

Poetry Series

**Amanda Shelton**  
**- poems -**

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# Ghostly Flower

When the flowers bloom  
without me, my memory  
will live on through  
their perfumed dreams.

From here life start's anew,  
upon the softest breeze my  
ghost travels far and wide.

Every move I make,  
every breeze that blows  
my way, I leave a little  
bit of myself behind.

This unpredictable existence  
moves freely, upon my heart  
strings it plays fine and  
dandy.

My life vibrates into the  
vastness of space, I become  
a ghost blooming in the gloom.

Amanda Shelton

# My Vantage Heart

The cobwebs settled year's ago,  
the dust gathered on the table,  
the placements are falling apart.

After decades of fringe  
and grungy textures and  
dried ink smeared on the  
walls, poetry grows through  
the centuries.

My poetic heart is choking  
on the ashes left behind.

My violin strings are fragile  
and ready to break.

My love song flew away  
on the wings of a Lark  
looking for it's heart.

This is my Vantage heart  
wrapped in decay.

Amanda Shelton

# Amongst Little Things

Amongst the grass I am like a dew drop, shiny and free I glitz and bling.

Amongst the beaches I am a pebble,  
I grind and squeek, I ride the tides and suff the turf.

Amongst the stars I am a speck of dust, I came from unknown, I bring  
knowledge and time.

Amongst the trees I am a mushroom, I am small but powerful, my roots are  
strong I am part of a system of life.

Amongst the fish I am a shrimp, I am small but mighty and brave.

Amongst the people I might seem weak but I can make you think, my poetry is  
deep and I will make you dig deeper into the possibilities.

Amongst the horses I am a unicorn, I am rare and bright, I am creative and  
brave. You'll never forget me.

Amongst the little things I can seem larger than life. I wear my heart on my  
sleeve and my mind is open to possibilities. I am autistic.

Amanda Shelton

# Poetic Grit

Between the teeth of monster's  
grind the bone and flesh of  
forgotten dreams.

As nightmares wake to shadow  
and fear, my mind sail's the  
oceans chasma deeply driven  
by futures pull.

Reality forever leaps forward  
into the depths of colliding  
waves of experience.

Upon the rim I ride, I tip  
slowly into the center of  
lucid dreams like a dancer  
dancing with its shadow.

These monsters that I create,  
grimly I took a leap.

With a mouth full of inky grit  
I spit my passion for expression  
as poetry leaps onto the pages.

Amanda Shelton

# Oh Spring

Oh Spring,  
with your dew drop lips you beacon me to lookest down through the clear  
windows of morning, I watched as you turn your angel eyes upon our western  
skies, which in full spectrum the round body of the sun approaches with her  
burning bosom.

Oh Spring,  
the Earth show's her blushing cheeks,  
and the Lord listens to our prayers with patience. As the valleys below; with  
green meadows the sun is peeking through as the trees are longing for the light,  
are turning up their newly grown leafs.

Oh Spring,  
Up to your bright pavilions I can imagine the Angles singing for your coming.  
They rise to the occasion, like roses in bloom.

Oh Spring,  
Let your beautiful sun soaked rays visit Earths clime! Come over the eastern  
hills, until morning turns to nigh. Let her winds kiss your perfumed garments;  
allow Earth to taste the  
morning dew and evening rain; scatter your richness upon our barren lands that  
mourn for greener pastures.

Oh Spring,  
the forthcoming of your fairness and soft touches; pour your soft kisses on the  
Earth's surface; and put your golden crown upon her languish'd brow, Whose  
modest tresses are bound up for those who fell in love with your blushing gown  
may gaze upon her beauty.

Oh Spring,  
how I waited patiently for your coming,  
you have never forsaken me.

Amanda Shelton

# Nothing But Tears

I've fallen so far,  
lost myself on the way down.

I flew for a moment before  
crashing colliding with my  
broken heart.

My pieces shattered so easily,  
I couldn't find the strength  
to put them back together again.

