

Poetry Series

Maurice Fields
- poems -

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Maurice Fields(7-26)

well

day after a disaster

Alone

everytime i think of u
u make me cry
cause i think of would could happen
but u be yourself
made me think
do i really want to be with u
so u do u do u
and i do me
but when ur alone
think about me
and how i was the best to u

Maurice Fields

Anonymous

There has never been a struggle in my life
and the fact that u see me struggling makes
me feel less than proud

It is often quite heart breaking to endure the world at large,
and to expect some common decency it seems a fee is charged

The honesty is absent in so many of our lovers

and the courtesy once offered has disappeared throughout the days of my life

The only thing that gets you through and makes a life worth living,
is the heart of someone special and love of that one person

Maurice Fields

Her Gentle Touch

Sending spooks down my spine
her eyes showing love
same as mine
She looks at me with a smile

then blows a kiss
If she would ever leave
I dont know what i would miss

Maybe her smile
or the ways she makes
me laugh

But whatever it is
Im head over hills
for her

Maurice Fields

Lockbox

Shes the only 1
thats can open me
cause im her box
shes the key
that key has power which
r unknow
that makes me copmplete
even when im to complicated
to open....

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Only Friends

Wasting a time
Trying to find love of my life
Nothing workings
No hope, no girl

Suddenly see her
But years before
Can't do anything with her
Used to be friends, nothing more

Now realized affection
Can go no further
Lost a lifetime
And lost desire

Try to forget
But can't
Try to die
But don't

Mind suddenly gone
No end is near
Nothing to do now
But go on

Maurice Fields

Stolen

i'll pretend to close my eyes to everything but it just hurts how u took my love
for granted and I put all my trust an faith in u

Maurice Fields

That Girl

I wanna be the pillow she holds close: just so I can be in her arms.

I wanna be the security system her fingers caress when she gets home: just so I can keep her safe.

I wanna be the flowers she gets on her doorstep: just so I can be appreciated.

I wanna be the umbrella she works like a model: just so I can protect her from the storms of life.

I wanna be the postman who delivers her mail: just so she'll think I'm dependable.

I wanna be the boy she cries about: just to know I mean something to her.

I wanna be the lie she tells to herself every morning when she says she's okay: just because she's so familiar with it.

I wanna be everything I'm not: just so she'll notice me.

We're just two connecting pieces in a puzzle, peanut butter & jelly on a piece of bread, and icy water and a sweating boy on a summer's day.

She just doesn't know it yet.

Maurice Fields

The Heart Beats Like A Drum

the heart beats like a drum
slow yet meaningless
knowing that outside isn't any better
realizing that the roar of the
wind makes his pain even worse to feel
or hear
the heart saying to himself
I'm broken I should just stop
but the heart realizes that
when there's pain and hardship
there's joy

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