

Poetry Series

Mary Huxley

- poems -



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Mary Huxley()



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The Things We Don't Say

You ever feel like you're talking
but no one's listening?
Like you're throwing words out
into a sea of silence
and they're just sinking?

I tried to tell you once,
but you never asked the right question,
never stayed long enough
to catch the part of me
that was unraveling.

So I kept quiet,
held it all in,
but it didn't disappear,
it just grew louder inside.
Isn't it funny?
How the things we don't say
get the loudest.

I could tell you all the things
you've never asked me,
but would you want to know?
Would you hear it if I said,
'I'm scared you'll leave if I speak my truth'?
Or is it easier to stay in the space
where we pretend we're okay?

I think we both know
the truth is something we avoid—
not because it's a lie,
but because it's a weight we're not ready to carry.
So, we tiptoe around it,
dancing on the edge of the words
we'll never say.

But one day,
maybe I'll stop waiting for you to ask,
and I'll say it all anyway.

And maybe that's when we'll finally listen.

Mary Huxley

When The Stars Stayed Quiet

I asked the sky once,
but the stars didn't answer.
They just blinked,
silent and distant,
like they knew I was waiting for something
that would never come.

I wonder if they ever get tired
of shining without purpose,
if they ever wish someone would ask,
'What's it like to be so far away? '
But I guess that's the thing about silence—
it never needs a reply.

And yet, I keep asking.
Not because I expect answers,
but because sometimes,
the questions are all we have.
We keep reaching out,
hoping someone—
something—
will catch us before we fall.

But maybe that's the trick.
Maybe we're supposed to fall,
and the stars know that.
Maybe silence isn't empty,
it's just waiting for us to fill it with our own meaning.

So I sit here,
waiting for answers that never come,
and maybe that's enough.
Because some truths are found in the waiting,
not in the words we think we need.

Mary Huxley

Etched In My Soul

I carved your name in the stars, but the dawn stole their light.
I whispered your name to the moon, but it faded into the night.
So I etched your name in my soul, where time cannot erase,
A love so deep, eternal, in its quiet, sacred place

Mary Huxley



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The Room

I sit in a crowded room,
yet loneliness pulls up a chair beside me.
It whispers in a voice only I can hear,
turning silence into something deafening.

I raise my hand to speak,
but my voice folds in on itself,
crumpling like a letter never sent—
words meant to connect,
but trapped in the space between.

Tell me, do you know this place?
Where the air is thick with unsaid things,
where the world keeps moving,
but your feet sink deeper into the floor.

If you do, then you are not alone.
If you have ever felt like an echo
searching for its source,
then know—someone is listening.

I am here.
And so are you.

Mary Huxley

Unspoken

I carry worlds within my chest,
silent storms I don't confess.
A smile, a nod, a quiet plea,
hoping someone sees through me.

Mary Huxley



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If You Return

If you return,
do not knock,
the door has memorized your hands.

If you leave,
do not turn back,
the wind carries only forward.

Mary Huxley



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What The Moon Didn't Say

The moon has seen everything,
but it never speaks.
It just lingers—
half-lit, half-lost,
dragging tides and secrets in its wake.

I asked it once,
'Did he ever mean it? '
'Will the ache dissolve like salt in water? '
'Why do I still dream in his voice? '
The moon only blinked,
a quiet refusal wrapped in silver.

Nights like this,
I fold myself into the dark,
press my ear against the silence,
listening for answers
that do not come.

Maybe love is just a sky full of questions.
Maybe healing is learning
to stop waiting for the moon to reply.

Mary Huxley

Silent Watching

I'm not going to complain again.
The words feel heavy,
and I am too tired
to carry them anymore.

I'll just be silent,
let the quiet speak for me.
No more asking, no more waiting,
just watching—
watching how you treat me,
how easily you forget
what I never could.

I don't have the strength
to fight for a place
I should never have to beg for.
So I'll stay here,
silent, watching,
until even that
is too much.

Mary Huxley

A Masterpiece Divine

Her beauty whispers poetry, in strokes both bold and fine,
A silent song of elegance, a work of the divine.
Each glance, a brush of magic, each smile, a soft embrace,
A living art of grace and charm, no artist could replace.

Mary Huxley



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Loneliness And Silence

The room is quiet,
but the silence is louder.
Shadows stretch along the walls,
cold and still.

