes,
Thunder crackles like a whip outside,
Thank god i've got somewhere warm
from this thunderstorm to hide.

07/12/05

Liz Munro

Today, I Am Soo Happy.

The world is off my shoulders
it's weight is no longer a burden,
i'm running atop of the boulder
instead of run over by, and left squashed, and hurting.

My feet are firmly grounded
At my centre, i'm so focused and calm,
not letting myself get hounded
negativity is now a captured, black ball in my palm.

Because today, i am soo happy
why let the little things bother me?
at people i'm not angry, nor snappy
for i really like the mirrored person i see.

17/10/05

Liz Munro

Trapped!

I find the exit sign from which I can escape
from this prison negativity's put me in,
And I can see the way to break free
from people's, friends and even family's putdowns on me.

But something dark blocks the path in front and stops me
Chains suddenly appear and bind my naked feet,
Biting silver snakes keep me held
to the stone-cold cobbled floor.

I can no longer escape,
the lit exit sign taunts me, as it disappears back into the darkness,
and it is leaving me helplessly trapped! in it's departing wake.

30/12/05

Liz Munro

Twarted Tiger.

Tiger hunting in dark of night,
Keenful eyes keeping it's prey in sight,
hidden in the long grass, crouching low,
waiting to deliver it's fatal blow.

Moon watches tiger with a glint in his eye,
illuminates crouched tiger to all prey nearby,
tiger growles at the moon as he shakes his furry head,
and on an empty stomach takes himself off to bed.

tuesday 1st november,2005.

Liz Munro

What Would A Non-Vegetarian-Feed Hen Eat?

I was putting the eggs on the shelf at work today,
When what did I notice one packet say?
Eggs from a vegetarian-feed hen,
So I wonder -
What would a NON-VEGETARIAN-feed hen eat then?

Would they eat chicken?
Imagine the dinner-table conversation,
'Shame Penny's not here - but she's finger-licking'
After careful deliberation -
I don't think a hen would eat a relation.

Then what about Steak?
'Neville - Glad you could come -
Now how would you like your steak done? '
Even if they were skinny as a rake,
I don't think a hen would like to eat stake.

This rest of the verse,
I shall leave up to you,
Please tell me,
What's a poor non-vegetarian-feed hen to do?

07/01/06

Liz Munro

When The Kind Heart Fails, Who Will Come?

Who will be there to cheer up one the one
who always cheers up others?
When the kind heart fails,
who will come?

When the kind heart fails
and silent tears have formed an internal lake
Will a true friend be there -
one who hears the tears -
to restart the heart?
Or will it be the backs of friends -
who ignored the barely-whispered pain -
the friends who are fake?

O' who would save this tortured soul?
when hope is fading, almost lost
would you also forsake it?

When the sun has nearly stopped shining
and encroaching darkness is overwhelming,
Will any one be there -
someone who really does care?
please tell me,
who will stop the internal crying?

- No-one you're too far away..
...for it maybe too late to help.

04/02/06

Liz Munro

When The Rainbow Reappears

My eyes are losing their sparkle,
In their place
is the glittering of unshed tears,
facing life, everyday,
is what I am beginning to fear.

Where is the fire in my soul,
that used to burn so bright?
Why does each day now,
feel like the blackest of nights?

I am surrounded by people -
Yet, at the same time,
I am surrounded by no-one.

At my seams,
it feels like the stitches are slowly coming undone.

Even the hottest rays of the sun,
can not pierce, this deceiving fog
of the world's weight on my shoulders,
I feel like I am being crushed,
by unstoppable, rolling boulders.

My hope tells me this is only a phase,
But still,
I have lost my smile,
I will find it again
when the rainbow reappears,
at the end of these rain-filled days.

23/01/06

Liz Munro

Where Has The Magic Of Life Gone?

Childhood innocence long ago lost,
Real life overtaken make-believe pretend,
Starry-eyed wonder, rational mind has away tossed,
Consuming us all like an animal does it's prey,
Sometimes we don't want to get up, to face the start of another day.
When did the world become engulfed in wars and strife?
What happened to the magic of life?
I don't know but hope, you can find the magic again.

19/12/05.

Liz Munro

Why?

We spend all of our life
trying to be who we're not,
fit in where we don't
why?

why do we wear this facade?
not happy with who we're meant be
somebody tell me why?

Worried about the exterior,
concerned about what others see,
scared of feeling inferior,
always watching what we say.

why?

02/11/05

Liz Munro

Winter's Eventual Thaw

It's hard not to change
into what other people want you to be
but it's harder to conceal the anger
because they won't let your spirit be free.

Sick of them consently critising you
because of the person you are
shoved to the edge of dark cliffs
a voice says 'Jump, the bottom's not down that far'.

Trying to ignore the voice
knowing it's not 'logical' reason
but it's harder to want to stay
when the world's trapped in a frozen winter season.

...Should I jump and end it all?

...or stay and wait for winter's eventual thaw?

19/02/06

Liz Munro

With You/Without You

With you,
life does not seem so bad,
You keep me flying,
in the cloudlessly clear blue sky,
Without you,
i would be soo sad,
so please don't break my heart,
you would if ever you said goodbye.

01/11/05.

Liz Munro