I stayed on the ground for  
awhile, the mud and salt  
steeped into my lungs, choking  
my breath until nothing was left.

Nothing but tears.

Amanda Shelton

# Mother Nature

Mother nature opened her  
hands to reveal the moon.

All while she bowed to the  
heaven's and opened her eyes  
to reveal the stars as she  
released her skirt the sun  
began to rise.

Amanda Shelton

# Whispered Memories

Like a frozen teardrop  
I became water in your  
touch and the warmth of  
your kiss followed me  
through the winter nights.

That was but a wish.

I remember, as  
a whisper left on my pillow.

The shadow of your memory  
fades away upon the breeze.

Its over now,  
it must have been a  
dream, a long forgotten  
wish that never got to  
breathe for you took it  
back and choked it.

With your lying lips  
and cold hearted burn  
you killed the passion  
with one word. Love!  
It hurts still.

Amanda Shelton

# The Vampires Plight

I am digging a hole,  
where my plot will be.  
I dig deeper and deeper  
into the day unto the  
night.

As shadows lengthen  
upon the melting sun,  
the monsters waken  
one by one.

I am dragging my coffin  
full of stones and memories.

I'm always entertaining misery.

He's been my company  
for some time now,  
a hundred years maybe  
more I lost count after  
the war.

The shadows of infection  
never far behind me,  
it's scratching my back,  
burning my skin as I  
struggle to be free  
from pains heated chains.

The scars are visible  
upon my neck through  
darkness and misery  
I am brightly lit,  
like a candle blowing  
in the wind.

My smoke lingers on  
in memories of life  
long gone, an

unforgettable sent.

But misery lives on  
through the hunger  
I carry.

Doom is knocking at my  
casket door, asking for  
invitation but I don't  
answer it.

It pounds at my temples  
like a monster clawing  
through the dark grasping  
at my ankles desperately  
trying to devour me.

But my fire still burns  
brightly, this struggle  
is kindling to my flame.

I only grow stronger,  
as I drag my coffin farther,  
up the hills and to the valley  
down below.

My senses guide  
me through the unknown.

I am fighting the sticks  
and stones life throws  
at me.

I keep dragging my  
coffin wherever I go.

I know I am home  
wherever my coffin  
goes.

My vampire eyes sees well,  
not even the night can

blind me, my plight  
bites me as well.

A reminder of the life  
I once held onto so tightly.

All slips away with every  
drop of blood that stains  
this life.

A vampires plight I live  
it well. As I slip into  
the night.

Farwell my beautiful flower  
may you have all you desire  
and the night treats you well.

Amanda Shelton

# The Vampires Plague

Pools and pools of blood  
flood from this fleeting  
life.

Slowly choked by the  
vampires bite.

Life sucked dry,  
as shadows retreat  
morphing into the night,  
such sweet dreams are these  
of an afterlife is pleating  
and pitiful. Says the vampire.

Kisses from the moonlight  
left upon the night.

Flying through the shadows  
leaping through windows,  
hunting for a victim.

Ghostly faces loom from  
the gloom, they grimly smile  
revealing their true nature.

The plague of vampires  
viscous and cold,  
heartbeats no longer.

They shyly slink about,  
hiding from the lights  
humans use for sight but  
still they are blind to  
the vampires crimes.

Until the morning, all  
is revealed.

Amanda Shelton

# The Vampires Shadow

Like a rose slowly life  
bloomed only to be withered  
by the light of the moon.

Heart beats quickly as  
feet run through the street,  
the shadow follows not  
too far behind.

Thirsting for the red flood  
that flow's in the victims veins,  
internal darkness yearns  
for the heat, before its teeth  
leaps forth from the depths  
of the foggy night the  
monster laugh's.

Its icy grip reaches forth,  
as the victim slips into the  
fog, there they are greeted  
by the vampire. Its kisses  
are cold and hard, it stings  
slightly.

Its skin like bleached bone,  
hard as stone, white as marble  
just as smooth.

There the victim is laid down,  
upon the dawn they will  
be found.