I sit alone,
hearing nothing
but the soft echo
of my own heart.
No voices.
No warmth.
Just me...
and the quiet

Mary Huxley



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Trapped In The Cycle

I tell myself, 'Not tonight.'
But the craving whispers,
soft, relentless,
pulling me back into the dark.

It's a habit, a hunger,
a need I don't understand.
For a moment, it soothes,
then it leaves me hollow.

I hate this dance—
the guilt, the longing,
the promise to stop,
only to start again.

It's not pleasure anymore,
just a cycle, a chain.
I want to break free,
but my hands betray me.

I am tired.
Tired of chasing release
that never lasts.
Tired of being my own captor.

I want more.
I need more.
But how do I let go
of the only comfort I know?

Mary Huxley

I'm Healing From

I'm healing from
the nights I cried silently,
when the weight of the world
felt heavier than my heart could bear.
From the words I never said,
the battles I fought alone,
and the scars no one could see.

I'm healing from
trust misplaced,
from hands that let go
when I needed them to hold on.
From memories that linger
like shadows at dawn,
and the silence
that once felt safer than speaking.

I'm healing from
the version of myself
I had to leave behind —
the one who smiled
to hide the cracks,
who carried pain
like a secret
pressed against her chest.

But I am healing.
In every breath,
in every sunrise,
in every quiet moment
where my heart feels light again.
I'm learning to forgive,
to let go,
to love myself
without apology.

I am healing.
Not all at once,
but piece by piece,

day by day.
And that is enough.

Mary Huxley

Hung Up

He clicked his tongue,
sharp like a whip,
his words struck,
cold, harsh, final.

Then—
silence.

Not the soft kind,
not the comforting quiet,
but the heavy, hollow kind
that presses against my chest,
stealing breath.

I stared at the screen,
his name fading into nothing,
the call cut off,
not by accident,
but by choice.

He hung up.
On the call.
On me.

And I sit here,
holding the weight of his anger,
swallowing the lump in my throat,
wondering if he'll call back,
wondering if I even want him to.

Mary Huxley



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The Chains We Choose

It starts as a whisper,
a quiet pull,
a flicker in the dark
that promises escape.
Just once,
you tell yourself.
Just tonight.
But the night comes again,
and so does the craving.

The screen glows,
the bottle tilts,
the dice roll —
and for a moment,
the weight lifts.
The world fades,
and all that's left
is the rush.

A high.
A thrill.
A lie.



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But when the silence returns,
it's heavier than before.
Shame crawls in,
cold and sharp,
yet the pull still whispers —
soft, seductive, relentless.
Just once more.
Just one last time.

The chains grow tighter,
invisible, unbreakable,
yet forged
by your own hands.
You hate it.
You need it.
You promise to stop —
tomorrow.

But tomorrow feels distant
when the craving calls.
And you wonder...
is escape worth the prison
you've built inside yourself?

Mary Huxley

The Beauty Within

I'm scared to look in the mirror,
for the reflection doesn't speak to me,
it's a stranger wearing my skin,
and I don't recognize her anymore.

I once felt pretty—
but the more I grow,
the more my insecurities unfold,
like cracks in the foundation,
hidden but aching.

I hide behind my own walls,
avoiding the world,
feeling the weight of what I cannot change,
the scars that no one sees,
but I wear them like a second skin.

Every day is a war—
a silent battle of comparisons,
between my imperfect self and
the flawless image others wear.

But somewhere, in the quiet,
I know I'll sing the beauty melody,
not for the world to hear,
but for me to believe.

Maybe one day,
the mirror won't be a stranger,
and I'll see the beauty
that's always been within.

Mary Huxley

Whispers Of The Heart

The night is heavy,
a veil of silence draped across the world.
Shadows linger in the corners,
soft whispers carried on the wind.
Loneliness sits beside me,
cold and unyielding,
as time drifts quietly into the dark.

Yet even in the quiet,
I feel the weight of unseen eyes,
the hush of footsteps
trailing softly behind.
Fear curls in my chest,
a ghostly hand pressing against my heart,
but I do not turn.
I walk forward,
braving the darkness alone.

Betrayal once sat where trust should be —
a dagger cloaked in kindness.
Soft words masked sharp lies,
and promises fell like brittle leaves
in a winter wind.
But revenge is a cold fire,
burning quietly in the shadows,
waiting for the day it will rise.

Still, the heart aches not only for vengeance
but for healing.
Time, slow and steady,
mends what was torn,
weaving scars into stories.
Forgiveness, soft and reluctant,
finds its place beneath the weight of grief.
Peace comes not in forgetfulness
but in letting go.

