

Poetry Series

lynne ireland
- poems -

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lynne ireland(12/09/1955)

I am a gay woman who lives in manchester. Two years ago I worked as a social worker, dealing with abused children and prisoners with drug problems. I became ill and could no longer work so I decided to write true poetry about all the lovely people. I have composed my poems from their real life stories. I have not had any published yet and hope these first ones grab the interest of a Uk publisher. I have received positive acclaim from American editors but I have yet to meet a publisher who understands the true message of my work.

Before I Die

you told me to be good daddy
daddy i cry
why didnt you hepl me
before i die

prison is awfull
bleak and sad
no one to cuddle me
because i was bad

all around me
i hear them cry
daddy help me
i cry i cry

i never meant
to hurt i cry
please forgive me
before i die

my name in highlights
bright and bold
oh daddy please help me
you bled and was cold

im sorry i killed you
forgive me above
but you hurt me
and killed my love

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I Cry

under the sheet
no one can see me
i wait quiet and oblique

tomorrow is lonely
no one to tell
if only if only
they could I cry I cry
but no one is there
to help me question
why there is no one to care

they come they conquer
swift in the night
I cry I cry
with all my might

they threaten they smile
with a gleam in their eye
no one to help me
i can only cry

I lie so quietly
no one can tell
that i feel i have died
and gone to hell

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I Went For A Drink Dad

I went for a drink dad
And I thought about what you said
You told me not to take drugs dad

So I had a drink instead
I felt proud as I drove my car home
I didn't take any drugs
I remembered what you said

dad I was waiting for your hugs
I got into my car dad
Sure to get home very safe

I never knew what I hit dad
I suddenly lost my head
Now im lying on the floor dad
And I hear the police say

He never knew what hit him
The boy was where he lay
The blood is all around me
As im trying to stay sane

I can hear them say loudly
That she is to blame
So im sorry dad
IV killed an innocent child I

wish you had warned me
About drink not drugs instead
I wish you could kiss me
As I lie here and die
I wish I could forgive myself

So I love you and goodbye.

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It Hurts Her So

SHE WAS BUT A CHILD
A FINE BONNY GIRL
UNTIL SHE HEARD THESE SAD WORDS

HE HATES HER SHE SAID
AS SHE LAY UNDER THE BED
HIDING FROM WORDS
THAT HER MOTHER SAID

WHEN SHE WAS TEN
SHE PLAYED IN THE TREE
LOOKING FOR LOVE
WITH A HOPEFULL PLEA

THIRTEEN SHE BECAME
STUPID AND INANE
ONLY PLAYING WITH BOYS
WAS SHE INSANE

FIFTEEN WAS THE DAY
THAT PLAYED ON HER MIND
OH WHY OH WHY IS EVERYONE UNKIND

THEN A MAN CAME A STALKING
BUT DID THE LOVE COME A WALKING
OH NO HE HATED HER SO

THEN NEXT SHE WAS UNHAPPY
SHE MUST HAVE BEEN BLIND
NO WHERE COULD SHE GO
TO HEAR I LOVE YOU SO

BRUTAL AND WICKED
HER LIFE NOW BECAME
DRINKING AND DRUGS
THEY SAID SHE IS TO BLAME

PRISON OH DEAR
HOW SAD SHE IS NOW

THEN SUDDENLY SHE HEARS
HER NAME OH SO SLOW

MY DARLING MYLOVE
YOUR DIFFERENT YOU KNOW
TO HEAR MY NAME WAS SUCH A BLOW

OF COURSE IM DIFFERENT
AS I GOT OUT OF JAIL
I THINK IM GOING TO LIVE
TO TELL MY TALE

A LONG TIME HAS GONE BY
IF ONLY ID KNOWN
HOW QUICKLY MYLIFE
HAS FLOWN AND FLOWN

IV MET A GOOD WOMAN
I LOVE HER SO MUCH
BUT MY PAST MAY COME BACK
AND DESTROY ALL MY TRUST

SHALL I TELL MY LOVE
ALL THATI HAVE DONE
WILL THIS SPOIL MY HEART
THAT WAS SOARING LIKE A DOVE

SHE ANSWERS MY LOVE
YOUR HEART IS MINE
DON'T TELL ME A LOT AND WE WILL BE FINE

YOUR SECRETS ARE YOURS
AND I LOVE YOU SO
WHATEVER YOU HAVE DONE
NO ONE WILL KNOW

SO NEVER DESPAIR
AND TRUST IN YOUR LOVE
YOUR TIME IS PRECIOUS
AND SO IS GOD ABOVE.

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lynne ireland

The Empty Days

we met we loved
my heart my dove
the empty days
were ours to love

the hills the plains
the sea the trains
the empty days
were ours to reclaim

you drift along
no more to stay
oh my love its an empty day

true love sings
your heart doth soar
dont let me go
or we will be no more

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