

Poetry Series

Manta Rogers
- poems -

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Manta Rogers(Jan.27,1996)

When I finally entered school at the age of twelve, and in to fifth grade, after being home schooled since the end of first grade. I never expected that people would comment on my poems. I would always expected that people would hate them. I thank my teacher for giving us the chance to write poems ever since. Finally, now in seventh grade and summer drawing near, I write poems every day and my core teacher likes them. Truth to tell, these weren't my happy poems i made two years ago. I was sad and depressed, and been like that ever since last year. We had to put down my dog that I loved. Though i may act as a cheerful person and at home, I am not happy as i act. Thanks to my acting classes and plays for home schoolers, I had acted so good that none of my friends new the truth about how i felt. On top of that, I'm being verbally harassed at school and no one is caring about that. So, to forget all my problems and hope for comments on my poems I am finally sharing them on the internet, here at .

As Much As I Wish

As much as I wish it doesn't,
Words will forever hurt me.
As much as I want to,
I can never ignore them.
As much as I dream,
They never go away.
But its nice
To have friends
Who care about you.
Its nice to hear
Good comments
About my poems I write,
And now share.
Its nice, and makes me happy.
If only this feeling will stay with me
Till I come back for more
From a long day of school
In the heat of the summer.
If only it would stay
Till I come back for more.
As much as I wish this,
Only those who make my life worse
Will just ruin it all over again.

Manta Rogers

Do You See Though The Paint?

What do you see
When you look at me?
Do you see the innocent girl
That is forever waiting for approval?
Or do you see my painted cover
That i had put on?
The one where I am fighting back,
Not caring (or trying to not care at least) ?
Do you see the girl that is always crying,
Wishing she had a better life?
Or do you see the girl
That turns her back,
Not caring?

I want to know what you see.
I want to know if my disguise fooled you,
For i don't know what to do any more,
And i need help now.
Should I repaint my self?
Or just let the last paint fall off
And show the true me?
I want to know what you see.....

Manta Rogers

Far Away, Yet Close

Beth-

You may be far,
But that won't stop me
From thinking about you.
You are my long time friend,
Even if you like to
Hang with you boyfriend more
(Truth to tell,
I'm starting to hate his guts,
You hadn't returned my calls for so long) .
You make me cry with laughter,
Because of all the small pranks you would play on me,
Or Tessa.
Only you, and Tessa,
Can get me out of my full depress state.
I miss you,
And we are always together,
As friends,
No matter how far away we are.

Tessa-

Don't go moving so far away again.
At least get a car,
So you can drive
To visit.
You are weird.
Funny,
And cool.
And probably my only friend
Who is a 19 year old.
At least get a job
That has a computer,
So you can mail me back.

I miss you both,
And I wish you could read this.
But you wouldn't know
I made an account
Would you?

(Note: I wasn't fully aware of what i was typing, i think. But i was thinking of my friends, which led me to type this. Please, please, no rude comments.)

Manta Rogers

For Once, A Happy Thought

I sit here,
Thinking of a happy thought for once.
That happy thought was of
Me and my friends,
How we have fun.
How we met and how we introduced
To our other friends.
I'm glad i held on to this,
And thought of this.
I'm glad that i can summon good thoughts
At will now,
Well, i hope i can.
Thank you, to all my friends
Old or
New.

Manta Rogers

Frozen Fire, Dragon Tears

Frozen Fire,
Dragon Tears.
A challenge,
Yet,
A dragon song.

Dreams.....
Are fading
From those who die
Because, of the challenge.
Shedding their last
Dragon Tear,
A
Frozen Fire.

Yet,
Hatchings are comfort
With the song
Of challenges,
Of battles,
Of war.
The never ending
Deaths.
The never ending
Of shedding
The last
Dragon Tear.

Frozen Fire,
Dragon Tear....

Manta Rogers

Just A Dream

I dream of a world
With no fighting in it,
With no wars.
But as much as I dream,
None of this will happen.
There will always be fights,
Always be war.

I dream of a world
Where ever one,
No matter how different they are,
Is accepted.
But as much as I dream,
That will never happen,
For me at least.

I dream of a world
Where it is peaceful,
At every day,
At ever hour.
But as much as I dream,
It will always happen,
Only in the dream.....

Manta Rogers

Mir And Gir Never More...

Mir and Gir...

The duet are gone...

The sky isn't a nebo, blue sky.

The sontse, sunshine, isn't shining.

And there is no more you.

Mir and Gir, the duet, is forever gone...

No...they are forever here...

Pust fsegda budet sontse

Let there always be sunshine

Pust fsegda budet nebo

Let there always be blue skys

Pust fsegda budet ma'ma

Let there always be ma'ma

Pust fsegda budu ya

Let there always be you....

I can't get that chours out of my mind

My russian may neve be good

But at least i know these words

I wish we could sing together

Gir

Felicity Boonstra....

You are forever in our hearts...

I, Mir, well spread our memorys

Manta Rogers

Pouring Rain

The rain pours down
The windows.
I run out side,
And dance in the rain,
Letting it wash away my fears.
The rain was gone for so long,
And i was left in the summer heat,
With nothing to cool me down.
I walk to my friends house,
Who is currently gone,
And water their inside plants,
Like i was asked, and had offered, to do.
I ran in the rain, soaked, back to my home,
And sat down in my own little corner,
Taking out a book to read.
Then, getting on the computer,
To type this senseless, to me it is, poem.

Manta Rogers

The Weeping Willow

My dreams fell apart,
One by one,
In front of me
As he laid there,
Dying,
Poisoned,
Not doing his work.
While he laid there,
The demons where roaming,
The demon hunters not able to tend
To the untended missions piling up,
All because of one accident...
All because of me.

It was only a week
After my sixth birthday
That he was poisoned.
Mother had thought
That she would teach me a new spell
But it went wrong,
Opening a demon portal,
And what would you guess,
Out came a demon,
All strong
With no hair
Horns on his head
Demon tail,
Long claws,
Dripping with poison.
Then, then, my father came.
Every thing had happen so fast.

Four years had past
Since then.
My house now burning.
The people living near us,
Throwing sticks to feed the fire.
I looked down at my hands
Expecting the burn to come

But nothing.
Good, she had escaped,
Oh how much i hated the
Twin's Bound if she didn't.
But she was some where else,
With that old witch i have for a mother.

But six years passed,
But i still remember all the bad things
That had happen to me.

Why?

Why must bad things happen?
Is it because I'm a Raven Heart?

Because I am not following the
Foot steps of my mother?

I wouldn't know,

For i would never go down the path
Of evil.

I shall remain slaying demons,
and be known by both my father's
Code name and mine,

I shall forever be known as
The Weeping Willow

And

The Ace Wolf.

Manta Rogers