Beware of the monster that  
lurks in the depths of the  
night, its cold embrace awaits  
any who stray from the lights  
of the street.

The last thing you will hear

is the Vampires laugh.

Amanda Shelton

# Vampire

I can smell the heat  
raising from the stone  
above, the earth is warm  
but cold underneath the  
slab I lay, no breath I  
release.

I'm cold beneath the  
girth of the grave.

So cold am I, choking on  
the dirt, every night  
I awaken to the living,  
drinking from their  
fountain of forever dead  
but still I am digging.

Deeply burdened by the  
acid sun, bites my skin,  
burns my being deep within.

Ash and bone, I'm  
grinding the stone.

Dripping, bleeding,  
tasting the heat like  
a thirsty monster licking  
its teeth.

Hunger lives in between  
my teeth, grinning wide  
with eyes like Sapphire  
gem's.

Lips as pale as my skin,  
as ivry porcelain.

Salvation comes on the  
beams of sunlight

streaming from above.

So close I am,  
yearning for the  
taste of blood.

Amanda Shelton

# Dear Rose Bud

Oh dear rose bud,  
how you blush in the morning sun.

Dear rose bud,  
How I feel about your rooted bud,  
your closeness to the Earth,  
your perfumed memories  
and your fragile stem.

Oh my rose bud,  
how I feel about your petals  
and your bashful ways.  
I admire your beauty  
and your fragrance reminds me  
of dreams of the misty forest's.

Such memories you provoke,  
such things you remind me of.

Soft walls of beautiful  
floral gardens,  
once again I am taken back to  
my secret garden.

With your pink,  
white, sometimes red hue.  
I love you.

Oh dear rose bud,  
I will never forget our  
perfumed mornings,  
our hearts will never part,  
for you live on through  
time and word's unspoken.

Until we meet again  
my rooted bud.

Amanda Shelton

# Climate Change

You watched me grow,  
my colors shined like diamonds,  
but you forgot about me.  
You forgot how fragile I can be,  
now I have fallen at your feet,  
yet you can't see me.

My tides break, My shores quake,  
and my coral frays washing away  
with the waves.

Climate change can be a serious thing,  
it's up to you how it changes.

You think you're so small?  
You think you don't cause change?  
Oh how ignorant you are,  
you are too blind to see,  
you even affect me.

Just because you can't see something  
doesn't change if that something is real.  
Just because you can't feel something  
doesn't make it less physical.

You think you are insignificant?  
Then look closer at your life,  
for even now  
you're affecting your surroundings  
just by being here.

Is that not the point to living;  
to experience and grow with  
those experiences?

Well I am serious  
we need to make a change.

Our Earth needs us to wake up

and take notice of what we need to do  
to help her to keep growing  
and stop life from dying.

Amanda Shelton

# Winter

A golden wreath of falling leaves  
is curling from the frozen trees.  
The winter blows and chills  
the forest,  
in winter deep all go to sleep.

Through banks and frozen walls  
the trees bow,  
with ribbons of sound;  
creaking deep the forest resonates  
with ghostly mist's,  
and forgot roots.

Winter swallowed the forest whole  
with its gaping white mouth.

Amanda Shelton

# Rain

I am Jealous of the rain,  
it dances and sings  
using every last breath  
it breath's.

It's cool without trying,  
it's mean but still  
it brings peace and tranquility.  
It doesn't judge me or yell at me,  
It cleans and uplifts life  
beyond the hillside,  
It over flows and always grows.

I am Jealous of the rain,  
it helps me write a perfect note.  
Over time, you will learn;  
how I am inspired by the sound,  
that can bring down cities  
and towns.

I am Jealous of the rain,  
inspired by it's tune  
making me want to  
dance and sing.

Let me show you  
how one drop of water  
can cause a hurricane  
of change.

What a mouthful it can be,  
such strength and girth,  
it can give birth to  
a poem I call rain.

I am Jealous of the rain,  
I am Jealous of its power,  
its movement, and  
awesome strength.

Amanda Shelton