And so, hope stirs —
a fragile dawn breaking

against the endless night.
The promise of new beginnings
whispers in the air,
soft as the first breath of morning.
Courage rises, steady and strong,
as the soul stands tall
against the storm.

Friendship and loyalty,
quiet and constant,
walk beside me.
No oath spoken,
no promise made —
only the silent bond
of those who stand together,
unbroken, unyielding.

The past may linger,
its shadows long,
but the future calls,
bright with promise.
And though the road is long,
my heart beats steady,
my spirit unyielding,
as I step into the light.

Mary Huxley

The Weight We Carry

Some days feel heavier than others.
You wake up,
but the weight in your chest
pulls you back down.
The sun rises,
but it doesn't feel warm.
People ask, "How are you?"
and you say, "I'm fine,"
because it's easier
than explaining the storm
inside your mind.

We all carry something —
a loss,
a regret,
a dream that slipped away.
There are nights
when sleep feels far,
and mornings
when hope feels even farther.
Yet somehow,
we keep going.

A quiet strength lives in all of us,
even when we don't feel it.
In every tear wiped away,
in every deep breath taken,
in every step forward
when the weight feels unbearable —
that is courage.
That is life.

And maybe,
just maybe,
we're not as alone
as we think.

Mary Huxley

The World We Know

The world is a tired place,
spinning quietly under heavy skies.
Cities hum with restless hearts,
feet rushing, voices blending,
everyone chasing something
or running from it.

Morning breaks,
soft and hopeful,
yet some wake to hunger,
others to cold.
Dreams hang heavy,
like clouds before rain,
waiting for a chance to fall.

Hands build,
tears fall,
laughter echoes,
and love blooms
in the strangest corners.
We fight, we heal,
we break, we mend
again and again.

The world is both gentle and cruel.
It holds secrets in its winds,
stories in its rivers,
and silence in its stars.
Yet somehow,
we keep moving,
hearts beating,
searching for meaning
in each sunrise.

This is the world we know —
beautiful, broken,
and alive.

They

They hate us,
Yes, they despise us,
They copy us,
They want to be like us,
They can't stand when we breathe.

I know you are wondering who "they" might be,
But I'll tell you what "they" do to us:
They have stolen and continue to steal our identity
They kill us, oppress us, and take our hard-earned positions.

To them, we are just objects,
Goods of no value.
When they bark, they expect us to respond.
They have caged us, taken the very little freedom we had.
They don't care about us.

When will they leave us alone?

Mary Huxley



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Burning Desire

Your touch —
a spark against my skin,
setting fire to every breath.

Your eyes,
dark and deep,
pull me closer,
like the ocean calls the tide.

I crave you —
every glance,
every whisper,
every heartbeat.

You are the storm
I long to get lost in,
wild and endless...
Mine.

Mary Huxley



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Ecstasy

In a world of whispers and dreams,
Where the moon dances in silver streams,
Hearts beat in rhythm, a gentle song,
In the twilight where we belong.

Underneath the starlit sky so vast,
Moments cherished, never surpassed,
In your eyes, a universe I see,
Together, forever wild and free.

Where love resides in the chambers of the heart,
Your name still beeps,
You're my happy place

Mary Huxley



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Yours, Always

Let me hold you one more time,
I'm fragile,
My heart is racing, and I
Can barely breathe beneath the weight
Of all I feel for you.

The night is quiet,
Yet my soul screams your name,
Yearning for the warmth
That only your arms can bring.

Stay a little longer —
Let time pause,
Let the stars witness
This fragile moment
Where love and longing collide.

Hold me close,
Let our hearts speak in whispers,
For I am yours...
Now and always.

Mary Huxley

The Silent Dream

I walked through a quiet place,
where shadows moved without sound.
The sky was dark,
but the ground glowed softly beneath my feet.

A cold wind whispered my name.
I turned — no one was there.
The trees bent closer,
their branches like fingers,
reaching... searching...

Suddenly, a door appeared.
It creaked open,
darkness spilling out.

I wanted to run,
but my feet wouldn't move.
A hand touched my shoulder.

I woke up —
but the whisper stayed.

Mary Huxley



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The Locked Door

There's a room in the old house,
locked for many years.
No one speaks of it,
but sometimes,
you hear whispers through the walls.

The key is gone,
or so they say.
Yet, at night,
a soft click echoes in the dark.

Footsteps...
A creak of the floor...
Then silence.

What lies behind that door?
No one knows.
And no one dares to find out

Mary Huxley



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Whispers In The Dark

The night was quiet,
but something moved.
A shadow... soft,
slipping through the trees.

The wind held its breath.
The moon hid behind the clouds.
Footsteps echoed,
but no one was there.

A whisper.
A chill.
The darkness watched.

But who...
or what...
was watching back

Mary Huxley



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The Handsome Enigma

There's a guy whose handsomeness is beyond compare,
A chiseled jaw and rugged features that make hearts flare,
His eyes sparkle like diamonds in the sun,
And his smile could melt hearts of anyone.

His hair, oh, so soft and wavy,
Makes girls swoon and go crazy,
And when he walks, it's like he's floating on air,
So confident and charming, it's hard not to stare.

His physique is like a work of art,
A masterpiece that steals your heart,
And when he speaks, it's like a symphony,
A voice so deep and rich, it's pure harmony.

I watch him from afar, but my heart's ablaze,
With a passion that burns like an eternal flame,
For he is the most handsome guy I've ever seen,
And in my eyes, he's a king, a living dream.

So I'll keep admiring him from afar,
For his handsomeness is like a shooting star,
A fleeting moment, but oh so sweet,
A memory I'll cherish, a moment I'll keep.

Mary Huxley

Beneath The Sun

One day you will meet a girl who will walk you through a world you ought not to imagine,
She will tell you tales about the greatest love intent,
Y'll question everything you know,
She'll describe things in words you've never heard,
Her words will sound beautiful in your ears,
She will bring out a passion in you that no one knew.

Don't run away from what scares you,
You wouldn't be a hero if you do,
So don't run,
Walk through it all,
Feel the atmosphere,
Breathe the aroma of the newly love,
Isn't it refreshing?
Let the new experience teach you,
Kiss her so hard that you see stars,
Trace her scars, touch them,
Stare at her even if she's so bright that it burns

Don't run away, let it flow.
It won't always hurt.

Mary Huxley

Tales Of A Lonely Maiden

As she sweeps her dusty compound,
She wails, cries her heart out,
Pain has engulfed her heart,
In this tale of a lonely maiden's art.

Her tears fall like gentle rain,
Each drop a story of hidden pain.
Lost in the depths of solitude,
Her heartache echoes, misunderstood.

Through the corridors of her mind,
Whispers of love, she hopes to find.
In letters unsent, her emotions flow,
Aching for a love that will truly know.

With each stroke of her pen's embrace,
She weaves a tapestry of love and grace.
Her words, a balm to heal her soul,
A testament to the love she longs to behold.

'Tales of a Lonely Maiden' we shall call,
A poetic journey, standing tall.
Through heartache and longing, she finds her voice,
In love letters, she discovers her choice.

May this tale of a lonely maiden's plight,
Illuminate the path to love's sweet light.
For in her words, a love story unfolds,
Inscribed upon her heart, forever to be

Mary Huxley

Shattered And Silent

You broke me.
I'm too hurt to even care.
The weight of your words
still lingers in the air.

I reach for the pieces,
but they slip through my hands —
like shadows of promises
I'll never understand.

Silence grows louder
with each passing night,
a quiet reminder
that I lost the fight.

I once held on tightly,
but now I let go.
The pain doesn't fade —
it just learns how to flow.

You broke me.
And I don't even care.

Mary Huxley

Jailed

Jailed in my own mind,
Scared to walk forth,
Handcuffed by my own thoughts,
I'm sentenced to infuriation.

It was this same day I killed my own happiness,
I was cold inside,
I burned with great rage,
Quenching for space but the pace and speed denied me chance.

Now in a death row,
Being sentenced to murder of my own emotions,
Looking around in my chamber,
Here I am confidentially waiting to be executed,
I already made my wish,
Hope I will conquer this inevitable death

Mary Huxley



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Come To Thy Chambers

Come to thy chambers,
Where the moon spills silver upon the floor,
And shadows dance to the rhythm of our hearts.
Sit beside me — close, closer still —
Let your warmth chase the night's chill.

Caress my hand,
Soft fingers tracing promises untold,
As we lose ourselves in the art upon the wall,
Each stroke a story, each color a whisper
Of passion and longing.

Come, embrace your lover.
Let our souls entwine in the hush of the night,
Where time slows, and all that exists
Is the quiet thrum of our breathing,
The tender weight of your touch.

I crave you by my side —
A gentle tide pulling me under,
A flame that flickers, steady and true.
Come, love...
Let the night be ours.

Mary Huxley